

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. VII.

JULY, 1889.

NO. 3.

## THE CLUBS OF CHICAGO.

BY CHARLES PAGE BRYAN.

CHICAGO clubs, like other institutions of the new metropolis, are a composite reproduction of similar organizations throughout the world. The beneficial result of example is here most apparent. This advantage, and that of a choice of fine sites, give to promoters and architects of clubs in new communities chances rarely presented in older cities. There building-lots are narrow, or as sole alternative the undesirable expedient of reconstructing old homes presents itself. In Chicago, on the contrary, club-organizers have enjoyed broadest scope in the selection of convenient corners, and in the erection of large and ornamental buildings.

Club life is undoubtedly civilizing. It exerts a restraining influence. The healthy effects of dignified surroundings upon the man careless of engagements and proprieties are far-reaching. In not a few cases this restraint has elevated the whole social tone of new settlements, such as Denver and Cheyenne. Although life in clubs offers many temptations, these are more than counterbalanced by the discipline consequent upon the necessary observances of regulations established by and for gentlemen. This is especially noticeable in Chicago. Since its comparatively recent beginning of club-life, marked improvement has taken place in the morals and manners of the younger men. Public resorts, with their contaminating influences, no longer allure the convivial youth of respectable parentage, who a generation ago was prone to break loose from his Puritanical leading-strings and rush headlong down those toboggan-slides to destruction. In consequence nearly every family of prominence had a scion wrecked in haunts of dissipation. A quarter of a century ago, rich men's

sons rarely made any mark in this field of marvelous opportunities. The present pronounced change for the better is due not only to college training, but to the elevating influence of club association. Clubs are democratic institutions in their tendency to obliterate distinction of age, office, or fortune in intercourse between members; but the leveling process is upward to a higher plane of honor, intelligence, considerateness, and good-breeding. Old men find rejuvenating enjoyments in companionship with their juniors. The benefit is reciprocal, for it is self-evident that contact with their successful elders is improving to the fledgeling in the world's activities.

Owing to the confluence of the northern and southern branches of the Chicago River, at about half a mile from Lake Michigan, with which they run nearly parallel for some distance before uniting, the city is composed of three divisions, known as the North, South, and West "Sides." Each has its own great system of parks and boulevards adjoining the three separate residence quarters, which are all tributary to one business center. Here, at the conjunction of the cable and horse-car lines, are the main theaters, hotels, offices, banks, and retail houses. In the same neighborhood are the "down-town" clubs, which, on account of equal nearness to residence sections, are more patronized outside of lunch hours than those of New York. In addition to these central clubs, the Chicago, Union League, University, and Iroquois, each of the home-centers has one or more of its own.

The Chicago is the oldest, and, in its *personnel*, probably the most representative of the whole city. Externally it resembles a London club-house. This is largely due to its location in the very heart of commerce,



ROBERT T. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT,  
CHICAGO CLUB.

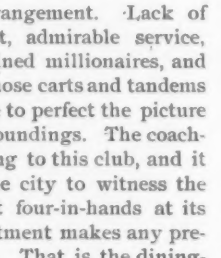
where smoke hangs thickest, and where business towers of Babel shut out the sunlight as effectively as a November fog in the capital of Great Britain. This similarity to English clubs extends to the interior, giving it the name of being more like them than any in the United States. Conservatism

is manifest in every arrangement. Lack of ostentation, perfect quiet, admirable service, white-whiskered, capon-lined millionaires, and brilliant young bucks, whose carts and tandems wait without, all combine to perfect the picture of old-fashioned club surroundings. The coaching men of Chicago belong to this club, and it is one of the sights of the city to witness the gathering of their smart four-in-hands at its entrance. Only one apartment makes any pretensions to magnificence. That is the dining-room on the top floor, which is high enough to catch some of the sunshine, obscured below. The cooking is unexcelled. The spacious dining-hall contains one circular mahogany board, known as the "millionaire's table." It is occupied daily at lunch by a dozen men, representing a hundred or more millions. Among these are such world-known kings of trade and railroading as Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, N. K. Fairbank, and in other groups Philip D. Armour and Columbus R. Cummings. Since a recent fire which destroyed the interior of the building, it has been thoroughly refitted. The initiation fee is two hundred dollars, the annual dues eighty dollars, and the membership is now five hundred and twenty-seven.

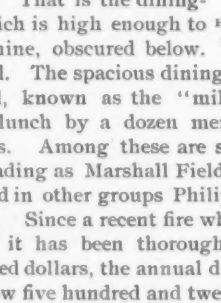
The club was organized in 1869, by Philip Wadsworth, Charles B. Farwell, Octavius Badger, Emory Washburn, Jr., George Henry Wheeler, Edmund Carrey, William J. Barney; and the infant was



NORMAN WILLIAMS, VICE-PRES-  
IDENT, CHICAGO CLUB.



HOBART C. TAYLOR, SEC-  
RETARY, CHICAGO CLUB.



N. K. FAIRBANK, EX-PRES-  
IDENT, CHICAGO CLUB.

so well fostered by them and a band of young men from the East, that it has grown into the most prosperous body of the kind west of New York. To the former president, Mr. N. K. Fairbank, is chiefly due the financial credit of the club, on which he has lavished time and money. A fine portrait of this lordly-looking financier adorns the reception-room. When the club was passing through the crisis inevitable at the period of transition from modest beginnings to full-fledged clubhood, it was Mr. Fairbank who generously shouldered the monetary burden, which he has willingly borne ever since. Having held the presidency for fourteen consecutive terms, he, this year, declined re-election. For his place the selection fell worthily upon an unassuming young lawyer, long the vice-president of the club, in the person of the Honorable Robert Todd Lincoln, minister plenipotentiary, and let us hope, first ambassador of the United States to Great Britain. Mr. Norman Williams, one of Chicago's most valued citizens, is the vice-president, and will admirably fill the place of the departing chairman. Mr. Hobart Chatfield Taylor was fitly chosen as secretary and treasurer. He is one of the editors and originators of the periodical, *America*, and is a representative young leader in the progressive life of this metropolis of progress. The executive committee is as follows:

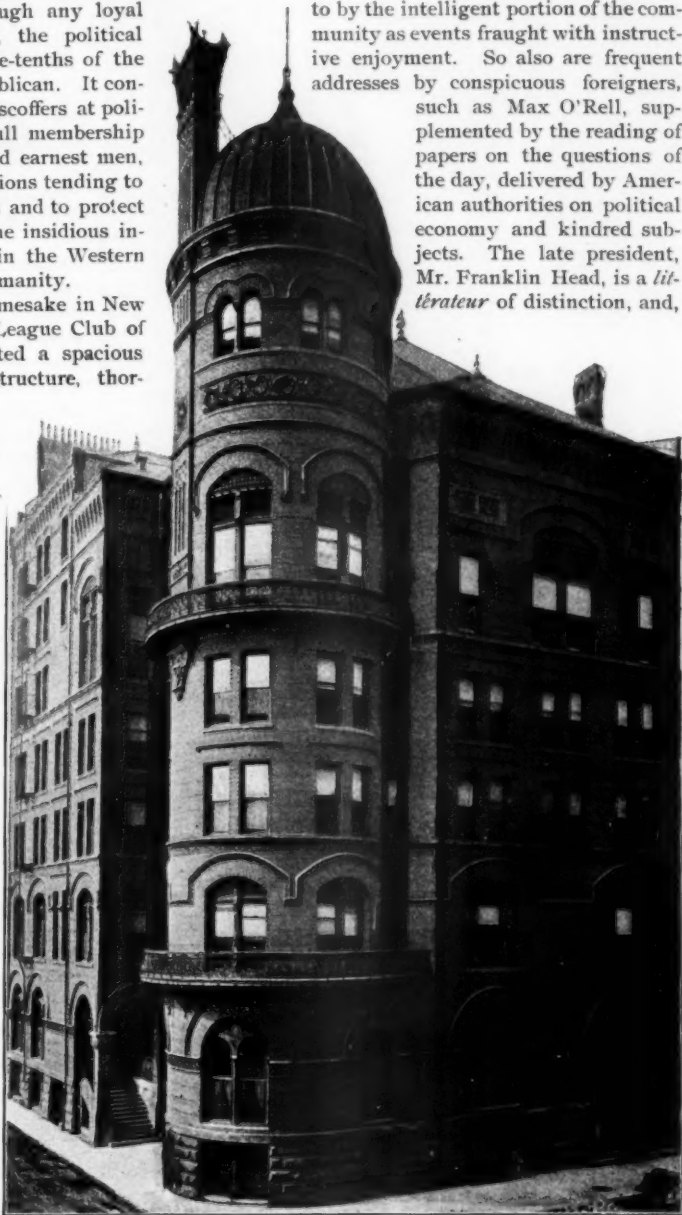
Charles D. Hamill, Henry Field, Arthur J. Caton, Charles D. Lathrop, Norman Williams, Hobart C. Taylor, Jay C. Morse, George M. Lyon, George S. Willits. Such selections augur well for the future of a club noted for its thoroughness and hospitality.

Chicago, like the Atlantic coast cities, has a Union League

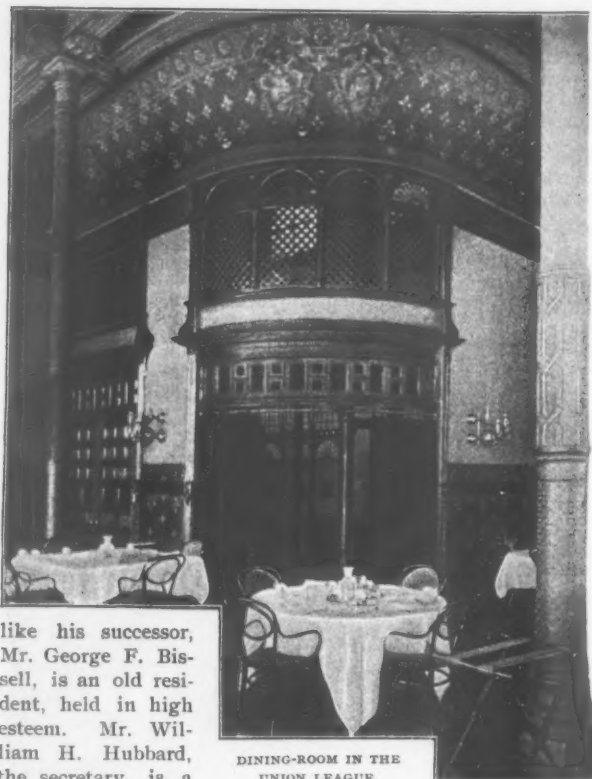
Club, organized on the same basis—a society for the encouragement of patriotic thought and endeavor, through the agreeable channels of club meetings, lectures, and banquets. Although any loyal citizen may join, the political affiliations of nine-tenths of the members are Republican. It contains no *dilettanti* scoffers at politics, but has a full membership of over a thousand earnest men, active in all directions tending to elevate the masses and to protect the nation from the insidious influences at work in the Western bee-hives of all humanity.

Imitating its namesake in New York, the Union League Club of Chicago has erected a spacious and expensive structure, thorough and ornamental in all its departments. The cheeriness of the interior decorations strikes the visitor agreeably, and the number and variety of rooms for every possible need connected with the wants of club-frequenters are extraordinary. A ladies' department, with separate entrance, is a popular feature of this club, and one taken advantage of by the families of members to the general good. Partly in consequence of this occasional feminine supervision, no better table can be had anywhere, for the fare at the Union League Club has long been famous. The anniversary

of Washington's birthday is made an occasion for special observance by the club. These celebrations, with orations by speakers of national fame, are looked forward to by the intelligent portion of the community as events fraught with instructive enjoyment. So also are frequent addresses by conspicuous foreigners, such as Max O'Rell, supplemented by the reading of papers on the questions of the day, delivered by American authorities on political economy and kindred subjects. The late president, Mr. Franklin Head, is a *littérateur* of distinction, and,



UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



DINING-ROOM IN THE  
UNION LEAGUE.

like his successor, Mr. George F. Bissell, is an old resident, held in high esteem. Mr. William H. Hubbard, the secretary, is a graduate of Harvard, and belongs to the best type of conservative young men, always to be found in the forefront of commendable undertakings. The first vice-president is Mr. O. S. A. Sprague, the second, Mr. Edson Keith, and the treasurer is Mr. W. Moseback, all favorably known throughout the community, as are their associates on the board of managers: Messrs. F. W. Peck, J. C. Neely, G. B. Shaw, C. L. Raymond, H. R. Wilson, and R. C. Hannah.

The college graduates of Chicago have selected as their meeting-place a broad-windowed fine new building in the banking neighborhood. Since its organization, two years ago, the club has prospered beyond expectation. The New York University Club was the model for that of Chicago. The constitution of the latter is also taken from the same source. The membership of this club is now nearly four hundred, with prospects so bright under the present man-



GEORGE F. BISSELL, PRESIDENT,  
UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

agement that it promises to rank still higher among the clubs of America, it having already established itself so quickly and brilliantly. The details of club direction are here looked after, in most lines, carefully enough to satisfy the ultra fastidious, the waiters being forbidden even to wear mustaches. The entrance fee is

one hundred for resident, and fifty dollars for non-resident members, with sixty and twenty dollars respectively as annual dues. The alumni of a score of colleges, Amer-

ican and foreign, make this their gathering-place at mid-day, and a more interesting band of steadfast young men, with a small percentage of middle-aged graduates, can not be found collected anywhere.

The president, Mr. Edward Gay Mason, is a Yale man, specially prominent as a lawyer. He is noted as a ready after-dinner speaker. General Alexander C. McClurg, the vice-president, has a national reputation as a gallant soldier and as the head of the largest publishing house west of the Alleghanies. The secretary, Mr. James Shanklin Harlan, comes rightly by his legal promise, his father, Mr. Justice Harlan, having set an example of professional eminence which his sons are not backward in emulating. The other directors, recently chosen, and all well known beyond Chicago, are: James L. Waller, treasurer, William Eliot Furness, William M. Lemoyne, Franklin MacVeagh,





O. S. A. SPRAGUE, VICE-PRESIDENT, UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

Robert F. Shanklin, Thomas D. Jones, Bryan Lathrop, Emerson B. Tuttle.

In the same neighborhood is the Press Club, in comfortable and handsome quarters. People distinguished in literature, in music, and on the stage, are there received in a manner befitting the

brilliant band of journalists who, by their talents and enterprise, have created the unrivaled Chicago newspapers. Their acquisitions span all arts, sciences, and professions, and make them the best company in the world. Mr. J. W. Scott, publisher of the Chicago *Herald*, to whose business capacity that paper largely owes its prominence

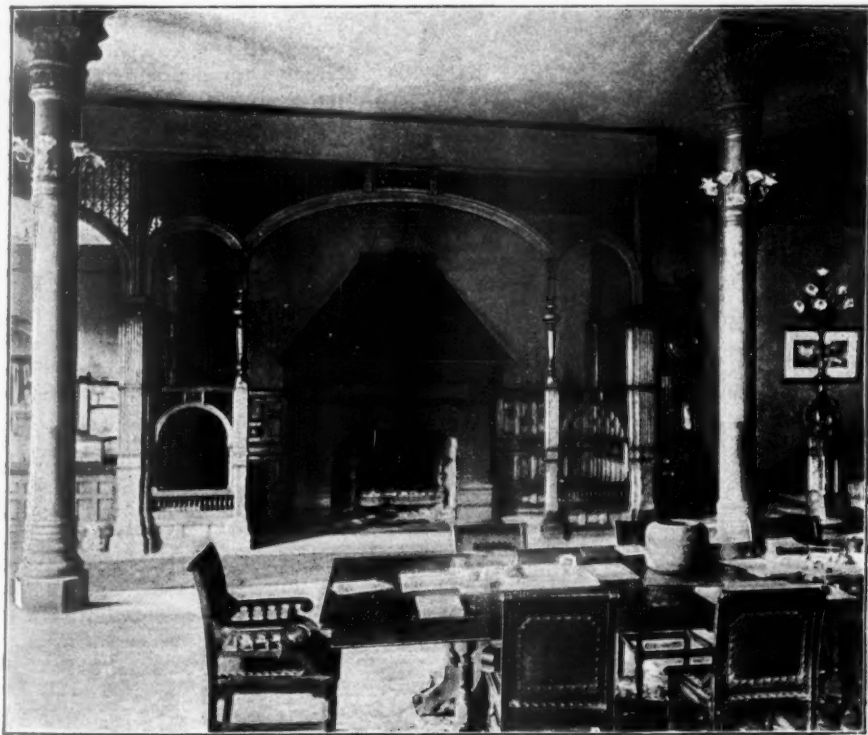
and success, is president, and Homer J. Carr, of *The Tribune* staff, is secretary.

The Sunset Club of Chicago is the counterpart in plan, brightness, and originality of the Twilight Club of New York. Its meetings consist of informal fortnightly dinners with spicy and brief discussions of current topics. It has no habitat and no organization, or officers, except a secretary, Mr. W. W. Catlin, who has evinced great skill in the furtherance of the undertaking.

Of the exclusively political clubs, the Iroquois is the most conspicuous as representing the Democratic party. Membership



WM. H. HUBBARD, SECRETARY, UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



HALL OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

of this organization and leadership in Democratic councils are nearly synonymous. The ample ground floor of a large business block has, till recently, been used by the club. Its windows overlook the post-office, the retired chief of which, General Newberry, is also a Sachem among the Iroquois. Now the club has removed to the Columbia Theater building, where several stories are comfortably arranged for the large number who gather at lunch time to enjoy an excellent *table-d'hôte*. The ten Democratic judges (for the judiciary is evenly divided between the parties in Chicago) here hold an informal, and generally a merry consultation every noon, and with them comes an unusual array of able business and legal talent. The La Salle, principal Republican

club, occupies a marble mansion in the west division. Its growth and prosperity accord well with the party's preponderance throughout the land. The membership comprises the leading Republicans of Illinois. The billiard-room, with twelve tables, the bowling-alley, with five alleys and two shuffleboards, and the eighteen card-rooms on the second story, convey an idea of the ample provision for enjoyment made by this club. Its presidents have been E. Nelson Blake, H. S. Burkhardt, and George H. Williams.

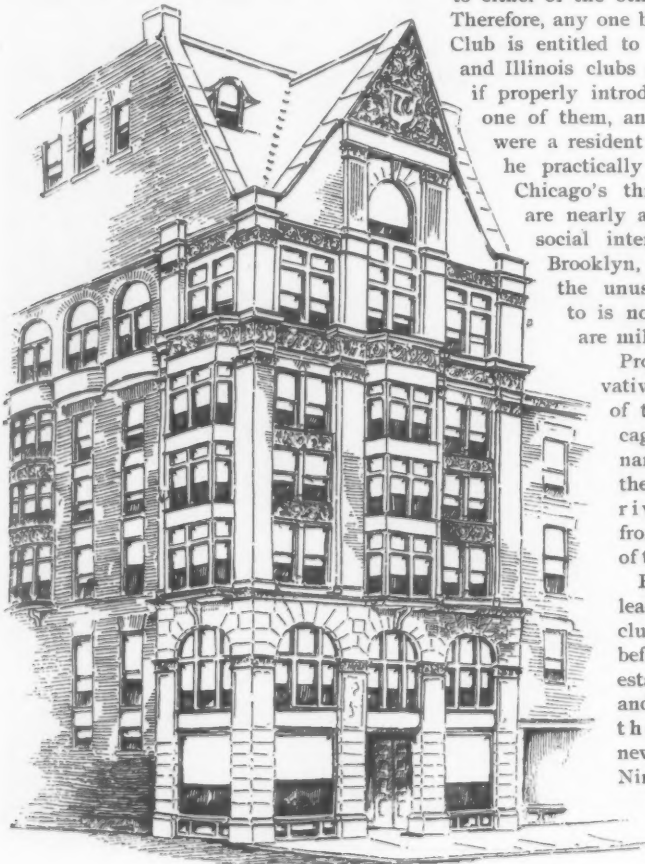
The north, south, and west "sides," or residence quarters of Chicago, have as their representative clubs the Union, the Calumet, and the Illinois, respectively. No city has three more delightful gathering-places. The courtesy of introducing members of one to either of the others is interchangeable. Therefore, any one belonging to the Union Club is entitled to frequent the Calumet and Illinois clubs as often as he pleases, if properly introduced by a member of one of them, and *vice versa*, as if he were a resident of another city, which he practically is, except in name.

Chicago's three residence quarters are nearly as widely separated in social intercourse as New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City; hence the unusual privilege referred to is not abused, as the clubs are miles apart.

Probably the most conservative and reserved portion of the population of Chicago is that occupying a narrow quarter along the lake, north of the river, and not remote from the focusing point of trade.

Eleven years ago the leaders of this rather exclusive element, men who before the great fire had established their fortunes, and in consequence felt their superiority over new-comers, as do Forty-Niners in California and

Fifty-Niners in Colorado over "tender feet," organized the Union Club.



UNIVERSITY CLUB.

EDWARD G. MASON, PRESIDENT,  
UNIVERSITY CLUB.

was leased by the young club. The agreeable associations connected with the place; the broad verandas and handsome grounds; the noble elms, beneath whose shade Indians had often camped, combined to make the residence a desirable resort for men of all ages, familiar with its former inmates and hospitalities.

If any spot in the Phoenix City may lay claim to historic interest, it is the Ogden mansion. Its story has been often told. Although built of frame, it alone was saved of all the buildings in the burnt district, which extended five miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in width. During the night of October 9th, 1871, the fire furies, drunk with destruction, having painted all heaven and earth red, early licked up the water-works. Every opposing element thus removed, they sped through the canyon-like avenues of trade, pounding down mountain after mountain of ma-

sonry.

They skipped backward and forward over the river. Then making one terrible sweep, they scythed down the whole section of the city that contained the oldest and finest homes. When the sheets of flame,

After a brief sojourn in temporary quarters, they chose the Ogden mansion as an abiding place. The family of Mr. Mahlon D. Ogden, having moved away, the dwelling, which was one of the largest and most hospitable of the older houses,

which had leveled solid blocks of granite and stone, reached a little park where the buildings were farther apart, the high trees gave the somewhat spent torrent of fire a pause. Just beyond the public pleasure grounds stood the Ogden mansion. Around its roof and projections, the household and faithful servants had bound wet blankets, and over the costly conservatory, near by, a proud gardener kept guard with hose in hand. Thus the Ogden homestead escaped, and remained like a Noah's ark stranded on a desert of ashes. During the dreary months that followed, the generous owner kept open house for friends; and after he had gone to receive the reward of such kind men, the Union Club maintained the reputation of his home for bounteous cheer. In 1883 a new building near by was erected. Before completion, its interior was burnt out, as if from revenge for failure in the other case. Now across the little park

ALEXANDER C. MCCLURG,  
VICE-PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY CLUB.

from the Ogden house there is, on the corner of Dearborn Avenue, a beautiful specimen of a manor-house in the best

Queen Anne style.

This is the new Union Club, designed by Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, a worthy disciple of Richardson. The wainscoted hall-way is the noblest of club entrances. Its great fire-place and ceiling-high wood-work, the yule-logs in the chimney-place, and the Titan's chairs about the hearth are worthy of a baronial castle. The carved wainscoting is lavishly introduced as a frame for the cozy grill-room, where from tower-windows the *habitué* may enjoy a glimpse up and down a favorite drive to Lincoln Park. The spacious reception and card-rooms are used for dancing, when, every season or two, the club gives a ball. Above the dining-room there are a few bachelor's dormitories, and

JAMES S. HARLAN, SECRETARY,  
UNIVERSITY CLUB.JAMES W. SCOTT, PRESIDENT,  
PRESS CLUB.HOMER J. CARR, SECRETARY,  
PRESS CLUB.

in the basement, as in most Chicago clubs, there is a large bowling-alley. The growing popularity of the Lake Shore drive, and of the adjoining avenues as residence streets promises to materially increase the membership, now about four hundred, and to greatly augment the prosperity of this favorite club.

Mr. J. McGregor Adams, the president of the Union Club, hardly needs an introduction to any club-man in America. Nothing could more emphatically attest his popularity than his re-election to the presidency of this, and as long as he would consent to serve, to that of the Union League Club, also. His generosity and public spirit are constantly manifested in an unostentatious manner. The club-fellows of Messrs. Franklin H. Watriss, John R. Gott, and Henry A. Keith, were glad of the opportunity this year of giving them an unanimous vote for vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, with a strong board of directors as follows: James R. McKay, Jacob B. Breese, Edward F. Comstock, Peter Dudley, George S. Willits, E. W. Cramer, E. B. Preston, and E. S. Adams.

Three years ago, another club, the Marquette, was started in the same vicinity, its object being "to exert such influence and render such services as it can in behalf of good government—local, State, and national—and to promote the growth and spread of Republican principles." "As the best medium to accomplish such a purpose," says Mr. F. W. C. Hayes, a charter member, "it is sought through this organization to interest young men in practical politics, to encourage the consideration and discussion of governmental measures and principles, to direct attention to the rights and obligations of citizenship, and to emphasize the duty of every voter to aid in making and maintaining good laws—also the necessity of honest elections, and the selection of upright and faithful officials. The excuse, sometimes offered, for failure or neglect in the discharge of the duties of citizenship that 'politics are too dirty and beneath the attention of honest men,' is the very argument urged by the Marquette Club as a reason why the young men of to-day should interest themselves,



UNION CLUB.



JOHN MCG. ADAMS, PRESIDENT, UNION CLUB.



RECEPTION-ROOM, UNION CLUB.



JOHN R. GOTT, SECRETARY, UNION CLUB.

and aid in the purification and elevation of politics." As a guarantee of disinterestedness on the part of this organization in the mission stated, candidacy for office on the part of a member is equivalent to resignation from the club. Shortly before the last National Republican convention, General Harrison delivered an address at the annual banquet of the Marquette Club. His eloquence so enthused its members that he at once became their choice for the Presidency. Therefore, when his nomination was announced, they were first in the city to float the Harrison and Morton banner on their "outmost walls." Incalculable influence for good in elections may be exerted by three hundred

young men of brains and talent like those belonging to this organization. Every right-thinking citizen, irrespective of party, should encourage such reform clubs, whether Republican or Democratic.

Mr. Alexander H. Revell, a young leader of business experience and enterprise, is president, who, with Elwyn B. Gould, the secretary, worthily represents the spirit animating this body of earnest workers in the higher field of politics. The charter members of this excellent institution were: William V. Brainard, William L. Blood, Charles C. Colby, Will Sheldon Gilbert, Charles U. Gordon, Frederick W. C. Hayes, William S. Hussan-





RECEPTION-ROOM, CALUMET CLUB.

der, George V. Lauman, Samuel E. Magill, Joseph C. Pollack, George E. Sanderson, Richard H. Towne, Frank B. Whipple.

The dignified residence of the late Elihu B. Washburn is being refitted for the new Marquette Club House. The atmosphere of exalted patriotism pervading this comfortable home must prove congenial to the stalwart band whose principles and aims seem to accord so thoroughly with those of the departed statesman.

Chicago is proud of its Calumet Club. It is nowhere surpassed, either in building or location. The interior arrangement is much the same, on a somewhat smaller scale, as that of the Union League of New York. Through the generosity of a wealthy bachelor, Mr. A. A. Munger, the club is adorned by a select collection of modern paintings. Once a year a loan-exhibition of pictures is held in the art-gallery, to which ladies flock, eager to penetrate the mysteries of the club, to which they rarely obtain access. The annual meetings of Chicago's pioneers, many of whom have seen the city grow from the frontier village of 1833 to the mammoth metropolis of to-day, take place at this club. Stirred by memories of adventure and magical metamorphosis, these old men and women, with children and grandchildren, make merry together, with as much gusto

and jollity as they did in the days of log-cabins and wigwams. The lavish hospitality of Calumet Club men is proverbial. They have fashioned their house after the broad-gauge manner of their natures. Mr. Moses J. Wentworth succeeds Mr. H. J. Macfarland as president, an unusual but deserved distinction for so young a man. The secretary, Mr. E. Walter Herrick, a lawyer in active practice, has been several times re-elected. The first vice-president, John B. Carson, is a railroad president and director of several companies, with wide acquaintance and popularity. H. F. Griswold is second vice-president, and E. L. Brewster, treasurer. The other directors are: Edson Keith, J. W. Doane, E. T. Jeffery, J. O. Cottrell, F. S. Gorton, John M. Cutter, and F. A. Ray.

The reading-room contains several historical portraits, the most noted being a group by Healy of the Peace-council: Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Porter. The windows of the main apartments of the Calumet Club survey the Michigan Boulevard, pronounced by Max O'Rell the finest avenue in the world. Lucky are the men who command this outlook on a gala afternoon. Along the magnificent approach to the great parks pass thousands of vehicles of every imaginable variety, the more gorgeous turnouts

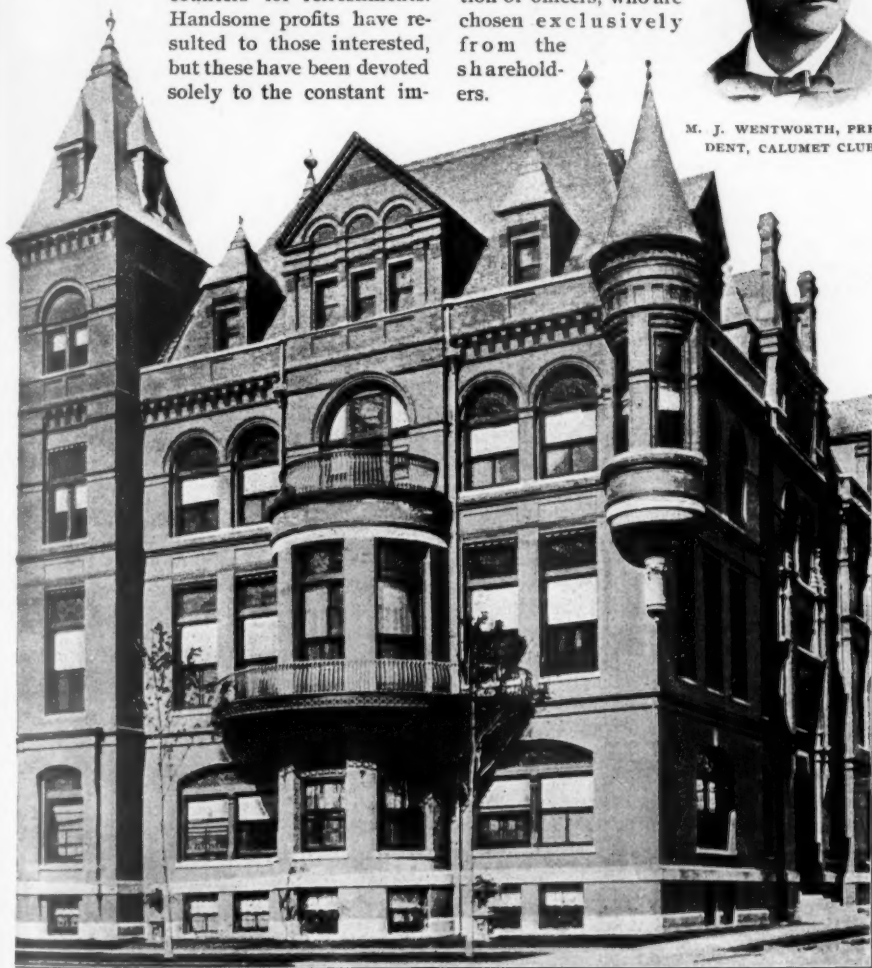
having the Washington Park Club as their destination.

This club is said to equal any of the kind on this continent or beyond seas. A stock-company of a hundred and thirty members owns the club, the race-course, the stands, and all appertaining to them, and directs all the affairs of this thriving organization. The secretary and "racing stewards" make all arrangements for the racing season, which has become a period of special gayety. The letting of the privileges of the grand stand have hitherto all been sold to one man, who has sub-let to stands for book-makers and counters for refreshments. Handsome profits have resulted to those interested, but these have been devoted solely to the constant im-

provement of the property in all necessary and ornamental directions. The stockholders receive the gate-money and pay the liberal premiums—aggregating ninety thousand dollars this year—of the races, which last for about a month, and which have become events in the sporting world. In addition to those belonging to the stock-company, there are several hundred members who are entitled to every right in the club, except a voice in its business direction or in the election of officers, who are chosen exclusively from the shareholders.



M. J. WENTWORTH, PRESIDENT, CALUMET CLUB.



CALUMET CLUB.



GEORGE H. WHEELER, PRES-  
IDENT, WASHINGTON  
PARK CLUB.



JOHN E. BREWSTER, SECRE-  
TARY, WASHINGTON  
PARK CLUB.



WASHINGTON PARK CLUB.

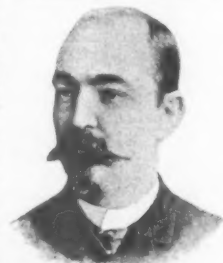
The club-house crowns a slight elevation and has several tiers of broadest possible verandas commanding a view of the fine race-track and the grand stand. On the deck-like verandas the gay world gathers to watch the races from one side, and, from the other, the arrival and departure of coaches. Attractive grounds with a natural lake and other pleasant features, surround the building and extend in sloping terraces to the quarter-stretch where the high-flyers and jockeys hold congenial intercourse. No racing club in America or Europe offers a gayer scene than this one on Derby day. The airy house is a favorite resort all through the milder seasons for people driving or riding out to little lunches and dinners, and for Sunday breakfasts. Often "the stilly night" in those vast parks is made "full of music" by the tootle of the coach-horn and the echoing chorus of songs from home-bound coaching parties. In winter sleighing excursions meet there to feast and dance; and all through the year an experienced caterer dispenses good cheer to members, who are privileged to bring any one they please to private rooms except on racing days.

General Sheridan, before, and even after his departure from Chicago, was president of this club. His successor in that capacity is Mr. George Henry Wheeler, a leading Board of Trade man. The phenomenal success of the undertaking of building up the Washington Park Club, both from a social

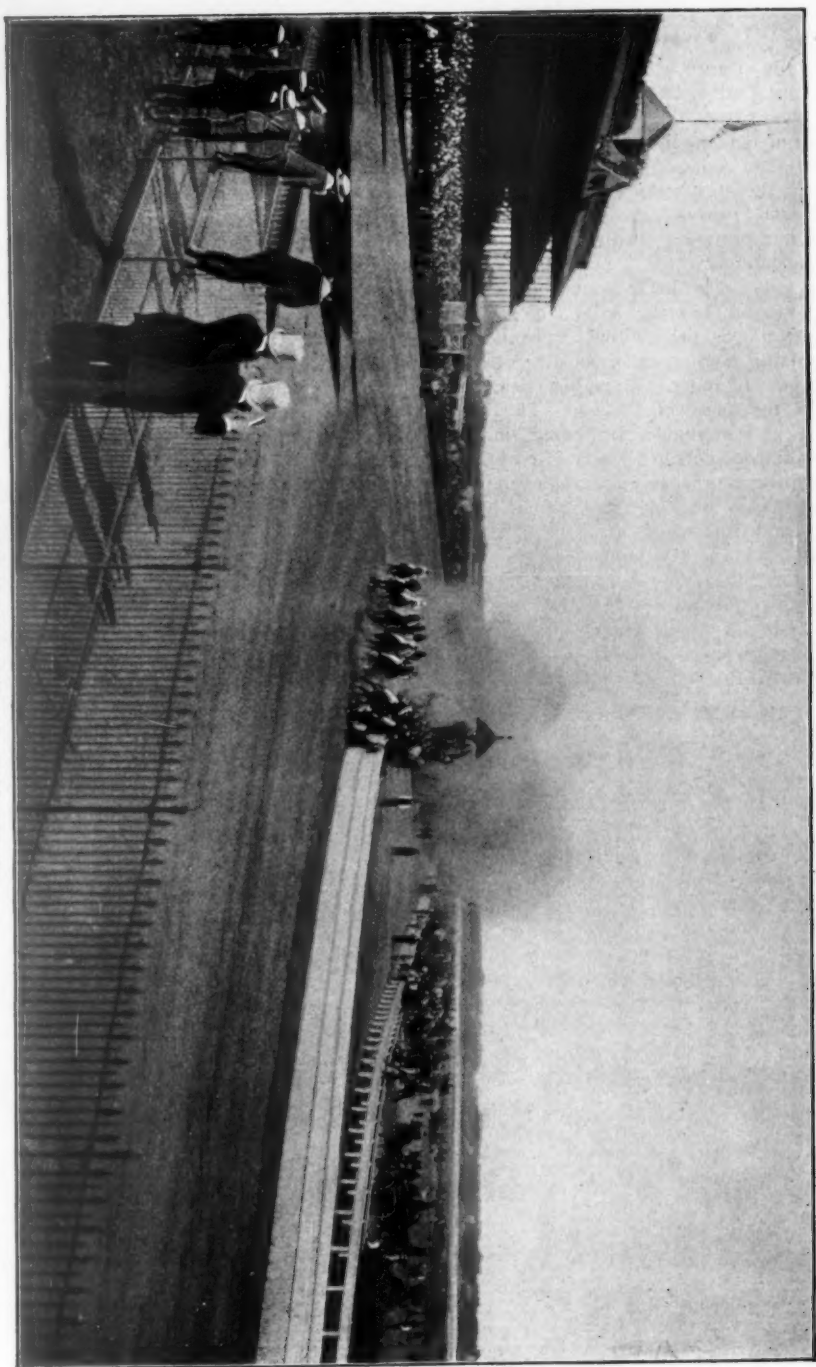
and business point of view, is due mainly to the untiring and well-directed efforts of the secretary, Mr. John E. Brewster. His industry in superintending the details of the complicated business of an organization like this, and the foresight required in planning a long season of entertainment, have accomplished the difficult task set down for him. A great deal of tact, too, has been exhibited by the directors in largely overcoming the prejudice against horse-racing long felt in the community. This desirable end has been reached chiefly by means of the order and management of the Washington Park Club.

The board of directors is as follows:

Nathaniel K. Fairbank, Samuel W. Allerton, Columbus R. Cummings, John R. Walsh, Albert S. Gage, Henry J. Macfarland, Thomas Murdoch, James B. Goodman, Wirt D. Walker, John B. Carson, Arthur J. Caton, Charles D. Hamill, Norman B. Ream, James W. Oakley, Charles J. Barnes, J. Henry Norton, Samuel H.



M. O. BROWN, PRESIDENT,  
ILLINOIS CLUB.



THE WASHINGTON PARK CLUB TRACK, CHICAGO.

Sweet, George H. Wheeler, Charles J. Singer, John Dupee, Jr., John H. McAvoy, Thomas Cratty, Charles Schwartz, John E. Brewster.

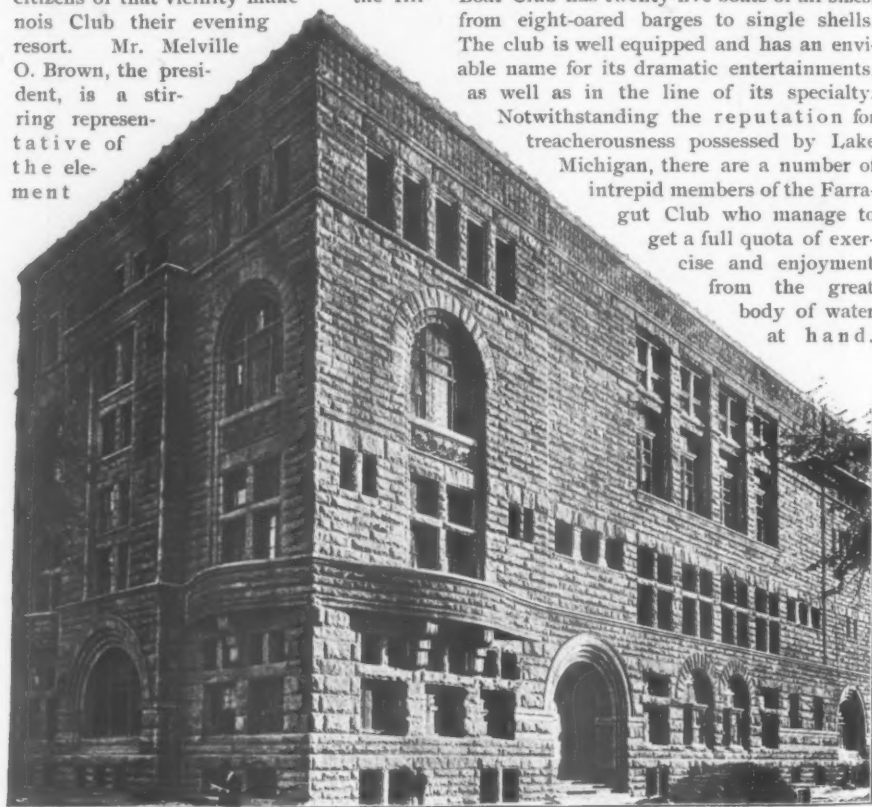
A quiet, home-like air marks the neighborhood of Ashland Avenue, on the "West Side," the great section of the city that was practically unharmed by the fire of 1871. This atmosphere of genuine comfort extends to the Illinois Club, a rambling building, with many cozy little rooms, besides large billiard and bowling halls and a picture gallery of lofty proportions. It contains the promising beginning of an art collection. The billiard room, with eight tables, is said to be the finest in Chicago. The library table is remarkable for being made of one piece of polished wood of exceptional size, over eight by six feet. A wide-awake body of more than five hundred citizens of that vicinity make the Illinois Club their evening resort. Mr. Melville O. Brown, the president, is a stirring representative of the element

composing the club, with Mr. Charles N. Bishop, formerly a Colorado journalist, now a thoroughgoing Chicagoan, as secretary.

The Hebrews have recently completed a massive edifice for their Standard Club. It is built of granite, with an impressive, fortress-like exterior, but containing most luxurious appointments. It occupies a corner not far from the Calumet Club, and is worthy in every respect of an intelligent and wealthy membership. So is the Lakeside Club, another South Side rendezvous, and one quite in keeping with those previously named.

There are numerous literary clubs for men and women, dramatic clubs, and a variety of smaller ones, such as the Indiana, the Oaks, and the Kenwood, with too many in the suburbs for specific mention. The Farragut Boat Club has twenty-five boats of all sizes, from eight-oared barges to single shells. The club is well equipped and has an enviable name for its dramatic entertainments, as well as in the line of its specialty.

Notwithstanding the reputation for treacherousness possessed by Lake Michigan, there are a number of intrepid members of the Farragut Club who manage to get a full quota of exercise and enjoyment from the great body of water at hand.



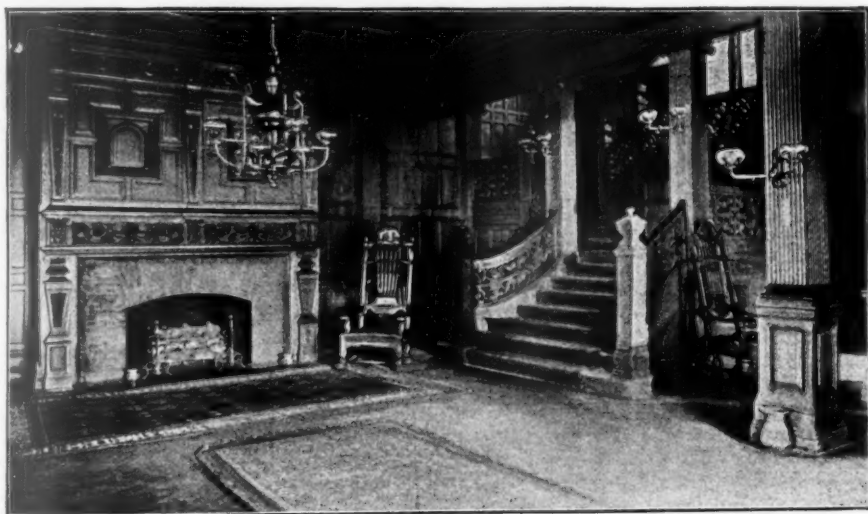
STANDARD CLUB.



A feature of the financial management of Chicago clubs is the weekly posting of indebtedness, and, tri-monthly, of quarterly dues—a system troublesome to careless members, but effective in keeping every one up to time, and in increasing cash payments, thus insuring a healthy condition of the exchequer. The all-day club *flâneur* is, so far, unknown in Chicago. The few conceited addle-pates who are inflicted on suffering humanity by society as now constituted, are lost sight of in the multitude of able men who form a large majority of the membership of Western clubs.

There is really very little to criticise unfavorably in the clubs of Chicago, which, considering their numbers and their youth,

are, all in all, marvelous, and yet without diversity of character and management sufficient to render a more detailed description either useful or entertaining. Serious dissensions are of rare occurrence, scarcely extending beyond such questions of unprecedented interest as that now agitating the governing committee of a leading club as to the wearing of mustaches by the waiters—the “to be, or not to be,” awaiting a determination at the next election. The prevailing tone in the clubs is one upon which any community might congratulate itself, the appointments, as well as the membership, reflecting the highest credit upon this comparatively new form of Western life.



HALL OF THE UNION CLUB.

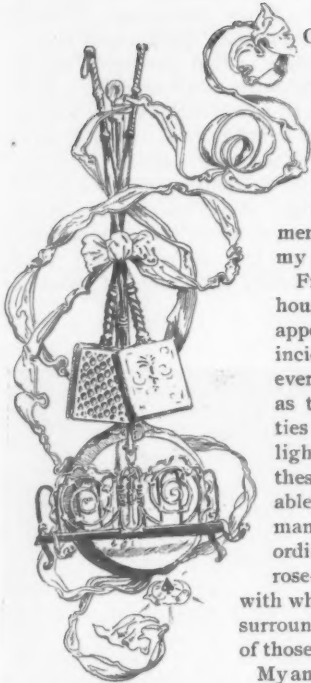
## THE MASTERY.

BY KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

THE vital soul will shake off sorrow like the dew,  
Or bathe in it, and by the plunge its strength renew.

## SIX FEET OF ROMANCE.

BY DAN C. BEARD.



SOMETHING unaccountable had happened. A hand, a real *live hand*, in a long lace mitten that allowed the tapering white fingers with their pink tips to show, reached out of the surrounding haze!

To say that I was astonished is to describe in very mild terms the dazed state in which I sat and stared. Left alone in my studio, I had been examining some new treasures-trove in the shape of small household articles, mementos of the home life of last century, which it had been my good fortune to rescue from junk and attic rubbish.

From my earliest boyhood, ancient wearing apparel, old household and kitchen utensils, and antique furniture, have appealed to me with peculiar force, telling facts and relating incidents in such a plain, homely, but graphic manner of the every-day life of our ancestors, that I look upon them more as text-books than as curiosities; for it is only by the light of truth reflected from these objects that we are enabled to brush away the romance that tinges the most ordinary facts, or pierce the rose-hued atmosphere of fiction with which the perspective of years surrounds the commonest objects of those remote times.

My antique frying-pans, toasters, and waffle-irons all have very long handles, the andirons of the same date rear their massive brass heads several feet above their strong, wrought-iron cross-bars.

How plainly these things tell us of the great log fires that roared in their ample fire-places in the brave old days of our great-grandsires! How the reflected flames must have glistened in the polished brass knobs on the andirons, and cast a warm glow on the powdered wigs of courtly dames, sparkled on the hilts of young gallants' swords, and flushed the pretty faces of maids in their finery of stiff, pointed waists and rich flowered brocades!

I had been gazing especially, with a gratified, satisfied sense of ownership, at what I considered the gem of my find, an old-fashioned foot-stove.

This is not the ordinary tin box such as one finds among the carefully preserved relics of any well-cared-for colonial homestead. It is a foot-stove of more than ordinary beauty of form and make. The square box that forms the stove proper is of iron, hammered by hand into thin sheets, the top and sides of which are perforated with small holes arranged in complicated and intricate designs, while the framework which holds the box is made of quaintly



carved mahogany. The door forms one side of the stove, and it stood open, showing within the metal cup that still holds the ashes of coals which had glowed and burned over a hundred years ago.

I observed the top cross-pieces of the wooden frame, worn in their middle to thin strips by the generations of feet that



warmed their toes over the hot embers.

You know, when you look continuously and intently at one object for a long time, all your surroundings will become misty, indistinct, and finally disappear. That was the way with the old foot-stove as I gazed at it.

Down a hundred feet or more below me, Broadway's rumbling, bustling tide was beginning to ebb, the orange-colored gas jets had commenced to glimmer, and the purplish glare of the fierce electric lights made sputtering nebulae in the misty rain. But this I seemed to be aware of through an interior sense, for all my powers of physical sight were occupied in watching a most wonderful occurrence. A hand had reached out of the haze surrounding my foot-stove and taken the metal cup from the open door and vanished.

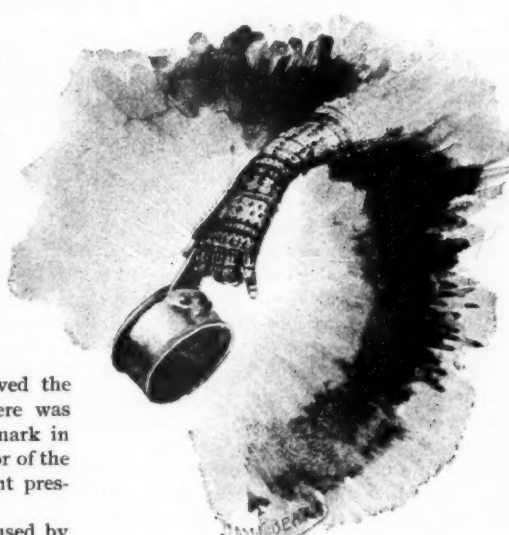
I can scarcely expect my readers to believe this, and I hardly believed the evidence of my own eyes, but there was my foot-stove empty! A circular mark in the dust covering the rusty iron floor of the stove alone bore witness of the recent presence of the metal cup.

I sat and stared blankly until aroused by the presence of the same beautiful, delicate feminine hand, which replaced the iron cup

IT IS A FOOT-STOVE OF MORE THAN ORDINARY BEAUTY.

in the stove, closed and latched the door, and melted away.

Thin threads of blue smoke streamed through the perforations of the iron box like incense, and I was conscious of the odor of burning wood, that awakened memories of



A HAND REACHED OUT OF THE HAZE AND TOOK THE METAL CUP.

an old Kentucky log house familiar to my boyhood ; but the house was forgotten when I saw materialized from the cloudy haze a foot—oh, such a dainty foot !

The quaint red silken shoe that incased this new visitor was latched over the instep with a silver buckle, and the shoe had the highest of high heels. The slender ankle, with its silken hose, that faded away in the surrounding mists, modestly hidden by the filmy lace of an overhanging skirt, was as delicate as the fairy foot in its quaintly shaped shoe, that now rested on the top of the well-worn cross-piece of the ancient foot-warmer.

There were two feet, as I could plainly see, side by side, absorbing the genial heat that filtered through the perforations from the glowing coals inside the box; but they apparently remained only a sufficient time to assure their owner that the coals inside were warm and bright; then they were gone, and I heard, or thought I heard, the rustling of a stiff gown and skirts.

The hand was now again visible, this time covered with a red woolen mitten, and, grasping the handle of my foot-stove, it lifted it from the floor and moved off.

But all these unaccountable and wonderful occurrences were not sufficiently startling to blind me to the fact that my much-prized antique was about to be taken from me.

It was not my desire to break the continuity of such wonderful occurrences by any rash act; but the loss of my treasure was not to be contemplated, and even the knowledge that it was in the possession of such fascinat-

ing hands and feet did not prevent me from hastily rising to follow it.

My memory fails to recall how it was we reached the ground without descending the long flight of stairs in the building. However, I was presently conscious of walking over uneven and unfamiliar pavements totally different from Broadway.

Right in front, and but a short distance ahead of me, tripped the red silken shoes, their high wooden heels tinkling over the frozen ground. Presently my attention was arrested and my wonder increased by

meeting a pair of yellow-topped boots, that I at once recognized as a pair that I had left hanging, along with some buckskin trousers, upon my studio wall.

I knew them at a glance, and their identification was complete when I saw the new heels, which I had had put on them, and the tear in the top of one made by the

struggles of a fat model in his frantic efforts to pull the boot-leg over his bulky calf.

(The leather in these ancient foot-coverings is so dry and brittle from age that unless great care is used it will tear like paper.)

I have always regarded these old boots with a feeling akin to awe, imagining that they must have been worn by some powdered and buckled hero like the "old-fashioned colonel" who "galloped through the white, infernal powder cloud;" but, if they had been upon the feet of a country bumpkin, they could scarcely have appeared to a worse advantage than they did as they hesitated and halted beside the little red shoes.



THERE WERE TWO FEET, SIDE BY SIDE, ABSORBING THE GENIAL HEAT.

With toes turned in, the boots shuffled uneasily about, almost tripping over each other in their embarrassment.

There is a witchery about a beautiful woman that envelops her like a mantle, reaching and covering even her feet. It is, in fact, as if she were surrounded by a peculiar atmosphere, which not only obscures or hides all defects of mind or body, but, at the same instant, brings into greater prominence all her exquisite loveliness.

It was probably a perception of this that made the boots so self-conscious. As for the high-heeled shoes, they behaved in a most coquettish manner, which apparently only tended to heighten rather than impair their charm.

However that may be, the rarest old costume in America could not have tempted me to stand in those old boots!

The greeting over, the two pair moved off together, and I followed after them, having now a double interest. A pair of boots and a foot-stove, properties of mine, were at hazard. True, the boots are old and worn—one is a duplicate of the other, or, as a shoe-maker would say, they are not "rights and lefts." The toes are bluntly pointed and stiff, but I know of no other boots of the same make and date, and that is the reason they are dear to me.

They did not appear to be in the least dear to those little reckless feet in

the red, buckled shoes, and I made a mental note, as they tripped carelessly on, how the high heels prevented the small feet from touching aught but their toes to the earth; while the great, broad-soled, pointed-toed, square-heeled boots moved along humbly and awkwardly, slap! slap! beside their tiny companions.

The amount of emotion and thought that can be expressed by feet was a revelation to me. Such graphic expression of not only character, but incident and feeling as well, gave an additional interest to this strange adventure, and the interest grew to excitement when I saw a pair of Wellington boots come walking briskly up! I knew them—knew them well, for I had often tried to induce their owner to part with them. They belonged to a studio on Fourteenth Street.

As the new-comers came in sight, my boots looked mad. One would think it impossible for a pair of boots to show anger; but the manner in which my old Continentals set themselves squarely upon the ground, the bluntly-pointed toes turned out in a dignified yet defiant manner, was very expressive, and as unmistakable as a clinched fist or a corrugated brow.

A moment's hesitation, and the little red shoes ran ahead to meet the Wellingtons, and there they stood, side by side, the new-



MY WONDER WAS INCREASED BY MEETING A PAIR OF YELLOW-TOPPED BOOTS.





I HAVE ALWAYS REGARDED THESE OLD BOOTS WITH  
A FEELING AKIN TO AWE.

comes a great deal closer to the dainty silken toes than my poor boots had dared to come.

Intuitively I began to take sides with my property ; my sympathies were all with the Continentals, and I was aware of an undignified prejudice and jealousy toward an old pair of Wellington boots !

As the pedestrians started on their walk again, the feminine shoes guarded by the Continentals and Wellingtons on either side, I followed, fully determined to pursue the adventure to an end.

The foot-path that we traveled was strewn with dead leaves and edged with grass. No thought of where we were disturbed me, but I was impressed with the feeling that the

Wellington boots were trying to monopolize the attention of the red shoes, and either ignoring my Continentals entirely, or acknowledging their presence only by slighting or flippant remarks ; and my surmises were in a measure confirmed by the occasional grinding twist of a Continental heel into the frozen sod.

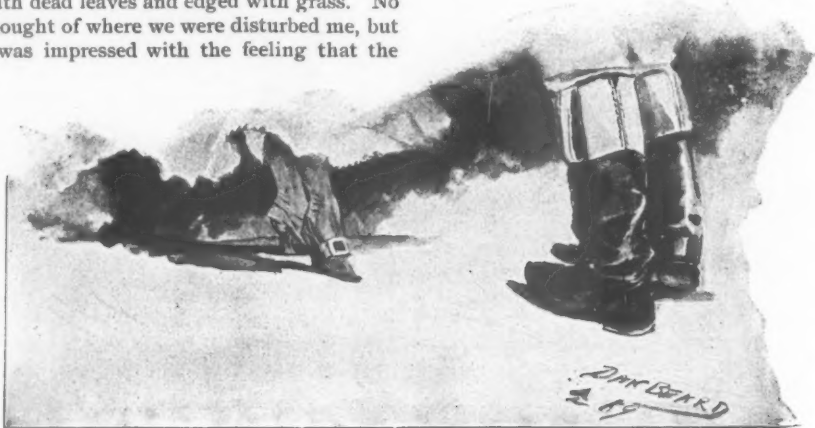
Presently we turned into a well-traveled road, where there seemed to be many feet, all walking in the same direction ; their destination proved to be a building, which we entered after ascending some wooden steps. A musty odor, peculiar to hymn-books and wood-work which receive an airing only once a week, proclaimed the building to be a church.

If it was cold inside the edifice, I was not reminded of it until the little, red-mittened hand placed the old foot-stove near by, and the same fascinating, red-clothed feet hopped upon it.

Close upon one side were my old Continental boots, and upon the other side the Wellingtons.

It was with ill-concealed impatience that I watched the egotistical wrinkles assumed by the impertinent up-town studio boots, and I felt my blood tingle with anger when they rested their varnished and polished toes against my old foot-stove, upon the top of which the little red shoes were perched.

For a time all three pairs of foot-gear maintained a deportment sufficiently discreet for church manners, but the way the Continentals finally kicked over a wooden footstool



IT WAS PROBABLY A PERCEPTION OF THIS THAT MADE THE BOOTS SO SELF-CONSCIOUS.

satisfied me that they at least were not in a receptive mood for the sermon.

Although conscious in a general way of my surroundings, my senses of hearing and of sight were focused upon the three pairs of feet, and what did not immediately affect them made no impression upon me.

I suppose the benediction was said, but I heard neither sermon, hymn, nor benediction, and only judged the services had ended, by the movement of the feet.

When the dainty, high-heeled shoes had descended from their perch upon the foot-warmer, two hands reached down simultaneously as if to take the stove. One was broad, muscular, and sun-burned; the other was gloved, but showed an aristocratic narrowness and length of fingers; and, notwithstanding the rich lace frill which fell partly over it from the wrist, there was nothing weak or effeminate in its appearance.

While I could not help admiring the refinement and genteel proportions of the gloved hand, I disliked it all the more for its good points. There was a momentary struggle between those two hands for the possession of my foot-stove, but it was soon evident that the brown fingers had been too quick for their rivals, and the latter retired, only to immediately reappear with a small visiting-card between the index and the second fingers.

The brown hand, as if in haste to carry the pretty foot-stove out into the aisle, hit its aristocratic comrade, and the card fell to the floor. Then the Continental boots stepped on it with a peculiar angry tread, and it seemed to me that, whatever the sermon had been about, it had not put much religion into any of those boots. For the dainty little red shoes had an air of coquettish pride at the sparks of jealous rivalry that were glancing from the boots on either side. (If you could have seen them, as I did, you would surely have said they were as expressive as countenances.) And the boots were bristling with a desire to trample on each other. In fact, only the presence of the delicate feet between them preserved peace.

Yet, as they passed out in the crowd of worshipers, they were the most interesting group of the entire throng. There were the shambling boots of aged men, aided by their stout canes, the easy gaiters of silk-clad dames, and many tiny feet of boys and girls moving in suppressed vivacity. There were reverent footsteps, as eloquent of piety as any upturned eyes, and the hasty paces toward the fresher atmosphere without, that spoke of tediousness in the service.

As my double trio moved in churchly procession out into the crisp air, I noticed that a number of prim masculine boots, strangers to me, halted in admiration, and several mo-



THE FEMININE SHOES, GUARDED BY THE CONTINENTALS AND WELLINGTONS ON EITHER SIDE.



TWO HANDS REACHED DOWN SIMULTANEOUSLY AS IF  
TO TAKE THE STOVE.

tions indicated the exchange of courtesies. It was evident that the pink shoes with buckles belonged to the belle of the town; and that made me all the more curious as to the outcome.

Once again we were walking over the frozen ground of the country road, retracing our steps, and we had proceeded quite a distance when my strange guides stopped for a moment and then separated. The red shoes tripped lightly away until they passed the base of two large stone posts, but walked more slowly as they continued up a well-kept path.

To my surprise the boots did not offer to follow, but both pairs strode briskly together off in an opposite direction.

Here was a dilemma I had not anticipated. I was morally certain the red shoes had carried off my foot-stove; but, when I thought of my Continentals disappearing in company with those Wellingtons, I decided to follow the boots, consoling myself with the thought that the stove was probably safe, and that in the ordinary and natural course of events the boots would be sure to find the silken shoes again, and I my foot-warmer.

We left the road and walked Indian file

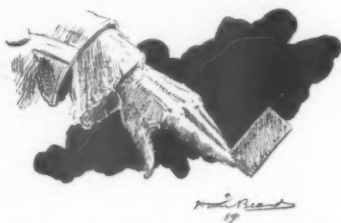
through underbrush and briars to what appeared to be a clearing in the woods. I was glad to be out of the brambles, for, knowing the fragile condition of my old boots, I greatly feared there would be nothing left of the top leather, and so interested was I in looking them over to count the damage that I at first failed to notice their odd pose. With toes pointing at right angles from each other, the boots stood planted wide apart, giving them a peculiar and I thought a somewhat dangerous look, if such a term may be used, when my attention was attracted by a clink and ring of metal, and, raising my eyes, I saw two gleaming steel blades—two long bright swords fencing in mid-air, lunging and parrying away in fine style.

My heart fairly stood still with excitement. I dreaded lest some lunge or stab might bring a pale, intense face within the circle of my vision.

It was skillful and brave work. That broad brown hand was as firm as iron, yet as supple in the wrist as a steel spring; and its long, thin, white, lace-edged antagonist was as quick and vicious as a cat's paw.

For an instant, the only movement of the crossed swords was a nervous tremor, then like a flash came a quick stroke and twist—up went one sword with a ringing sound glinting into the air.

"Bravo!" I was about to cry, when I was hushed by the appearance of that same soft, feminine, lace-mittened hand, much whiter now than before. It grasped the victorious blade, and closed the pretty fingers tightly over the wicked shining steel, while its trembling mate rested upon the big, broad, brown hand that still held the sword on guard. There was a moment's pause, then the sword dropped, and two brown, sinewy hands grasped the little mittened fingers in



ONLY TO IMMEDIATELY REAPPEAR WITH A SMALL  
VISITING-CARD.

a rapturous, uncontrollable sort of a way, which not only plainly said that they cared not to press their vantage with the sword, but that they would brave anything for the sake of holding those little lace-mittened fingers.

To make sure to whom the brown hands belonged, I cast down my eyes and saw, as I felt I would, my old Continental boots. They were now no longer awkward, but with a sturdy, manly, happy stride, they walked alongside the red-silk-en, high-heeled, buckled shoes; and while these looked just as pretty, just as dainty, and just as piquant as ever, they had not now any suggestion of coquetry about them.

As they moved off, I followed, until we came suddenly upon my old foot-stove, where it had been hastily dropped by the side of the path. While I looked at it, the boots and shoes passed on. I noticed that the stove door was open, and all looked dark within.



IT GRASPED THE VICTORIOUS BLADE AND CLOSED THE PRETTY FINGERS TIGHTLY OVER THE WICKED SHINING STEEL.

The haze around the old foot-warmer gradually melted away, and I saw reflections of the lights from the streets dancing upon the walls of my studio, and in the dusky shadow I could trace what appeared to be my old Continental boots hanging alongside the buckskin trousers. I jumped from my seat, lighted a match, and examined the old foot-stove. The cinders were still in the metal cup. I moistened my finger with my tongue, touched the cinders, but they were cold!



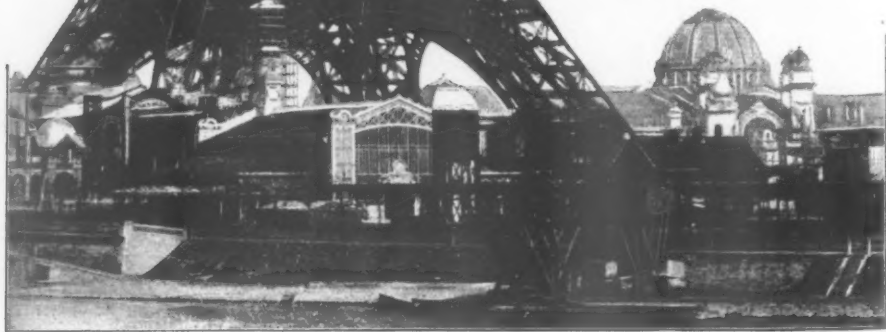
TWO BROWN, SINEWY HANDS GRASPED THE LITTLE MITTENED FINGERS.

## OF WHAT USE IS THE EIFFEL TOWER?

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION,  
PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

I COME directly from the aerial observatory which human audacity has just established at a height of three hundred meters above Paris, and I am happy to comply with the request which has been made to me, to explain to distant readers the impression felt in contemplating this great work. A certain number of them, doubtless, propose to make the journey to France on the occasion of the new Universal Exposition, so superior, in every respect, to all its predecessors. They will have here a foretaste of the sight which awaits them.

First of all, the tower does not appear to really have the height of three hundred meters (about one thousand feet), which it reaches. In front of it, at its base, the beholder receives an impression analogous to that which the colossal edifice of St. Peter, at Rome, makes on all its visitors. The gigantic proportions of that structure do not put any detail in relief. I shall always remember the astonishment I felt, when, from the interior gallery of the dome of Michael Angelo, I saw at my feet the high altar, of which the height—twenty-seven meters—equals the height of the Louvre and the Observatory. It was, in a manner, lost in the middle of this circular nave. Now, the Eiffel Tower has a base one hundred and twenty meters high, that is, more than one third of the entire height of the tower. From this very large base, as every one knows, the tower rises in a sharp point. The first story, which is nearly the height of the Nôtre Dame towers, appears much lower than these, and the second story, of which the height is one hundred and fifteen meters, does not appear any higher than the Nôtre Dame towers. It is only from a distance—from a long distance—that the height of the Eiffel tower is appreciated with some approach to exactness.







M. G. EIFFEL.

It is different when you ascend the tower. At first you are dazzled by the details of its construction, and the prodigious entanglement of this forest of iron. As you get up higher, you gradually estimate the elevation attained, by the diminution of the surrounding edifices, by the panorama of Paris spread before you, by the extent of the horizon which keeps receding. Up to the first platform, of which the height is sixty meters, you are specially struck by the grandeur of the work, by the skill of the engineers who constructed this iron building, and you are tempted to feel some pride in the power of man. At the second platform, at a height of one hundred and nineteen meters, you are still living in the sphere of humanity, you admire the genius of science and industry, you feel the intense life of the Paris which surrounds you, you reflect on its history, ages long. Human life in its different manifestations is there under your eyes. You see it, you hear it, and while you tower above it, you feel that you are a part of it.

But as you go higher, you begin to have a feeling of isolation, of a void, of aerial solitude, which aeronauts alone understand completely. The third story of the tower soars at a height of two hundred and seven meters, that is, at an elevation greater than all the structures existing on the globe. From that point Paris is already shrunken—still,

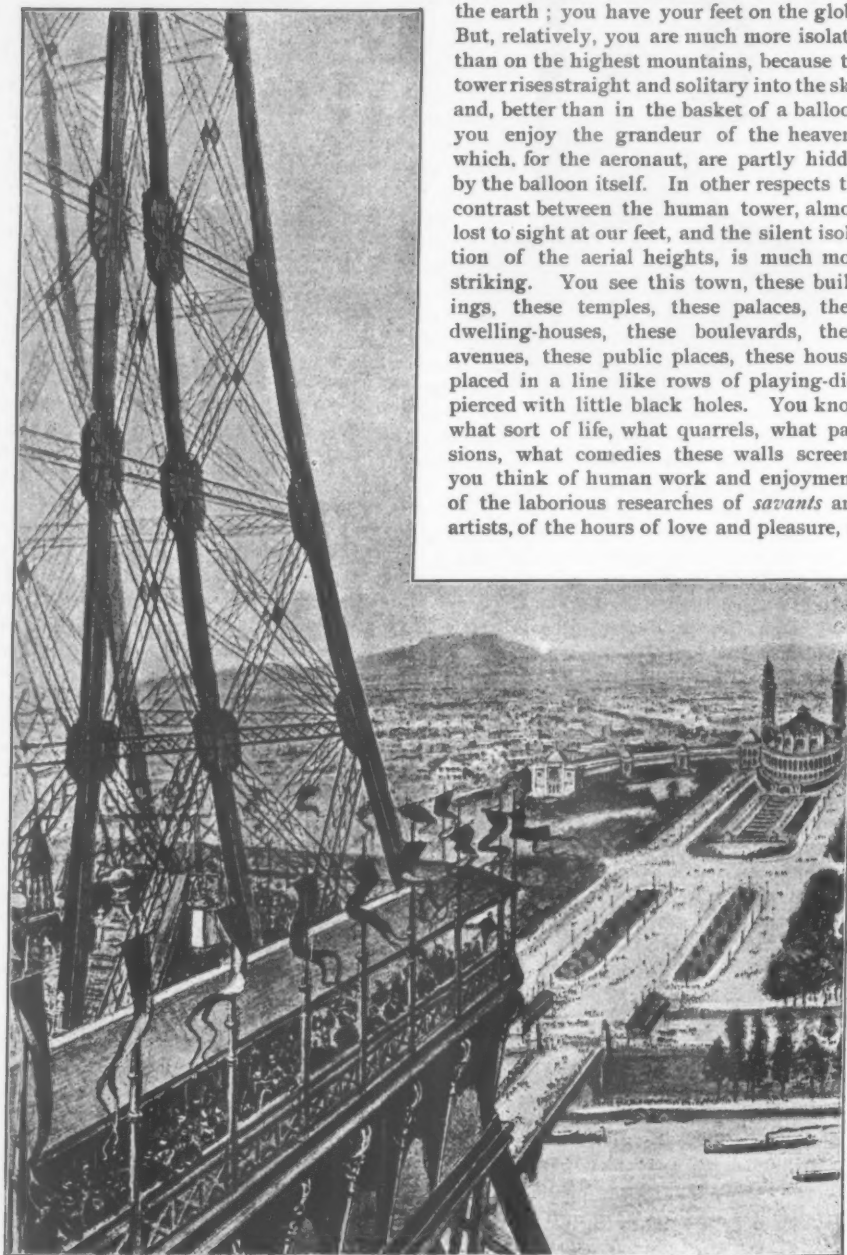
however, a city of stone (white or grey according to the light) in a verdant country. It still extends quite far in different directions, but appears surrounded with verdure. The city, the hills which are about it, are lowered, and Paris extends in the middle of an immense plain in which the Seine marks its sinuous course. Passy, Montmartre, Père Lachaise, Meudon, Mt. Valérien, St. Germain, make part of this plain without bounds. The noises of the great city are extinguished, the wind blows in our ears and seems to carry away, like a dream, the last echoes which reach us.

Let us go still higher and reach the fourth platform at a height of two hundred and seventy-three meters. For this a slow ascent of three-quarters of an hour on foot suffices. From this point we look down into the atmosphere. The horizon has risen with us and remains at the height of our eyes, traced like a circular line all around us, with a radius of sixty kilometers (thirty-six miles). The immense capital appears like an island in the ocean of nature. It is no longer Paris alone, but a small portion of France that we have under our eyes. Here below are Fontainebleau, Etampes, Rambouillet, Chartres, Nantes. But in the silent isolation which surrounds us, it is no longer France which speaks to us, it is eternal Nature. The movement of humanity seems like that on an ant-hill in an artificial world created by itself and for itself, vain, lilliputian, useless, changing, yet deceitful. We soar aloft like a balloon in the serene heights of pure contemplation.

Above this highest platform rises a round cupola, divided into three working cabinets, one for astronomy, another for meteorology and physical science, the third for biological studies and micrographic analysis of the air. Above these cabinets is the lighthouse or beacon, which will be lighted by electricity, with an illuminating power equal to from five to six thousand carcel lamps. Finally, above the lighthouse, the tower terminates in a terrace, which stands in mid-air three hundred meters (about one thousand feet) above the ground. Standing on this narrow summit, the horizon seems without bounds, circular and regular like that of the sea, and the size of the sky is indescribable—an immense cupola placed on the terrestrial plain at an immeasurable distance. You have not

precisely the sensation experienced in the basket of a balloon which floats freely at a

height of several thousand meters and transports us above entire nations, with their frontiers effaced. You are still fastened to the earth ; you have your feet on the globe. But, relatively, you are much more isolated than on the highest mountains, because the tower rises straight and solitary into the sky ; and, better than in the basket of a balloon, you enjoy the grandeur of the heavens, which, for the aeronaut, are partly hidden by the balloon itself. In other respects the contrast between the human tower, almost lost to sight at our feet, and the silent isolation of the aerial heights, is much more striking. You see this town, these buildings, these temples, these palaces, these dwelling-houses, these boulevards, these avenues, these public places, these houses placed in a line like rows of playing-dice pierced with little black holes. You know what sort of life, what quarrels, what passions, what comedies these walls screen ; you think of human work and enjoyment, of the laborious researches of *savants* and artists, of the hours of love and pleasure, of



A CORNER OF THE SECOND PLATFORM.

all the emotions of the heart, the activity of the mind, and you find yourself in silence and isolation at a height where nature seems to have for us a complete disdain. You ask of what good are these quarrels, these struggles, these passions. They all stop at the surface of the ground. There is a human ant-hill, with microscopic agitation. Here all is calm, all is peaceful. The sterile air of the height leaves in the soul a certain philosophy of things, but at the same time a profound melancholy and a great indifference to what goes on below.

This iron tower is a bold work, a magnificent witness of the power of industrial science. It has risen before our eyes in two years, gradually, without stop, like a tree pushing itself, a tree alongside of which the most colossal inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom are but pigmies. It is a beautiful work, and of what use will it be?

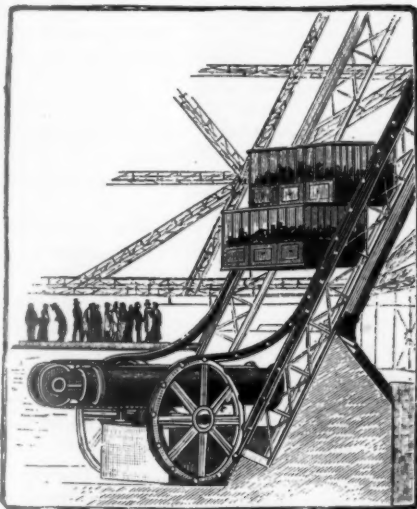
Yes, of what use will it be? A frequent question in our age, essentially utilitarian. For myself, I humbly confess that I have for a long time been a stranger to this prejudice about the necessity of a thing being useful. Of what use is the obelisk? Of what use are arches of triumph and churches? Of what use are the sonatas of Mozart and the symphonies of Beethoven? Of what use is the Venus de Medicis? These

are works as useless, in the strict sense of that term, as they are beautiful or interesting from the point of view of pure art. You may even go much further, and ask, of what use is everything, and of what use is humanity itself. The day will come when all the glories of the earth will disappear. Nothing will remain; the ruins themselves will be destroyed.

Even if the Eiffel tower should be of no practical use, none the less will modern industry find a good reason for the construction of the building, if it interests us from any point of view whatever, were it only by the single fact of its height, which has been heretofore considered impossible for an edifice raised by human hands. It bears witness to a fact—the industrial power of science. If it is thought natural to raise arches of triumph and colossal works of bronze to the glory of conquerors who have plunged armies into the gulf of wars; if it has been the custom for ages to build temples for worship under the different forms of religion into which humanity is divided, is not the progress of science worth as much as the patriotic or religious idea? May not this tower a thousand feet high as well be erected to the glory of the pacific combats of labor, as to raise other buildings in honor of human blood shed in the terrible conflicts between nations?

But the most practical person may be certain that the tower will be of use,—not for a prison, like the towers of the feudal time, for it is raised in the air and in the light,—but it will render valuable services of more than one kind.

The first thought about the practical utility of the tower—a thought mentioned a long time before it began to be built, and which was worthy of our age of general military preparations—was that the edifice could be used as an elevated post, from which to observe the movements of hostile armies at a distance, in case of a new war and a new investment of Paris, and that from the top of the tower optical communication could be had at a distance of sixty kilometers (about thirty-seven miles) with other posts of observation built for the same purpose. But I am willing to hope that no one will be foolish enough to begin another war, and that in case France shall be attacked, she will know how to repulse the attack with suffi-



THE CAR.



THE RAILWAY UP THE TOWER.

cient energy to avoid a new invasion of her territory.

It is from a scientific point of view that I prefer to study the uses of this aerial observatory.

And here astronomy must give place to meteorology. Let me then point out, first, the meteorological observations that can be

the foot of the tower. It will be shown, sometimes, especially in a time of severe cold, that the state of things will be reversed. Then it will not be as cold at the summit of the tower as at its base.

Hygrometry, or the measure of the quantity of vapor of water in the air, will be also a very interesting subject of observation.

made from the tower.

It can be shown there, with the aid of registering anemometers, that the wind will be nearly always stronger at the top of the tower than at the surface of the ground and at various heights. Experiments made at the Cathedral of Antwerp, balloon voyages, observations made on mountains, have already proved that.

The direction of the wind at the top will be particularly interesting. That direction will not be always the same as that of the weather-vanes of the observatory, or as that of the clouds. This direction plays a very great part in temperatures.

It can be foreseen that the temperature will be generally lower at the summit than at

Differences, in appearance insignificant, in thermometrical and hygrometrical degrees, suffice sometimes to entirely transform the aspect of the sky; the invisible vapor of water being rendered visible by a slight fall of temperature, and the air arriving under an influence hardly sensible to the degree of saturation.

Sometimes the sky, seen from below, appears entirely covered, although the cloudy thickness is, in fact, very thin. Occasionally the summit of the tower will be in brilliant sunshine when all Paris will be buried under fogs. One of the most admirable sights will be such a condition of things at sunrise in the mornings of September and October, when the valley of the Seine and all the plain will be covered with an ocean of clouds not reaching a hundred meters above the surface of the ground. The splendid spectacle that can then be observed from the top of the hills of Meudon and Mount Valérien will be truly marvelous. It will seem like a dream.

The study of atmospherical electricity will be particularly interesting at the tower, and can be carried on there without danger, even during storms. This iron tower is in itself a gigantic lightning-rod, and it protects itself; its metallic mass having been, from its foundation, in perfect communication with the aquiferous bed of the subsoil by means of conductors capable of carrying off any quantity of electricity which may accumulate during storms. Lightning will undoubtedly strike the tower at all heights, but the edifice and the persons who may be in it at the time will receive no dangerous shock, as the electricity will run off instantly to the aquiferous bed, which is about seven meters below the surface of the Champ de Mars.

The immensity of the tower is nothing but a gigantic application of the theory of Franklin and Bomas, who sent up kites among the storm-clouds. Arago had thought of employing balloons fastened to the earth by chains, and with iron points to draw the lightning. In the time of this astronomer and physicist there was at the Observatory of Paris, in the large Salle du Zodiaque, a metallic conductor coming down from the roof, upon which a pointed mast received electric discharges, more or less intense, according to the state of the atmospherical

electricity. This conductor was not continuous, but separated in places, and during a storm you could see the electricity pass from one point to another, and form flashes of lightning. At one of the latest sessions of the French Astronomical Society, M. Faye suggested that experiments of the same kind, though on a much grander scale, could be made with the aid of the Eiffel tower, by joining to it, through its whole height, a silver cable, interrupted at one point for a length of twenty or thirty centimeters. As silver is an excellent conductor of electricity, it is probable that the electricity would follow this conductor separated from the metallic tower, and would produce before the eyes of observers flashes of lightning of different nature, the study of which would be of the highest interest.

It is evident, therefore, that the advantages of the tower will be many for the use of meteorology and physical science.

With astronomy the case is different.

A height of three hundred meters is equal to zero for approaching the stars. A great number of observatories are at a height incomparably greater than this. Several of them are in the neighborhood of two thousand, twenty-five hundred, and even three thousand meters above the sea, as, for example, the observatory of Mount Ætna, that of Sonnenblick, in Bohemia, that of Mount Hamilton, which has the most powerful glass in the world, and that of Bogota, on the equator. They stand in an air incomparably clearer than that in which the Eiffel tower stands. But besides there is at the top of the tower neither a sufficient place nor conditions of stability, indispensable for installing there a powerful instrument or apparatus of precision requisite for making true astronomical observations.

The Eiffel tower, then, can be of no use for astronomy of precision, for measuring. But the condition is not the same for a certain number of observations relating to the study of physical astronomy. For example, in case of a shower of shooting stars, when the question is to determine the point from which they radiate, and that point is veiled by mists and fogs below, for an eclipse of the sun or the moon, for a rare occultation of a planet by the moon, for making exact drawings of comets, for the zodiacal light, and other things, the summit of the tower,



dominating the fogs below it, will be able to render services that are not to be despised.

Even in a pure and transparent atmosphere certain observations which can be made at the top of the tower will be interesting. Thus, during total eclipses of the moon, our satellite, in crossing the shadow-cone of the earth, is never entirely hidden. The atmosphere which surrounds our planet refracts the rays of the sun and bends them into the interior of the shadow-cone in such a way that they illuminate the eclipsed moon with the tints of the setting sun. But, besides, the atmosphere certainly plays an important part in every place of observation, as is shown in the diversity of appreciation of colors and of the descriptions. It is probable that the reddish and more or less somber coloring of the eclipsed moon will not be the same for two observers—one at the foot, and the other at the top of the tower.

Theoretical astronomy, as, for example, the demonstration of the rotary movement of the earth, may receive new confirmations by new experiments, to which the height of the tower is admirably suited. Of such experiments, among others, is the one made in 1830, by Foucault, at the Panthéon. To be sure, the position of the tower is not excellent for avoiding the movements of the air. But there are hours when the atmosphere is entirely quiet. Balloons have been seen to remain two hours above one spot without budging. And then a very heavy pendulum can be used, weighing, for example, a hundred kilograms, and suspended by a strong metallic rod. Certainly the experiment deserves to be renewed. With a pendulum three hundred meters high, the duration of an oscillation, which is a second for one meter, and which has eight seconds for the pendulum of sixty-eight meters of the Panthéon, would be seventeen seconds; that is, the ball of the pendulum would take thirty-four seconds, or more than half a minute, to return to its point of departure. This would be grand and masterly.

The movement of the earth would be visible to every one, the point attached to the lower end of the pendulum touching at each return the table-pads prepared for this purpose.

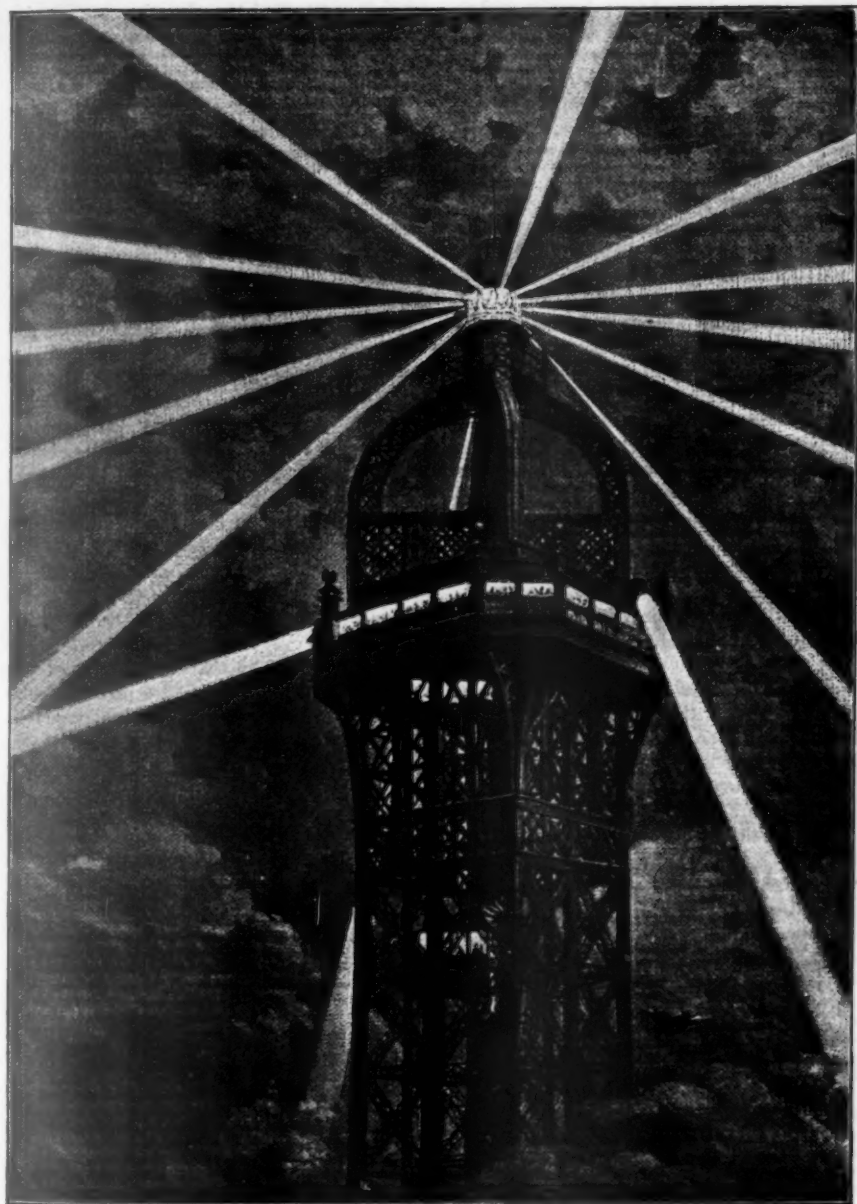
This movement might be rendered visible

in another way. If you let fall a little leaden ball from the center of the summit of the tower, it would take eight seconds to fall, and, in place of descending in an absolutely vertical line, it would diverge toward the east, and would strike flat on the ground about six centimeters from this vertical line by reason of the difference between the centrifugal force at the top and the base of the tower.

In fine, in undertaking a series of experiments under like conditions of magnitude, new views will doubtless be revealed. It was while seeking to determine the parallax of the stars that William Herschel discovered the ruling movements of the double stars. It was while seeking for the limits of the colors of the solar spectrum that Fraunhofer discovered the rays of absorption and laid a foundation for the chemical analysis of light. It was while searching for Asia that Christopher Columbus discovered America. Thus already one of the most profound, as well as the most ingenious of our *savants*, M. Hirn, of the Institute of France, living at Colmar, has imparted to me an idea, surely very original, but based on a precise acquaintance with the laws of attraction. The idea is neither more nor less than to use the Eiffel tower to weigh the moon.

To weigh the moon! Yes; but by an exact measure of the effects of its attraction. And it is not as complicated as might be thought. You must construct a gigantic barometer, a tube three hundred meters long, and of which the cistern, instead of being open and subject to the variations of atmospheric pressure, will be connected with a great reservoir of gas compressed by a pressure which will not vary. The column of liquid being withdrawn from everything which will disturb it, and especially from the variations of the temperature (this will be the most difficult thing), cannot vary in height more than its own weight varies. It will rise then on the passing of the moon to a higher or lower meridian, and will fall at the rising and setting of the moon.

Thus, this new edifice will serve for more than one scientific experiment in the different branches of the sciences of observation. One might almost say that it will make experiments itself as to the laws of physical science—for by virtue of the expansion of bodies under the influence of heat, this ex-



THE PHAROS AND PROJECTORS ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

pansion being 0.0000106, that is, one millimeter for one hundred meters by the centigrade thermometer, and the tower having to be submitted at Paris to cold of ten degrees and then to solar heat of forty degrees, and as besides, on some summer days (I have seen thermometers pass through sixty degrees) its temperature will pass by alternatives through ninety degrees at least, the tower, during the hours of great heat, will be nineteen centimeters higher than during the extreme cold of winter.

The engineers have made allowance for these variations of volume in the construction itself. The theoretical principles of the construction are not the least admirable part of it. It is well known that the tower begins by four enormous uprights, powerful rafters supported by masses of masonry. These uprights rise at first obliquely, becoming vertical farther up, and uniting above the second story, where they form but a single body from there to the top. The foundations of the four masses of masonry go down to a bed of gravel, which serves for a stable base. They are of unequal depths, the two farthest from the Seine going down seven meters, and the two nearest the river, twelve meters. Mr. Eiffel found at the latter depth a prehistoric pottery and some bones, one of which he had the goodness to present to me for the Museum of the Observatory of Javisy.

The four enormous metallic feet are placed on the masonry without anchorage or bolts. They rest obliquely in the line of their direction, and the stability of the tower is assured by the same construction. Besides, each foot is movable, if it be desired. There has been placed on each of the metallic sockets which form the base an hydraulic machine of the force of eight hundred tons, and by the pressure of the water each of these gigantic feet can be raised. Not only can they be raised,

but they have been. At the time of uniting these four rafters to form the first story by the junction of four horizontals placed at a height of forty-eight meters, temporary scaffolds sustained the structure at this elevation. Hydraulic presses acting through copper cylinders on each of the rafters which form the foot of the tower, and raising them, allowed each to come exactly to the point of juncture. And the innumerable holes prepared in advance for the rivets had been pierced with so much precision, that the putting them together was quickly effected. This was a capital point. Everything had been exactly foreseen and combined.\*

The tower weighs four million nine hundred thousand kilograms. Its weight assures stability against the most violent winds.

A word more on the tower, considered as a post of observation. What is its range of visibility? To calculate that, the formula is very simple, and perhaps some of my readers will be glad to know it, in order to be able to apply it under other circumstances.

Remembering that the terrestrial globe measures twelve million seven hundred and forty-two thousand meters in diameter, the tangent drawn from a height of one meter will touch the globe at three thousand and seventy meters distant. Well, the range of visibility for every height is given by this figure multiplied by the square root of the height. Thus the square root of three hundred is seventeen and thirty-two one-hundredths. Then the range of visibility from the Eiffel tower is three thousand nine hundred and seventy meters, multiplied by seventeen and thirty-two one-hundredths, which is sixty-one thousand eight hundred meters (about thirty-eight miles).

Beyond this distance, elevations much further off may be visible. Thus, a mountain three hundred meters high will just touch the tangent of which we have spoken at double the distance mentioned above, and

\* It is this perfect knowledge of the material put in a work, and of scientific principles, which enables engineers to fix by calculation all the dimensions of pieces entering into the composition of an edifice, and to reduce them to the weight strictly necessary to assure good execution and complete safety. It is thus they worked at the Eiffel tower, where the number of metallic pieces which intercross each other amounts to twelve thousand. For each of them there was necessary a drawing, which was not finished until after calculation had justified all the dimensions to nearly one-tenth of a millimeter. It is not astonishing then that a work thus prepared could be executed with a precision which was never at fault for an instant.

The details which could not be exactly calculated have been much exaggerated, in order to assure perfect safety to the edifice. Thus the tower has been calculated to resist the wind at a pressure of four hundred kilograms to the square meter, while the most violent storms known at Paris have never given a pressure of wind exceeding one hundred and ninety kilograms to the square meter. Thanks to this coefficient thus exaggerated, the greatest oscillations at the summit will not exceed sixteen to nineteen centimeters, and visitors caught on the platform of the third story of the tower during a storm will hardly perceive the oscillation.

a slight height exceeding this altitude will consequently emerge from the horizon at a distance of one hundred and twenty-three kilometers. A still higher point will be seen at a distance much farther off. But, on the other hand, I must not forget to remark that the details of any geographical extent are lost at the horizon, where everything is confused and where one can hardly distinguish anything, unless it be something in bold relief and in an exceptionally pure state of the atmosphere. I have proved this during numerous balloon ascents. Mountains can be seen very far when their profile is detached on a background more luminous or more somber than themselves. From the ramparts of the town of Langres, of which the height is four hundred and eighty meters, I have often, when I was at school there, drawn the profile of Mont Blanc (four thousand eight hundred and ten meters high) standing out in black relief against the eastern sky before sunrise in winter time. Now, the distance from Langres to Mont Blanc is two hundred and forty kilometers (about one hundred and fifty miles). From Nice are often distinguished with the naked eye the mountains of Corsica, which are distant two hundred kilometers.

A circle drawn around Paris at a distance of sixty-one kilometers includes in its perimeter Melun, Etampes, Rambouillet, Nantes, Chantilly, Meaux. The light at the top of the tower can be seen at just this distance. From the heights of the Forest of Fontainebleau the top of the tower is a little beyond the edge of the horizon. It is a pity,

as I said when the tower was planned, that it should be placed on the lowest ground in Paris. But then it was a question of the Exposition, and without the Exposition itself the tower would never have been built.

Let me close by saluting this work as a bold conception, and of an execution truly marvelous. It ought to have been seen the evening of the *fête* of the inauguration of the Exposition, surrounded to the very top with the red fires of Bengal lights, illuminated with borders of gas, defining the stories and the grand lines, and resplendent at the summit with a dazzling beacon. Then it lost the metallic aspect which shows, above all, in it, industrial work skillfully done. It soared toward the sky like an admirable artistic thought. Its scarlet blaze which revealed the fine divisions, its gigantic arch bordered by a line of fire, its immense aerial porch yawning from the first to the second story, its many-colored and starry summit reaching toward the clouds, the splendid frame of illuminations which surrounded it, the Seine covered with boats dressed with flags, carrying choirs and orchestras, the immense multitude which surged about its feet like the billows, all this spectacle presented a grand image of the triumph of labor and of liberty. The Eiffel tower is worthy of this Exposition without precedent—worthy of the centenary of the grand epoch which brought to humanity a new transformation—worthy of modern science, and of the progress of the nineteenth century which it crowns. It symbolizes the aspiration of the human mind toward summits always higher.

## THE TALE OF TROY DIVINE.

BY INIGO DEANE.

ALL things are prey to ravening death : but one—  
The word begotten of the poet's soul,  
Shall die not until o'er life's self there roll  
The dark seas silent of oblivion.  
For lo ! Poseidon building Iliou  
And he whose splendors dim the starry pole  
Labored to rear 'gainst Time one mighty mole,  
And—where are, now, thy towers, Laomedon ?

But Homer, brooding by the wind-swept shore  
That once knew Troy, and heroes, kings, and wars  
In the archtypal mind revolving, he  
Lifted the chant creative, and the stars  
Looked down to see, transfigured, rise once more  
A Troy that yields but to eternity.

## PITCHER PLANTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

AS the study of plant life becomes close and more intelligent, many curious points of resemblance become apparent between the vegetable and the animal world. An external likeness means nothing: if followed up, it proves a mere will-o'-the-wisp

leading only into quagmires of ignorance and confusion. But it is entirely different where the resemblance lies in their mode of growth and reproduction rather than in what they look like. This is a clew worth following.

Nowhere is this curious reaching toward animal life so marked as in the insectivorous plants. These are not a family by themselves, but belong to widely divergent species, and are found growing wild in most countries within the temperate zones. In studying these anomalous plants it is necessary to ignore ordinary classification, and to arrange them with reference to their habits and their mode of gaining a living.

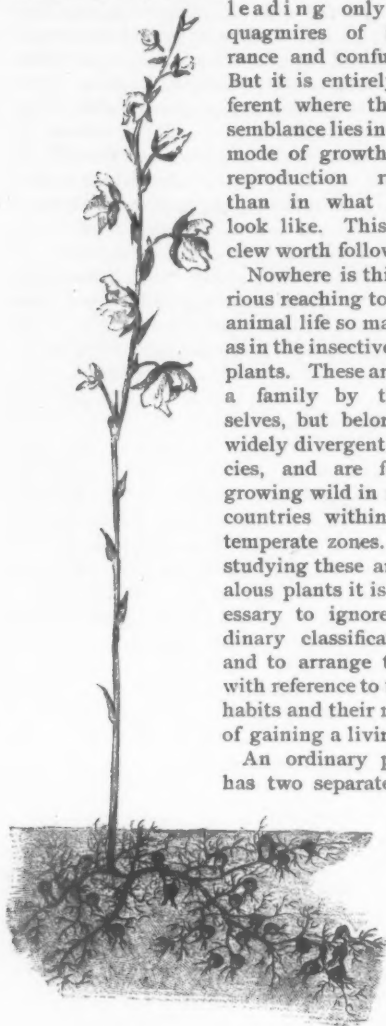
An ordinary plant has two separate or-

gans which correspond with the stomach of an animal—its roots and its leaves. Plant tissues are built up of carbon and nitrogenous matter. The green coloring matter in plants has the power, in sunlight, to extract carbon from the carbonic acid of the air: while the roots are sucking up from the soil the other element necessary to life—the nitrogen—they also serve to supply the plant with water, and to keep it anchored in place. In certain poor soils, where nitrogenous matter is either very scarce or altogether wanting, live the insectivorous plants. They seem to have adapted themselves to their limited conditions by developing a new organ. Certain leaves or stems have become so modified as to perform the duty of roots in supplying the elements that they fail to find in the soil. The leaves are converted into a combination of trap and stomach, catching prey and then appropriating it as food.

One of the most interesting of these plants is a common weed found in the ditches and ponds and boggy places of England and America. Its botanical name is *Utricularia*, its common name bladderwort. Both names are derived from the tiny sacs that are found scattered along the stems and slender leaves.

It was supposed that the bladders merely served to buoy up the plants, till Darwin fixed his eyes upon them. Then there was no longer any help for it; all false pretenses fell away, the secret of their nefarious practices stood confessed. Each innocent-looking sac is not only a stomach for the appropriation of food, but an ingenious trap for its capture.

The common bladderwort is found floating in stagnant pools or ditches as tangles of hair-like leaves, on which occur the little sacs that have given to it its name. From this tangle there springs up a stem bearing a spike of delicate yellow flowers, not unlike a snapdragon in shape. The utricle is a sac with an opening at the upper and smaller end. Around this mouth are diverging hairs or bristles. The orifice is closed by a thin flexible valve that yields easily to pressure from without. Many of the aquatic insects inhabiting stagnant water feed upon vegeta-



BLADDERWORT. (*Utricularia*.)





AMERICAN PITCHER PLANT.

(*Sarracenia purpurea*.)

ble matter. It must be a surprise to some unwary and innocent-minded insect who comes to dine upon a utricle to have the tables turned upon him, and to find himself suddenly gulped down by his quondam dinner. It seems altogether probable that the bladders actually snap up their prey, as a number of insectivorous plants are known to do; but the question does not seem to be entirely settled yet. It is certain that a large number of insects are caught and never escape.

The inside of the bladder is covered with a curious growth of processes, each consisting of a slender stem, upholding four horizontal arms. After the captured insect has

remained some time alive in the sac—where its struggles to escape may plainly be seen through the transparent walls—it dies, and after a while is decomposed. It will then be found that the four armed processes have become colored, evidently by the decayed matter they have taken up from the liquid in the sac. This is not *digestion* proper, but the processes inside the sac take up the dead matter as the roots of ordinary plants do.

The variety of bladderwort that has departed least from its vegetable traditions is a small plant found in South America. Like *U. vulgaris* it has a number of filaments bearing bladders, but in this case the threads are stems, not leaves. These in places swell out into tubers from which a new plant, with its bladders, starts out. These bladderworts sometimes live on the branches of trees, the stems penetrate the moss and bark to find water and insect food; they are then air plants. In other places they burrow among the roots of the trees, and act as earth plants; but it is the utricles which are feeding them in either case, for they have no true roots. The bladders of the earth plant are different from those of the water plant; instead of a mouth closed with a flexible valve and protected only by bristles which serve the needs of the plant in the water, these burrowing utricles have a long proboscis which curves downward over the mouth, and so hinders useless material from forcing its way into the sac as the utricle-bearing fibers penetrate the soil or bark. The plant of this *Utricularia*, apart from the interest which its habits gives, is very striking. The slender aerial stems are covered with beautiful white and pale green pea-shaped blossoms, larger than those of the wistaria, both graceful in form and lovely in tone.

There is another plant very much like the *U. Montana*, which is very singular in its habits. It is a water plant, but curiously enough no water will suit it except that which collects in the hollow of certain leaves in a plant called the *Tillandsia*. This bladderwort grows from seed, but besides this it increases by sending out runners from the base of the flower stem. The runner, by some unexplained instinct, always directs itself toward the nearest *Tillandsia*. When its growing point reaches the water collected in a leaf, it stops, throws out a tangle of stems, sends up a new flower stalk, and starts

a new runner, which follows the same programme. Six plants have been found thus united, each having its home in the tiny pool of water in a *Tillandsia* leaf.

In the swamps of many parts of the United States is found another very curious insectivorous plant—the American pitcher plant, or side-saddle flower, as it is very inaptly called. The commonest form is very often seen for sale. I have frequently bought it in the streets of New York, and found it in great profusion in June near Atlantic City. This is the *Sarracenia purpurea*. The plant grows as a cluster of leaves, springing from a bunch of short, inadequate looking roots. Some of the leaves are of the ordinary type, others are curious trumpet-shaped vessels, each formed of the petiole of a foliage leaf, which looks as though it had been curved around and fastened together down the front, leaving a flange like a seam to show where the edges had been joined. A tube is the result; it is about six inches long, and an inch wide at its largest diameter, and capable of holding about a wineglassful of fluid. Above the tube the leaf proper, veined and slightly fluted, and of a dingy red-purple hue, stands up as a half opened lid.

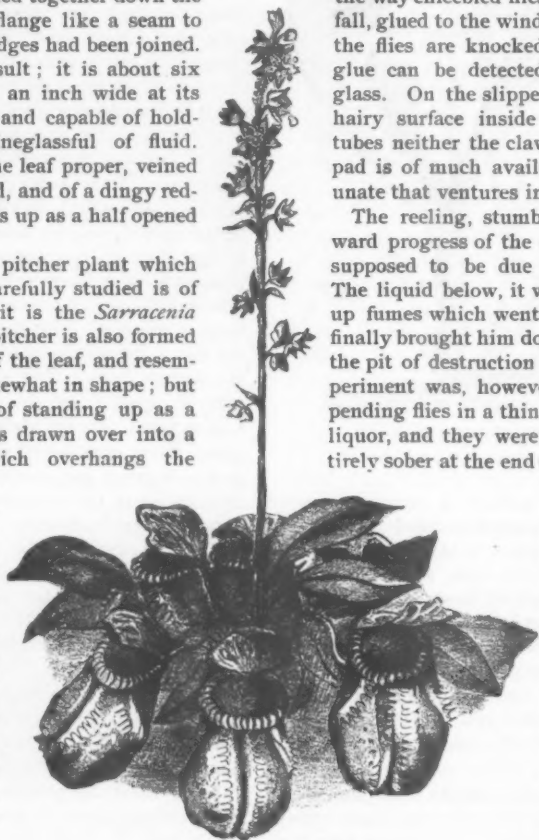
The variety of pitcher plant which has been most carefully studied is of near kin to this; it is the *Sarracenia variolaris*. The pitcher is also formed from the petiole of the leaf, and resembles *purpurea* somewhat in shape; but the leaf, instead of standing up as a lid partly open, is drawn over into a sort of hood which overhangs the mouth. Between the veinings at the back of the pitcher the leaf is transparent, and of a pale yellow color. The flange, that reaches from the ground to the cord about the open mouth of the pitcher, is beset with honey glands, and these grow closest inside the orifice.

This forms a baited lure which is sure to lead any insect that touches it up and over the mouth inside the tube. If crawling or flying insects once get inside, escape is almost impossible. The inner surface of the pitcher is covered with elastic, overlapping hairs pointing downward. The bottom of the tube is filled with a sticky liquid quickly fatal to any unfortunate that falls into it, mainly because it clogs up the breathing holes at once. This hairy surface gives the worst possible foothold to an ordinary insect. Bees, flies and other insects, it is generally believed, are able to walk up a perpendicular wall, by suction alone. This is not strictly true. These insects have a sticky pad on each foot, which, with the aid of hairs and claws, helps them to hold on to slippery surfaces. This fact is often made plain by

the way enfeebled flies are found in the fall, glued to the window panes. When the flies are knocked away the dried glue can be detected with a pocket glass. On the slippery, yielding, and hairy surface inside the *Sarracenia* tubes neither the claws nor the sticky pad is of much avail, and the unfortunate that ventures in is lost.

The reeling, stumbling, and downward progress of the unhappy fly was supposed to be due to intoxication. The liquid below, it was fancied, sent up fumes which went to his head, and finally brought him down helpless into the pit of destruction below. The experiment was, however, tried of suspending flies in a thin gauze above the liquor, and they were found to be entirely sober at the end of several hours.

An examination of the pitcher's inner walls showed where the real secret of the trouble lay—in the precarious footing it afforded. The space within the pitcher is too narrow for free flight; and the mouth is so overhung by



SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS.



DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA.

the hood that from below it looks closed, and the transparent windows in the back beguile the frightened captive into as helpless and ineffectual struggles as a pane of glass has ever done.

Each pitcher is found in the season to be filled to the height of several inches with the harder portions of insects, such as do not readily decompose. Within this charnel-house two varieties of insects live and thrive. They are able to move about and sustain themselves on the hairy surface in consequence of a somewhat peculiar conformation of the feet. Both are enemies of the pitcher plant, the one because it is a mere dead beat and sponges upon it; the other, because it devours the inner surface of the leaf and causes the pitcher to wither and fall over.

The flowers of the *Sarracenia* are curious looking things. In the *Sarracenia purpurea* first described they are of a dull, rich, red color, more like a ripe fruit than a flower. In *Sarracenia variolaris*, which we have just been examining, they are yellowish-green, but in both have the same shape. From a tall stem springing out of the middle of the tuft of leaves and

pitchers a hanging flower depends. The sepals and petals, five of each, are arranged around the stamens and pistil. The latter, which is usually the central organ of a flower, is in this blossom spread out into a queer umbrella-shaped affair, hanging upside down from the midst of the flower and hiding the stamens beneath it. The tips of the five petals are tucked in under the umbrella.

About seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a poor and boggy marsh on the side of Mount Shasta, grows a very beautiful and very remarkable member of the pitcher plant family, the *Darlingtonia Californica*. The leaves, like those of the *Sarracenia*, are radical, or spring in a tuft from the root without the intervention of a stem. The plant is very rare, its cultivation being so very difficult that it is seldom seen, even in large green-houses where the other pitcher plants are common. The young pitchers are twisted around half a turn and

the hood is prolonged into a long point, which turns downward over the mouth. The pitcher in the mature plant is prolonged and curved over in a graceful dome overhanging the mouth, and the leaf appears as a gorgeous, swallow-tailed appendage hanging from it.

## THE MURDER OF PHILIP SPENCER.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

### PART II.



MIDSHIPMAN SPENCER, being thus handcuffed, double-ironed, and bagged with womanly tenderness, his locker was searched and a paper was found which was assumed to be, and which we may admit to have been, the paper in which the whole plan of the mutiny was detailed. A

more harmless, a more non-committal, a more *exonerating* paper could not well be devised. It was written with Greek letters and English words. There were few details and no "plans," and, so far as anything bore upon a "plan" it was ridiculously destructive of any "plan." Thirty names were on the paper. Of these, four were marked "certain;" and of these four, one was a name belonging to no one on shipboard, and another was the name of the informer, the steward. All the others were under the head of "doubtful" or "to be kept *volens volens*." There were a few unintelligible marks,

probably used, like the Greek letters, merely to mystify, and against a few names were set "Wheel," "Arm-chest," "Cabin," "Wardroom," "Steerage." It was just such a paper as might be devised by a mischievous imp of a boy who was planning a joke for a lot of young landlubbers; but as the serious enterprise even of a boy of fair intelligence, good education, and the best social surroundings, combined with some practical knowledge of naval affairs, it was a moral impossibility. Yet this is the only paper that ever was found. It is the sole documentary evidence. It was the great popular justification of the hanging. It was the high-water mark of the mutiny; and in every one of these respects it was absolutely worthless. Assuming that there was a mutinous intent, this paper shows that in a ship of one hundred and twenty persons the mutiny was confined to two boys of eighteen years,—one of whom was in foot-irons, hand-irons, and a bag! Danger can hardly be reduced to lower terms, even on shore. As a serious attempt it was far more grotesque than as a joke. Spencer and Small constantly maintained that it was a joke, and the commander never gave it the investigation which a serious paper would have demanded.

A kinsman of the commander—one of the officers who conducted Spencer's trial and condemned him to death—was asked by the judge-advocate:

"Did you ask Mr. Spencer, or did any one in your hearing ask him, if the names on his list contained those who were, or those whom he only hoped to be, his accomplices?"

"No, sir."

"Charge your memory particularly, and state every inquiry you heard made of Mr. Spencer in respect to his two papers and plot, and his replies. Was he asked, or did he say, where he first made out that paper?"

"I heard no questions put to him."

In the teeth of the foe—one boy in a bag and one boy out of it—the commander passed the night; and the next day, even in chains, Spencer was so incorrigible in his fun, that, forbidden to speak to any of them *on pain of death*, he managed to raise a laugh now and

then by shaking his chains. He had not a dream of danger. Sunday the commander took his station aloft "with the intention of particularly observing Cromwell and Small." Spencer had been seen talking with them during the voyage, and he had given them money. This was all. No signs of mutiny had ever been suspected in them. Cromwell's name was not on the paper. Small's name was on the paper, marked "Cabin" and "Steerage." The commander, in his report, with a recklessness of statement which unhappily characterizes him throughout, says, "those who were to do the work of murder in the various departments, to take the wheel, to open the arm-chest." But there is nothing about "the work of murder" on the paper. It was only in the commander's mouth. His unvarying habit was to assume a theory of the mutiny, and then to swear to it before the court as if it were a fact. He had a theory in his own mind that these boys were planning murder, and on oath before the court he speaks exactly as if the plan of murder were proven by detail in the paper before him.

What mutinous sign did the commander see in Cromwell and Small at their inspection? First, that "the persons of both were faultlessly clean; they were determined that their appearance, in this respect, should provoke no reproof." As usual, the commander testified of what he saw and of what they felt, with equal confidence; and if the whole one hundred and twenty on board had been equally clean and equally determined, the mutiny would still remain, not only unproved, but, to that extent, disproved, for faultless cleanliness was ordered.

"Cromwell," continues this nautical logician, "stood up to his full stature, his muscles braced, his battle-axe grasped resolutely, his cheek pale, but his eye fixed, as if indifferently, at the other side. *He had a determined and dangerous air.* Small made a very different figure. His appearance was ghastly, he shifted his weight from side to side, and his battle-axe passed from one hand to the other; his eye wandered irresolutely, but never toward mine. *I attributed his conduct to fear.*"

So, then, Cromwell was a mutineer because he was braced; and Small, because he was limp. Cromwell was guilty because his eye was fixed; and Small, because his was not.

Cromwell was a conspirator because he held his battle-axe in one hand; and Small, because he held his with two. Cromwell meditated murder because he planted himself on both feet; Small, because he stood on one foot at a time. Cromwell was a pirate because his indifference was assumed; Small, because he could not assume indifference.

To such logic were the lives of three American citizens sacrificed.

At church on Sunday the crew behaved unusually well, and the commander examined very carefully their countenances! It was all that was left him. He had found no guilt anywhere else. Before the court-martial the judge-advocate asked the officers who had remained constantly in charge of the crew, even after they came on shore:

"Of all that crew, large and small, have you known one, on oath or otherwise, to admit to this hour that he knew of Mr. Spencer's plan?"

"No, sir."

Before the court-martial it appeared that there was so little idea of mutiny that when Spencer was arrested they all thought it was for fighting with Mr. Thompson in the steerage.

"Did you hear this from the boys of all sizes, big and little?"

"Yes, sir; all of them were saying that."

The commander, to save himself, took the trouble to do what he had never done for poor Philip Spencer,—cross-examined one of these witnesses:

"Did Abrahams ask you what Mr. Spencer was in irons for?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not reply to Abrahams,—'For trying to raise a mutiny,'—or words to that effect?"

"No, sir. *I told him I thought it was for fighting with Mr. Thompson.*"

"Did Abrahams say, 'Who is so mean as to help him?'—or anything of that kind?"

"He said to me, 'I wonder *who would be so mean as to tell on Mr. Spencer* of the fight he had in the steerage?'"

This Mr. Thompson was one of the seven officers who signed Spencer's death-warrant. His age was twenty-one years. Of this fight, Mr. Thompson, questioned by the judge-advocate at the court-martial, testified as follows: "Had you a recent quarrel with Mr. Spencer?"



"Yes, sir, a personal altercation."

"Did it result in a fight?"

"It resulted in a scuffle; he struck at me; I ward off the blow, slapped him with my hand, then threw him down; the first lieutenant came in, and ordered me to desist; it was afterward made up by the first lieutenant, and we were good friends."

"You are small; could you manage him so easily?"

"I pitched into him before he knew it."

But according to the first part of his story Spencer had pitched into him first. Of this, however, we shall be forced forever to remain in doubt, for a few days after the scuffle Mr. Thompson got his good friend hanged, and before the court-martial could of course begin and end the fight as he chose.

This boyish scuffle may not have been exemplary, but no more blame attaches to Mr. Spencer, who was hanged, than to Mr. Thompson, who sentenced him to be hanged. This fight was in the boys' minds that Sunday morning when the commander scrutinized their countenances so closely; but no mutiny. The commander is obliged to admit that he saw nothing that gave him distrust. Toward evening, however, owing to a sudden jerk of a rope by Small and another seaman, in obedience to an order wrongly transmitted by the commander's own nephew, the topgallant mast was carried away. The commander admits that he did not at the time suspect treachery, and it turned out not to be treachery,—to be simple obedience to a wrong order; but he "knew it was an occasion of this sort which was likely to be taken advantage of by the conspirators, were they still bent on the prosecution of their enterprise,"—which, as an argument, is equaled only by the force with which Dundreary's brother, if he had had a brother, would have liked just such a cheese as this, if this *was* a cheese.

The sufficient and final answer to this would appear to be that it was not taken advantage of. According to the commander's own reasoning, then, there was no conspiracy, or the conspirators had given it up as a hopeless case—the more especially as one-half of them were in irons in a tarpaulin bag, in the person of Philip Spencer.

Not so the commander. "To my astonishment," he says, "all those who were most conspicuously named in the programme

of Mr. Spencer—no matter in what part of the vessel they might be stationed—mustered at the main-topmast head. Whether animated by some new-born zeal in the service of their country, or collected there for the purpose of conspiracy, it was not easy to decide; the coincidence *confirmed the existence of a dangerous conspiracy.*"

Can any mortal tell how? He has laid down the law that conspirators would take advantage of an accident. Here was an accident, here were the conspirators, and no advantage whatever was taken or attempted; therefore the existence of the conspiracy was confirmed! On such reasoning three American citizens were hanged.

But not only was this reasoning ridiculous, the premises were false. Before the court-martial it was shown that the majority of those who rushed toward the falling mast were not named in Mr. Spencer's programme; of those who were named most conspicuously, not one rushed to the mast-head! Let it be borne in mind that it would be utterly insignificant if they had gone. So natural to boys is such a rush, that Shakespeare uses it as a standard of comparison:

"Of late when I cried Ho!

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth."

But they did absolutely nothing, after they got there, save clear up the wreck. And not a "conspirator" got there.

The sole remaining proof of guilt was again Spencer's evil eye. "The eye of Mr. Spencer," says the commander, "traveled perpetually to the masthead, and cast thither many of those strange and stealthy glances which I had heretofore noticed." When he had noticed these strange and stealthy glances before, we do not know, as this is their first introduction. Midshipman Hays testified before the court-martial that Spencer's "eyes were *constantly fixed aloft.*" How, even with a cast, one eye could be "perpetually traveling," while both eyes were "constantly fixed," is not clear; nor how there should be anything "strange and stealthy" in a steady, open, "fixed" look. What is clear is that if a mast breaks away within sight of a boy of eighteen who is handcuffed and foot-bound in a tarpaulin bag, he will naturally look at it; and if it is in sight of boys who are foot-free, they will run toward it; and to bring up such look



and motions as an indication of conspiracy shows a mind incapable of judgment.

But to the commander these considerations—and these are all he can summon to his memory after nineteen days of trying the men he had hanged—seemed so strong that he arrested and ironed Cromwell. On questioning Cromwell as to a secret conversation he had held with Mr. Spencer the

night before, Cromwell denied it, and said, "It was not me, sir ; it was Small." "Cromwell," says the commander, "was the tallest man on board and Small the shortest." He could not resist this pertinent antithesis, and Small also, "thus pointed out by an associate to increased suspicion," was instantly arrested and ironed.

But, the night before, Mr. Spencer was con-

stantly ironed, bagged, watched, and warned that he would be put to death if he held any communication even with any of the crew. Armed officers were on guard, and were going the rounds of the deck all night. It is morally impossible that either Cromwell or Small could have had a conversation with Spencer "the night before." Nowhere else is such a conversation charged upon him. But on the night before that—the night before he was arrested—he did have a conversation with Small, the conversation on the booms, which was the occasion—perhaps the cause—of his arrest. That was the conversation Cromwell was thinking of. Of that he had heard. That was with Small, and of that he naturally spoke. "It was not me, sir; it was Small." Cromwell was accurate, the commander was inaccurate. Neither Cromwell nor Small had the conversation with Spencer for which they were arrested, for no such conversation was held; nor did they hold any conversation with Spencer after his arrest. Small was thus "pointed out to increased suspicion" only by the commander's distorted and mistaken imagination, which transferred the event of two nights before to the night before, and wildly laid it to Cromwell. Thus no ground whatever appears for any increase of suspicion against either, other, possibly, than that Cromwell's bracing up may have made him a little taller, and Small's shifting legs may have made him a little shorter.

Monday there was, as frequently appeared, some flogging, and, after that, a speech from the commander, which he did not spare the secretary or the court-martial, but which I spare the reader, giving only his account of the effect of his eloquence upon the crew: "It filled many with horror at the idea of what they had escaped from; it inspired others with terror at dangers awaiting them from their connection with the conspiracy. The thoughts of returning to that home and those friends from whom it had been intended to have cut them off forever, caused many of them to weep. I now considered the crew tranquilized."

We must pass over the omniscience which enabled the commander thus accurately to classify, in the breasts of the tormented boys, the horrors for danger escaped and the terrors of danger awaiting; we can not stop to admire anew the facility with which he

assumes what yet remained wholly to be proved, that there was a conspiracy, and an intent to cut any one off forever; we may not pause to marvel at his notion of tranquillity; everybody being filled with horror, terror, and tears, he considered them tranquilized. He makes a desert, and calls it peace. The main point is that it was tranquillity, and even the commander on Monday considered the vessel safe.

On Tuesday this tranquillity was disturbed; Heaven alone knows how, for, hard as it is to believe it, Heaven must have been looking down on the terrible tragedy enacted on those decks,—a farce in everything but its woful conclusion. The commander furnishes no reason whatever for further alarm. The boys collected in knots and talked. It would have been strange if they had not. Seditious words were heard, but not one is reported. The steward detected Wilson attempting to draw out a handspike, "with an evident purpose of felling him," and "could only offer some lame excuse for his presence there." Evident to whom? The steward testified before the court-martial that he did not know what Wilson's intentions were; that Wilson was "forty feet, more or less," distant from him, and that the officer of the deck and the midshipman were both in their places at the time; so that if Wilson's "evident purpose" was to fell the steward, he would have to walk forty feet to do it, with three men, fully armed, watching his every step! Several of the boys missed muster, for which they "had all some lame excuse," but these lame excuses, analyzed before the court-martial, proved to be simple, natural, and ample.

This was all. Nothing else happened. Nineteen days after these men were executed, the commander could think up nothing else to put into the report which must save his own neck from the gallows. Yet the next morning—Wednesday—Wilson was arrested. "Wilson, having failed in his attempt to get up an outbreak in the night" (the only attempt he had made was the affair with the handspike,—we have seen how absurd was that, yet the commander speaks as if it were an affair accomplished), "and feeling, indeed, that he could no longer be left at large" (how could the commander testify what Wilson "felt"?), "came forward with some lame and absurd

confession,"—not one word of which does the commander communicate, that we may judge whether it were lame or not. "I immediately told him that if he would make a real confession he should not be molested, and that it was an insult to offer me such a lame story as that. Nothing more could be got from him." Why not? He was promised immunity if he confessed, irons if he did not. Yet he confessed nothing. There is one obvious, simple, and sufficient reason for this, and only one: There was nothing to confess!

He was ironed, and his quarters were searched. In his sail-bag was found an African knife, "of no use for any honest purpose; it was fit only to kill," says the commander, swearing falsely, for before the court-martial "it was proved to have been not only honestly and openly bought as a curiosity in Africa by the purser,—one of the seven who condemned Cromwell to death for owning it,—by him given to McKinley, a cot-boy, and by McKinley openly sold to Wilson, but, also, the evidence proved that it was publicly and openly used for the common purposes of a knife, such as cutting twine when sewing hammocks.

But the commander's chief conspirator, Spencer, who gave Cromwell money, was hanged for it, and the purser, who gave McKinley the dirk, hanged him.

Wilson "had also begun to sharpen his battle-axe. The sharpening of battle-axes had never been allowed or practiced on board of the *Somers*," falsely swore the commander, unless his nephew, the acting-master, swore falsely, who swore that he "did not think his cleaning his battle-axe suspicious at that time," that is, when he saw him doing it, and so did not report it, as "'twas a usual occurrence"!

McKinley was also arrested. Why? Not a sign, not a suspicion of a sign of reason is given. "McKinley, also down among the certain," is all he alleges; but he was down among the certain before,—and beyond a doubt correctly; not a particle of proof is given, and nothing appears to show that he had any more responsibility for its being there than the steward had for his name being there. "Hitherto he had kept at large by his admirable steadiness and command of countenance"—but no indication does the commander give that on this particular

morning his steadiness gave way or his countenance broke loose. "He is, in fact, the individual who, if the mutiny had been successful, would have made way with all his competitors and risen to the command." There was no mutiny, there were no competitors, there was no apparent intent to make way with anybody; but if there had been, McKinley was the one who would do it. He was arrested and ironed.

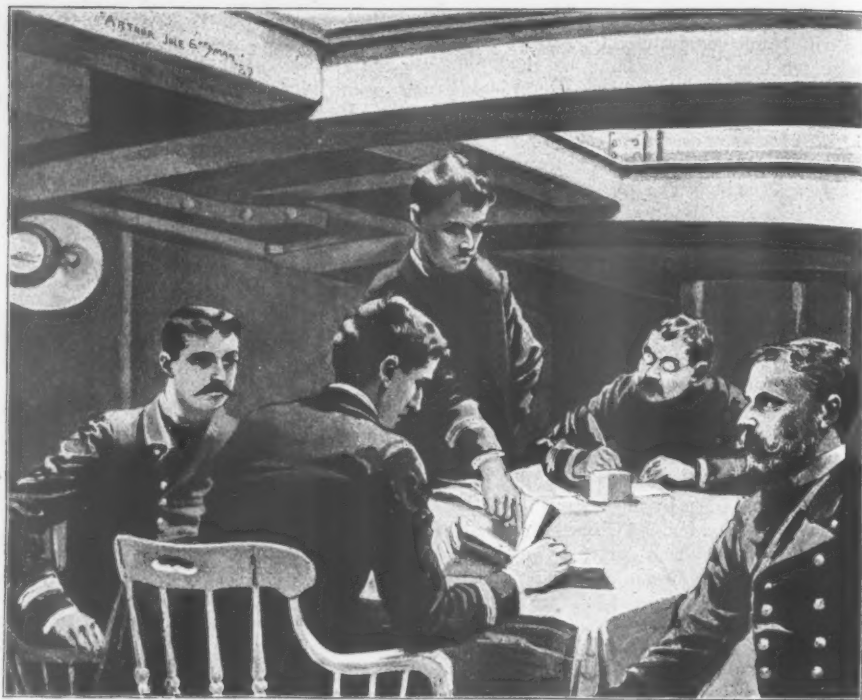
"Remembering Green's demeanor during the past night," the commander arrested and ironed Green. No other reason is given for his arrest than his demeanor. He was twenty years old. He and McKinley and some others missed their muster—were a little late. That was all the "demeanor" that ever appeared against them. They explained that they had been used to waking each other up, but that night the officers would not let any one stir, and so these boys overslept. The commander does not believe them. "That they should have been asleep at all that night was not likely"! They ought to have stayed awake mutinying, so as to prove his theory. "There was probably an agreement to meet around the officer of the deck and commit some act of violence." They did not commit it, they made no attempt to commit it; nevertheless the commander would have us believe that this was what they meant.

Alexander McKee was ironed without even a pretense of any offense before or after the arrest of Spencer, save that his name was on Spencer's paper—even there as "doubtful," without a particle of proof that he so much as knew of its being there—and the utterly unsupported allegation that he was in the confidence of Cromwell.

The reasons given for arresting, accusing, and ironing these men—these boys—were criminally frivolous. The real reason, carefully unspoken, glares out from the court records, lurid and ghastly as if written with a pen dipped in the Lake of Fire.

By Tuesday the officers—as many, certainly, as five of the seven—had consulted and agreed that *if any more than Spencer, Cromwell, and Small should be arrested, Spencer, Cromwell, and Small should be put to death.*

Before anything like a trial was held, the persons who would constitute judge, jury, and executioner had decided upon the sentence. The question of guilt was not agitated, but assumed. The doom of the prisoners was



THE TRIAL.

made to turn, not upon the issue of investigation by lawful methods, but upon an outside act which lay wholly in the power of the commander.

On Tuesday, then, it was agreed and understood among the officers that if more arrests should be made, the three prisoners should be put to death. On Wednesday morning the commander, fully informed of this agreement, wrote a letter to convene the council of officers to try the prisoners. After this letter was written, and before it was delivered, the *four more arrests were made*, on what frivolous pretexts we have seen. Then the commander delivered his letter and convened his officers "to ask your united counsel as to the best course to be now pursued"!

On the receipt of this letter the officers immediately assembled in the wardroom and commenced the examination. The commander remained on deck and occupied himself, among other things, with making out a programme for the execution of the three prisoners whose trial was going on in the

wardroom! There was no reason why he should not. The doom of the prisoners was sealed when the morning's arrests were made. The trial was a mere form to satisfy the government at home.

Minutes of this examination were presented to the court-martial, and a more melancholy travesty of a trial never stained the records of justice. In all the depositions not a scintilla of evidence appeared save that of the steward. One deposed that, "a good while since, Mr. Spencer said he would like to have a ship to go to the northwest coast; Cromwell and him was thick; *should think* Cromwell meant to join Spencer to take this vessel; my reasons for believing this—*because I have frequently seen them in close conversation*"!

Every scrap of testimony is of this character: "saw them talking together; thinks Small a desperate character; thinks Cromwell a very desperate fellow; *believes* Spencer, Small, and Cromwell were determined on taking this brig,—*supposes* to turn pirate or



retake slaves; *thinks* their object would be to convert them to their own use, not to suppress slave-trade. All that Mr. Spencer ever said to me, he asked me if I had ever been in a Guinea-man; think that a man who would go in a Guinea-man would go in a piratical vessel. Don't think the vessel is safe with these prisoners on board; this is my deliberate opinion *from what I've heard King, the gunner's mate, say, that he had heard the boys say that there were spies about.*"

To such trash from the perplexed, frightened, and ignorant boys, which any respectable lawyer would have blown into the sea with one contemptuous breath, they listened through Wednesday afternoon and a part of Thursday morning, till the commander thought they had had enough of it. He had made his preparations for the execution the night before, and he was naturally in a hurry to finish the business. He sent to the council to hurry up, "to urge expedition." They had decided to hang before they went into council. Why dawdle so long over it? The officers took the hint, and sent their decision to the impatient commander. All their investigations had discovered no mutiny, no rescue, no attempt at either, no word of either. They had found exactly what they had at the beginning—a yarn of Spencer's, told in Small's presence, fully and promptly acknowledged, but declared to be a joke. *No one of the prisoners was summoned or so much as knew that the trial was going on.*

To every question put before the court-martial by the judge-advocate, of any and every witness, "From the time of his arrest to the time of his execution, was Philip Spencer furnished with any charges and specifications of crimes? Was any investigation made by the commander, or any other officer, in the presence of said Spencer, so that he might confront the witnesses; so that he might cross-examine them; so that he might offer vindictory proof; so that he might object to the reception of mere hearsay and belief as competent legal evidence against him?—was Cromwell? was Small?" the answer invariably was: "Not to my knowledge," "Not that I recollect."

"Did you or any one in your hearing ask Small how much he knew of Mr. Spencer's plot, who were engaged in it, and when it commenced?"

"No, I did not ask him, and no one that I heard."

"During the time the investigation was going on, were Mr. Spencer, Cromwell, and Small informed of it and desired to state if they had any questions to put? or was the evidence in particular of any witnesses reported to them, or either of them? From the time of his arrest to the time of his execution, did any officer apply to the commander or yourself for permission to explain to Mr. Spencer his situation and what was contemplated in respect to him, that he might afford him any friendly services, to take care of his rights?—or Cromwell, or Small?"

And over and over again came always the same stolid answer, "Not to my recollection; I heard no questions put to him."

But, just the same, the seven officers came "to a cool, decided, and unanimous opinion that the prisoners have been guilty of a full and determined intention to commit a mutiny on board this vessel, of a most atrocious character; and that they should be hanged."

This death-warrant was signed by the lieutenant who had been satisfied, from the first, of Spencer's guilt from one look of Spencer's eye; by the surgeon, who had told Spencer all he knew about the Isle of Pines; by the purser, who had given the mutinous dirk to his cot-boy; and by the acting-master, and three midshipmen twenty and twenty-one years of age.

It was a cruel deed in the commander to apply so terrible a test to these young men, but I wish they had borne it better. Before the court-martial the young acting-master declared that he would rather go overboard than go into St. Thomas for protection. His action shows that what he meant was that he would rather throw Philip Spencer overboard than go to St. Thomas. If it could have been in him to say at the council of officers, "I would rather run the risk of going overboard myself than the risk of taking the life of a comrade innocent,"—how starlike would his name shine down to us through the darkness of that day!

"I at once concurred in the justice of this opinion," the commander has the effrontery to say, "and the officers were stationed about the decks according to the watch-bill I had made out the night before."

(To be concluded.)



MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE. *From the Painting by Gilbert Stuart.*

#### THE AMERICAN BONAPARTES.

BY EUGÈNE L. DIDIER.

AT the beginning of the present century a young Baltimore girl was budding into a beautiful and most brilliant woman, who was destined to play a strange and romantic part in the history of the world. At the age of eighteen, Elizabeth Patterson was a reigning belle in Baltimore, a city always famous for its lovely women. Her

wit, her grace, her remarkable beauty, her father's great wealth—all combined to make the hand of Elizabeth Patterson the most coveted prize among the young men of Baltimore. But, while this bright young creature was enjoying her first social success, an extraordinary change was about to take place in her life. It was hardly possible

to conceive that this young girl, who had never left her father's house, was destined by her suddenly-developed ambition to disturb the plans of the greatest conqueror of modern times, to produce a rupture between a pope and an emperor; destined, though a deserted wife, to become a most brilliant leader at foreign courts, to eclipse the most renowned beauties, and to excel the greatest wits. Yet this destiny, impossible as it seemed, was already opening before her.

Early in the fall of 1803 Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, visited Baltimore, and very soon after his arrival met Miss Patterson at the races. The story goes that when the young lady heard that Captain Bonaparte was to be there, she mounted one of her father's horses, and, attended by a younger brother, hurried to the race-course. The impulsive young Frenchman was fired at once by her wondrous beauty, and enthusiastically declared that never before had he beheld so lovely a being, and a few days afterward obtained an introduction to her at the house of the Hon-

orable Samuel Chase, one of the Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence. Jerome soon became madly in love with the fascinating girl, and forgetting France, fame, Napoleon, and all else, determined to marry her. The young lady, dazzled by so brilliant an alliance, was equally eager for the match, and in a few weeks they were engaged. When her father remonstrated with her for so hasty an engagement, she gayly declared that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life."

After several unsuccessful efforts to break off the engagement, Mr. Patterson gave a reluctant consent to his daughter's marriage, and took every precaution to give the union both the religious and official sanctions. They were married on Christmas Eve, 1803, by the Right Reverend John Carroll, Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, and the ceremony was witnessed by the French Consul and M. Le Camus, who was afterward Jerome's Minister of Foreign Affairs; also by the mayor of Baltimore, and other leading citizens. The bride's

costume was rather remarkable for the season of the year; a gentleman present on the occasion said: "All the clothes she wore might have been put into his pocket." Her dress was of muslin, richly embroidered and of extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress she wore a *single* garment.

When the news of Jerome's marriage reached France, Napoleon was incensed against him, and declared that he never would recognize Miss Patterson as his brother's wife. Already master of the destinies of France as First Consul, Napoleon was preparing to declare himself Emperor, and meditated placing his brothers upon the thrones of Europe. He proudly declared himself "sole fabricator of his own destiny." "I owe nothing to my brothers, but they must not expect to share my glory if they deprive me of the services which I have a right to expect from them." The Consul-General of France in the United States was commanded not to advance any money to Jerome, and the captains of French vessels were forbidden to take on board their ships "the



From the Painting by David.  
JEROME BONAPARTE.



From the  
Painting by Muneret, 1870.  
NAPOLEON I.

young person to whom Citizen Jerome has connected himself," and Napoleon declared positively that she should never be allowed to land in France; and if she attempted to do so, she should immediately be sent back to the United States. Having failed to secure passage on other vessels, Jerome and his wife sailed on the *Erin*, one of Mr. Patterson's own ships. Madame Bonaparte felt confident that the cold heart of Napoleon would melt before the enchantment of her beauty,—that *even his* inflexible will would bend before her eloquence and yield to her tears; hence she determined to accompany her husband. On the 2d of April, 1805, they arrived at Lisbon, where they had at once a proof of Napoleon's despotic power. A guard was placed around their vessel, and an ambassador from the Emperor waited upon Madame Bonaparte and asked her what he could do for Miss Patterson. She replied: "Tell your master that *Madame Bonaparte* is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family." Feeling strong in the justice of his cause, and re-

solved not to yield his point, Jerome hastened to Paris, hoping, by a personal interview, to induce his brother to recognize his marriage. Napoleon at first refused to see him, but sent him a letter, declaring the marriage null and his determination *never to acknowledge it*. He further ordered him to send *Miss Patterson* back to America, and promised to allow her a pension of sixty thousand francs per annum, on condition that she would not take the name of Bonaparte, to which she had no right.

Madame Bonaparte, finding herself abandoned by her husband and not allowed to land at any port from which Napoleon had power to exclude her, sailed for Amsterdam. Arriving in the Texel Roads, she found that Napoleon had given orders not to allow her to land at any port in Holland, so after remaining there for several days she sailed for England. When she reached Dover, the desire of the crowd to see this now celebrated woman was so great that Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, sent a military escort to keep off the multitude that had assembled to watch her disembark. At Camberwell, near London, on the 7th of July, 1805, her only child was born, and named after the husband from whom she believed herself only temporarily parted.

Napoleon, still adhering to his determination not to acknowledge Jerome's marriage, and wishing to secure the sanction of the Church in the matter, on the 24th of May, 1805, addressed a letter to Pope Pius VII., requesting him to publish a bull annulling the marriage. Accompanying this letter Napoleon sent a magnificent gold tiara to the pontiff, hoping thereby to gain a favorable answer. His Holiness, finding no precedent for such an act in the whole history of the Church, and indifferent to the frowns of Napoleon, unhesitatingly declared that he neither could nor would annul the marriage between Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. As the result of this refusal Napoleon dragged the inflexible Pius VII. to the chateau of Fontainebleau, where a few years later the Emperor was himself compelled to

sign his own abdication of the throne of France. The Council of State was more complaisant than the Pope, and declared, at the command of Napoleon, the marriage null and void. The weak and fickle Jerome soon forgot his "dear little wife," and a few weeks after parting with her at Lisbon he consented to a divorce, and as a reward for his perfidy Napoleon created him a prince of the empire and raised him to the rank of Admiral of the French Navy.

A glamour of romance, poetry, and suffering surrounded Madame Bonaparte on her return to Baltimore after her unsuccessful trip to Europe. Those who had envied the brilliant and beautiful bride of Jerome now felt only sympathy for the deserted and disappointed young wife. Seemingly she had contracted the most splendid matrimonial alliance ever made by an American woman; but this ambitious marriage, which she had fondly hoped would open for her a dazzling career at the court of Napoleon, was the source of all her future troubles. Very soon she accepted the inevitable, and, being a thorough woman of the world, was not to be deceived long by the honeyed words of Jerome, written

shortly after their separation at Lisbon. For a while she retained some of that tender confidence in the man she had once trusted which is characteristic of woman. For a while she hoped against hope; but when she found that her husband was actually the puppet to his brother's threats, a profound contempt took the place of her love and admiration. The bright, joyous, and lovely girl now became a cynical woman, whose scathing wit soon made her feared by those who felt no sympathy for her misfortune. During the next ten years she lived quietly in Baltimore, but after the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, in 1815, she again visited Europe, leaving her son at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Maryland.

During this visit, while Napoleon was languishing at St. Helena and the rest of his family were excluded from France, Madame Bonaparte was reigning in the salons of Paris, receiving homage from Wellington, compliments from Talleyrand, and presents from princes. In the midst of these social successes she wrote to her father: "I have been agreeably surprised at the kind and flattering reception which I have received

from the most fashionable and elevated ranks of society in this country, nor is there anything left for me to desire except the presence of my American friends to witness the estimation in which I am held." Her father did not appreciate her European triumphs, and wrote to her: "I can not say I am satisfied with the attentions you seem to receive from great people: they can not be lasting: they must arise chiefly from curiosity and compassion, but I hope and pray you will soon perceive your mistake, and that you will look to your mother country as the only place where you can be truly respected; for what will the world think of a woman who had recently followed her mother and last sister to the grave, had quit her father's house, when duty and necessity called for her attentions as the only female of the family left, and thought proper to abandon all to seek for admiration in foreign countries?"

Her dazzling life in Paris made her unmindful of her father's advice:



PIUS VII.



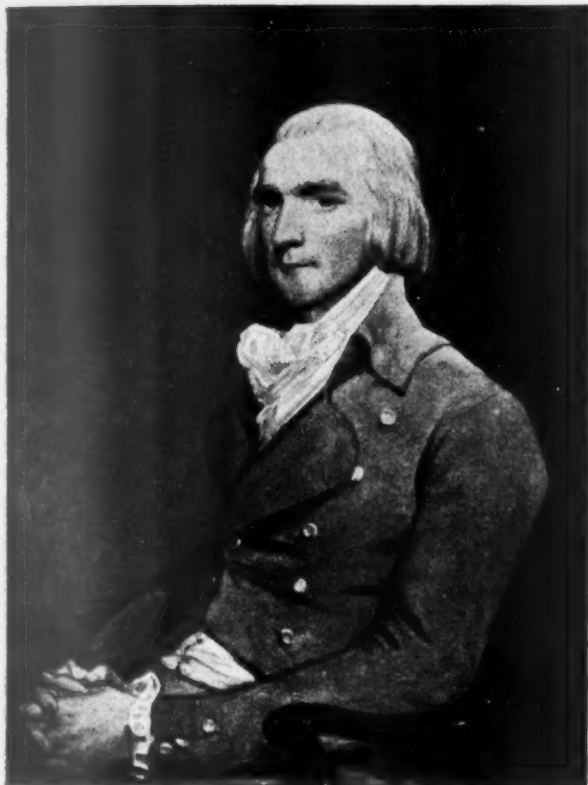
as her sufferings had made her a heroine, so now her grace and beauty made her a social queen. Louis XVIII. expressed a wish to see her at his court, but she declined to be presented, saying that as she had received a pension from the Emperor, she would not appear at the court of his successor,—ingratitude not being one of her vices. It was about this time that she met Chateaubriand, who had returned from his sentimental journey to the East. Sismondi, Humboldt, Canova, Madame de Staël, the Duchess de Duras, and other celebrated men and women who crowded Paris after the Restoration, all sought her acquaintance.

In 1819 Madame Bonaparte took her son to Geneva, in order to give him, as she said, "an education fitted to his rank and talent." Arriving in Geneva, Jerome was placed at school, and his mother was the recipient of attentions from all the notabilities of the place; among others, the Princess Potemkin, Prince Demidoff, Princess Gallitzin, and the Duke of Kent. The following year, Pauline Bonaparte, the Princess Borghese, expressed, through John Jacob Astor, then in Rome, her wish that Madame Bonaparte and her son should visit her, at the same time signifying her desire to make some provision for her nephew. She thanked the

princess for her invitation, but said she was unwilling to interrupt Jerome's studies. It may be mentioned here that Madame Bonaparte, when in Europe, was known only as Madame Patterson, and her son was called, while in Geneva, Edward Patterson. On account of his striking resemblance to his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, the young man was not allowed to pass through France, the Bourbons fearing that his presence might cause a Bonapartist insurrection. It was also a fear that the French government would cause his banishment from Switzerland, as it had done other members of the Bonaparte family, which caused his mother to make him assume his uncle Edward Patterson's name. From a letter of Jerome's, written at this period, we get a glimpse of his



PAULINE BONAPARTE.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

mother's life in Geneva. It appears from her limited income, which was derived from the savings of the pension of twelve thousand dollars a year allowed her by Napoleon, that she was obliged to maintain a very economical household in order to limit her expenses to three thousand dollars per annum. Her apartments consisted of four rooms, for which she paid sixty dollars a month. She kept but one servant, who did the work of both waiter and *femme de chambre*. She did not keep a carriage at this time, but enjoyed the privilege of driving out with her aristocratic friends.

The invitation of the Princess Borghese having been repeated, Madame Bonaparte finally decided to take Jerome with her to Rome, although Mr. Astor, Lady Morgan, and other friends strongly advised her not to do so, as the princess was notoriously

fickle and no dependence could be placed on her promises; her departure, however, was postponed until the following year. In the mean time, as we gather from one of Jerome's letters, Geneva was unusually gay, and was filled with strangers, among them princes of every nation; entertainments followed each other in quick succession, and Madame Bonaparte went every night to a ball or party. She said she could easily pass for twenty-five had she not so large a son, although she was now thirty-five. She had a dancing-master, and made great progress in the art; was determined to dance the next winter, and regretted that she had not done so in Paris.

Jerome did not appreciate European life as highly as his mother. In one of his letters to his grandfather, Mr. Patterson, he says: "Since I have been in Europe I have dined with princes and princesses, but I have not found a dish as

much to my taste as the roast beef and beef-steak I ate at your table." In another letter he said: "I never had any idea of remaining all my life on the Continent; on the contrary, as soon as my education is finished, I shall hasten over to America, which I have regretted ever since I left it."

About the middle of November, 1821, Jerome and his mother arrived in Rome, where they were kindly received by Madame Mère, the Princess Borghese, and all the other members of the Bonaparte family then in the city. He did not meet his father at this time, as the ex-King of Westphalia was residing at Trieste. Madame Mère and Princess Borghese were much pleased with the young American's personal beauty, and by his gentle and graceful manners, and very soon suggested the idea of a marriage between him and his cousin, the Princess

Charlotte, who was residing with her father, Joseph Bonaparte, near Bordentown, New Jersey. Jerome, who was now seventeen, entered into the scheme with boyish eagerness, because, as he wrote his grandfather, it would enable him to return to America. He did sail, and although the marriage never took place, he became a great friend of his cousin's. His mother's heart was so set upon this match, that she looked upon any one that opposed it as an "idiot and an enemy;" and when the scheme finally failed, she said she well knew there was no reliance to be placed on any of that race; that there was nothing that ever could or would surprise her in that family.

Madame Bonaparte remained a few weeks in Rome after the departure of her son, and then visited Florence, where she saw her husband for the first and only time since their separation at Lisbon in 1805. They met in the gallery of the Pitti Palace. On seeing her, Jerome started and whispered to the Princess of Würtemberg, his second wife, "That is my American wife." No words passed between them.

Madame Bonaparte was most anxious that her son should have a finished education; parsimonious about everything else, she was prodigal about this. Now that the scheme for marrying Jerome was abandoned, it was determined that he should enter Harvard College; accordingly, in the summer of 1822, he went to Lancaster, Mass., where he placed himself under a private tutor, and after several months he passed a successful examination and was admitted. Shortly after his entering Harvard a difficulty arose about his attending the Protestant chapel, and he wrote to his grandfather Patterson, requesting him to write to the president of the college on the subject. He says: "I have been brought up a Catholic, and I would not wish to change my religion, and, moreover, my grandmother and several of my father's family, being great devotees, would think it a crime were I to enter an heretical chapel." Although Madame Bonaparte was not a Catholic herself, she had a great respect for the Catholic belief, regarding it as "the religion of princes and kings," and, as it was the religion of his father's family, she had her son brought up in that faith, in which he lived and died.

Owing to the indomitable perseverance of

Madame Bonaparte she succeeded in extracting from the King of Westphalia an allowance of twelve hundred dollars a year for Jerome, which was doled out to him with the same parsimony by his mother and grandfather as if it had come out of their own pockets.

While the young man was still at college his father wrote to him that he was looking out for another suitable match for him, but Jerome said he did not think a wife, however rich she might be, would be at all desirable for him. He goes on to say: "As long as I can live comfortable without a wife, I think it more wise not to marry. I am perfectly happy and contented with my present situation and prospects—a wife would be apt to mar the whole."

Jerome left Harvard in 1826. He was more studious than brilliant. He distinguished himself in mathematics, but not in the classics. In French he was the first in his class, but was conspicuously deficient in English literature.

His mother thought that the proper time for meeting his father had now arrived, and she therefore suggested that he should join her in Europe. She wished him also to see his grandmother again, who was now very feeble. She believed, too, that a year spent among strangers in a foreign land would, by the restraints imposed by society, greatly improve his manners, which would become graceful and easy. The dutiful young man, as usual, consulted his grandfather about the matter, and it was decided that he should go. After spending some time with his mother in Switzerland, he went to Italy to see his father, and spent two months with him at the Chateau Lanciano. This was the first meeting between father and son, and Jerome wrote to his grandfather that he "was received in the most cordial manner, and was treated with all possible kindness and affection." After leaving his father he went to Rome, where all his Bonaparte connections treated him as the eldest son of his father. It was during this visit that he met his cousin, Louis Napoleon, who, upon Jerome's departure for America, expressed a wish that they would meet again before their locks had turned to snow.

On the first of March Jerome joined his mother in Florence, where they entered upon a life of great gayety; every night they went



NAPOLEON III.

to a ball. When she was presented at the court of Tuscany, then the most brilliant in Europe, the Grand Duke received her with flattering attentions, which so affected her that she was ready to cry; but the thought that she might spoil her satin gown restored her tranquillity. She took the greatest pleasure in telling her father about all the gay scenes in which she was mingling, knowing well his disapprobation of it all. She defended herself against his strictures by saying she thought it "quite as rational to go to balls and dinners as to get children, which people in Baltimore must do to kill time. I should prefer a child of mine going to court and dancing every evening in the week in good company, to his or her marrying beggars, and bringing children into the world to deplore existence." Baron Bonstetten said of her: "Si elle n'est pas reine de Westphalie, elle est au moins reine des cœurs." She certainly was a queen of hearts in Florence; her beauty and vivacity made her welcome everywhere. She dressed exquisitely herself, but never criticised others. She said if she saw a woman enter a room on her head and in the costume of the Venus de Medici, she would make no comment, but suppose she had a good reason for her conduct.

She always behaved with great dignity toward her husband's relations, and thus

won their admiration; but of her husband she always spoke with the utmost contempt. He offered her the title of Princess of Smalcalden, with two hundred thousand francs a year, which offer she refused; but when Napoleon offered her sixty thousand francs, she accepted it, saying she preferred "to be sheltered under the wing of an eagle to being suspended from the bill of a goose."

When Jerome offered her a residence in Westphalia, she replied: "*Westphalia is a large kingdom, but not quite large enough to hold two queens.*"

It was during her residence in Florence that Madame Bonaparte met Prince Gortschakoff, afterward the famous Russian Chancellor, at that time *chargé d'affaires* at the court of Tuscany. They became great friends, and corresponded for years afterward. He was the only man with whom she would condescend to argue, deeming him a foeman worthy of her steel. It was here also that she frequently met Lamartine, who at that period was an ardent Bourbonist and represented Charles X. at the Grand Ducal court. He had not then developed the spirit of republicanism which was so enthusiastically displayed in 1848, and caused him to be elected president of the French republic.

In 1827 Jerome returned to the United States, and two years afterward married Susan May Williams, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant, and settled down to live quietly upon his wife's money. From the hour of his birth, his mother endeavored to instill into him the fact that he was too highly connected ever to marry an American woman. Her endeavors to elevate the ideas of her son had about the same effect as had the efforts of Chesterfield to make his son shine in society. When Madame Bonaparte heard of her son's engagement, she was furious,—furious with Jerome for making such a match, but more furious with her father for aiding, abetting, and encouraging it. She said of her son that it was impossible to "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," as she had also said to her father, in speaking of herself, that it was impossible to "make a sow's ear out of a silk purse."

Madame Bonaparte had exhausted her talents and ingenuity in endeavoring to make a splendid European match for her

Jerome; but when she was foiled by his engagement to a Baltimore woman, the sudden termination of all her ambitious plans of nearly a quarter of a century crushed her at a blow, and for a time almost destroyed her reason; as she herself said in a letter to her father: "I nearly went mad and almost died when I first heard of it." Immediately after hearing this news she wrote the most indignant letter to her father, in which she said: "You and the son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte had been told so often by me that I considered a marriage between him and any American woman so much beneath him that I would never for any consideration consent to it. Had I been dying, my breath would have delayed long enough to allow me to protest against the marriage you proposed for my son. My solemn, fixed, unchangeable resolution is that he never shall with my consent marry any woman in America. If the authority of a mother can prevail, he never shall destroy his prospects for less than five hundred thousand dollars. The nephew of Napoleon has no equal in America. I might have made twenty marriages better than that proposed to him, but I never forgot that I had the honor of making one which rendered it impossible for me to marry a low person. I never can and never will consent to Jerome marrying Miss Williams or any other American Miss. I wonder at Jerome's thinking of sacrificing himself for bread and meat; if he were starving it might be excused. I hope to hear nothing about affections being engaged, because that is a poor excuse. We all know that affections can be got over, and only fools marry for anything but connections or great wealth." The whole tenor of her correspondence about the affair shows that, had she possessed the power Napoleon had in 1805, she would have acted with the same despotism to prevent the marriage.

A residence in Baltimore was so detestable to her, that when she thought she would have to live there, she said the grave would be preferable; that cowardice and nothing but cowardice prevented her from committing suicide; that she would just as soon think of going to Botany Bay for a husband as marry a Baltimorean. If this marriage of her son took place, a residence in America would be still more hateful and impossible to her, and a constant reproach to her rela-

tions and friends, who had not consulted her wishes about the greatest desire of her heart. She says in one of her spicy letters on the subject of this marriage, that strangers in Europe regard her as a person of sense and proper conduct, and consult her about their private affairs; but in her own family she is regarded as an "old fool, only fit to sew and say her prayers."

In spite of the violent protestations of his mother, Jerome was married to Miss Williams on the 3d of November, 1829. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, by the Most Rev. James Whitefield, Archbishop of Baltimore. The wedding was attended by all the leading people of the city. Among those present was the French consul. She had threatened to write to all the Bonapartes that this marriage had taken place against her consent and in spite of her protest. But we find that all the members of that family, from Madame Mère down, showered upon Jerome congratulatory letters, which were renewed on the birth of his son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Jr., which took place November 5, 1830.

Madame Bonaparte's health and spirits were so broken down by her son's marriage, that her physician advised a change of air and scenes. Accordingly, in the spring of 1831 she left Florence with her friend the Princess Gallitzin, and took up her residence in Geneva for the summer. She was at this time forty-seven years old, and still the most beautiful woman in Europe. Miserly in regard to the comforts—not to say necessities—of life, she was lavish about dress and personal adornments. In one of her letters she speaks of her jewelry, mentioning that she had "had all of my emeralds and diamonds, with twenty large pearls and three white topazes, added to several rings, and my garnet cross made into a magnificent ornament for my head, my solitaire diamond ring, and a solitaire which I took out of a pin (once belonging to Princess Borghese). I have added to my earrings. My turquoise ring, my diamond garter ring, my emerald ring, my emerald cross, and two pairs of emerald earrings are all in the head ornament. Princess Gallitzin says 'it is a royal ornament.'" In this same letter she complains that she is "dying of *ennui*," that she dozes away existence. "I am too old to coquet, and without this stimulant I can



scarcely live. The princess tries to keep me up to the toil of dressing, by telling me I am beautiful. I am tired of life, and tired of having lived." It was while living in Geneva that Madame Bonaparte made the sarcastic retort to the Hon. Mr. Dundas which was repeated all over Europe. At a dinner party given by a "rich idiot," whose *mennu* and wines were first-rate, it fell to Mr. Dundas to escort Madame Bonaparte. He was not pleased to have her assigned to him, for he had already, in the drawing-room, suffered from her sarcasm. At dinner he thought he would get even with his opponent, so, when the soup was over, he asked her with a malicious smile whether she had read Captain Hall's book on America. Madame Bonaparte said she had. "Well, madame, did you notice that Captain Hall pronounces all Americans vulgarians?" "Yes," answered Madame Bonaparte, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans descendants of the Esquimaux, or the Indians, I should be astonished; but being direct descendants of the English, it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

The Countess Guiccioli, Byron's friend, was among the celebrities known by Madame Bonaparte, and the celebrated Lady Morgan became the lifelong friend of the American wit and beauty.

Madame Bonaparte remained in Europe until the summer of 1834, when she returned to Baltimore after an absence of nine consecutive years. She wrote to Lady Morgan: "I vegetate in America. The men are all merchants, and the women all occupied in *les détails de ménage* and nursing children." She brought with her a wardrobe sufficient to last her many years, some of which she actually wore up to the time of her death. Among other things she brought twelve bonnets, but the famous black velvet with orange feathers, which is identified with her latter years, was not one of them. Another article with which she was always seen, for upwards of forty years, was a *red umbrella*.

The beauty of this remarkable woman was as remarkable as her life and character. She was now nearly fifty years old, and was still so beautiful that her daughter-in-law, who had received nothing but unkindness from her, and who had never seen her until now, said to the present writer that she was the loveliest creature she had ever beheld.

Hers was the pure Grecian contour, so much talked of, but so seldom seen. Her forehead was fair and shapely, her eyes large and dark, with a tenderness which did not belong to her character, the delicate loveliness of her mouth and chin, the soft bloom of her complexion, together with the beautifully rounded shoulders and tapering arms, combined to form one of the loveliest of women. She only had a limited number of friends in her native city, and on her return she found these either dead, removed, or estranged. She devoted very little time to society, but occasionally might be seen at the opera or at a party, where she usually appeared in a black velvet dress, with corsage cut low, and short sleeves. Her ornaments were a splendid necklace of diamonds, besides other costly jewels.

Mr. Patterson, the father of Madame Bonaparte, died in the winter of 1835, and by his will left her only several small houses, one of them the house in which she was born on South Street, and the wines in his cellar, out of one of the largest fortunes that had ever been accumulated in the United States up to that time. He left her also, besides these substantial bequests, reproaches. "The conduct of my daughter Betsy has through life been so disobedient, that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinions or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together, and her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of expense that first and last has cost me much money. Under such circumstances it would not be reasonable, just, or proper that she should inherit and participate in an equal proportion with my other children in an equal division of my estate." Her disappointment about this matter was very great, though from a pecuniary point of view she did not suffer much loss, as the property became very valuable after a few years. Madame Bonaparte again visited Europe in 1839, and established herself in Paris. She was accompanied by her son, who visited Italy to obtain a legacy of fifty thousand francs, which had been left him by Cardinal Fesch, his great-uncle.

When the *coup d'état* took place, which changed the French Republic of 1848 into the Second Napoleonic Empire, Madame Bonaparte's son sent his congratulations to the Emperor. Louis Napoleon returned

a friendly response, whereupon Mr. Bonaparte and his son visited France, where he was cordially received and invited to dine at St. Cloud by the Emperor. Indeed, for a time, the Emperor was in favor of recognizing the American Bonapartes as the legitimate descendants of the ex-King of Westphalia, who was the heir of the empire if Napoleon died without male issue. But the powerful influence of Jerome prevailed, and by an imperial decree the descendants of Elizabeth Patterson were excluded from the imperial succession. At the same time the Emperor offered to create the head of the Baltimore family Duke of Sartène. But as this was supposed to be intended to induce him to surrender his family name and his rights as the eldest son of his father, the proposed title was declined.

Mr. Bonaparte, notwithstanding this unjust treatment, allowed his son, who had graduated at West Point, and had accepted a commission of lieutenant from the Emperor, to remain in the French army under the name of Patterson. It may be mentioned that Madame Bonaparte bore that name only by courtesy in the United States; for in 1815, after the final overthrow of Napoleon, she was divorced from her husband by a special act of the Maryland legislature,—a step taken to protect herself against possible attempts upon her property on the part of Jerome,—and she had been paid her pension of twelve thousand dollars a year upon the express agreement that she would not assume the name of Bonaparte, and she was always known in Europe as Madame Patterson.

Prince Jerome died on June 24, 1860, and in his will he made no mention of his first-born son. Madame Bonaparte, through her son, made a direct appeal to the French court for a share of his estate. She was represented by the distinguished French advocate, Berryer. But notwithstanding the justice of her cause and the eloquence of her advocate, she lost her case, but won the sympathy of Europe. This was Madame Bonaparte's sixteenth and last visit to Europe, although she lived nineteen years longer, surviving her son nearly nine years. After the latter's failure to be recognized as the heir of his father, he returned to the United

States, where he continued to reside until his death on June 17, 1870.

During the last two years of her life her power of digestion failed, and she lived entirely on milk and brandy. She went downstairs for the last time on Christmas Day, 1878, but five days afterward was taken ill. Her physicians knew this would be her last illness, from the fact that she showed no disposition to get up, as she had always previously done. She said her disease was one medicine could not cure—old age. Some one once remarked in her presence that nothing was so certain as death, when she laconically replied, "Except taxes." For sixty hours she was dying, and expired about midday on the 4th of April, 1879, in the ninety-fifth year of her age.

Madame Bonaparte belongs to history as well as to romance. She had known princes and philosophers, queens and poets, men of science and men of letters. There was about her the brilliancy of courts and palaces, the enchantment of a love story, the suffering of a victim of despotic power. Her husband was a king, but she wore no crown; her brother-in-law an emperor, but she was excluded from all the honors of royalty. Yet her name will always be in history. The story of the most remarkable man of modern times can not be written without mentioning her ill-starred marriage. By the laws of justice and of the Church she was a queen, although she was never allowed to reign. Born while the Bourbons were on the throne of France, her childhood witnessed its institutions swept away by a deluge of blood. As she grew to womanhood, she saw the star of Napoleon begin to rise; she saw also its decline; the restoration of the Bourbons, and their second exile; the elevation of Louis Philippe; the French Revolution of 1848; the return of the Bonapartes to power in the person of Louis Napoleon as president of the French Republic; the establishment of the Second Empire, and its end. She died while France was trying the experiment of a third republic, and declared in her last hours that the people of Europe were tired of kings and emperors; that before the dawn of the twentieth century the celebrated prophecy of Napoleon would be fulfilled—that Europe would become republican.

## ON THE SEVENTH LEVEL.

BY CHARLES M. GAYLEY AND DAVID H. BROWNE.

### PART III. (CONCLUSION.)

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### BUCHANAN'S STORY.

IT has been for me, as I have already said, a difficult job to decipher and translate this manuscript. All the more so on account of the probably well-meant offers of linguistic aid which my friend Buchanan has put upon me. I have maintained my good humor in the matter, but Buchanan has seen fit to adopt an injured and mystified cast of countenance. Fortunately for my purpose, he has manifested his spleen by a frequent absenting of himself from my society. His comforter is, I suspect, invariably Forder's governess. I never visit the Belle Marie location myself without encountering Buchanan somewhere about the Superintendent's house. Wouldn't he just jump at a tale like this to regale Louise Norther withal!

Later. Well, I should think he would like to tell her, considering that he knows far more about it than I know, or probably ever shall know. I think I will let him tell his own story. Now you shall hear his side:

\* \* \* \* \*

Baird, chemist of the Belle Marie mine, has asked me to put in writing my side of the story of Zwingli Zschorer. I herewith do so. And, if the narrative should appear roundabout, I would gently remind the reader that, like Tristram Shandy, I prefer to tell my story in my own way. So I open the case with an explanation from the counsel for the defense—I mean myself. My name is Buchanan—George Buchanan. I am a regularly admitted attorney-at-law. I have done a doubtful business in Houghton and Marquette, and have vegetated in Iron Mountain now two years. We room above Gleason & Moriarty's saloon, on Stevenson Avenue—Baird and I. And that brings me to the reason of my present undertaking.

You see, Baird, who, by the way, is a peculiar fellow, or, in *parlance d'Iron Mountain*, "a queer coon," has been comporting himself of late even more peculiarly than ever.

He always had been of the shy and unsocial sort; never would take a turn at "penny ante" of an evening; never manifested any interest in the paces of the "black and white horses" over the post-office; never bet, except on a sure thing; never drank anything stronger than distilled waters; never loafed in Siebert's drugstore; had, in fact, no bad habits, except that of smoking very cheap and nasty cigars, and very many of them.

It goes without saying that in a town like Iron Mountain a man of such rare parts, although he may be respected, will hardly be understood. Consequently my chum goes by the *soubriquet* of *crank*.

Such being the case, it is not necessary to add that he has consistently shunned the society of women,—that is, until lately, which brings me to the point, to wit:

Baird, while manifesting on one hand an abnormal reticence toward me, has developed on the other an unforeseen interest in the society of Forder's governess. Forder is the superintendent over at the Belle Marie mine. I rarely visit the mine myself without encountering Baird somewhere near Miss Norther's abode. Their points of consecutive coincidence—I mean Baird's and hers—take forms of such interest as Buchheim's *Deutsche Lyrik*, Heine's *Reisebilder*, and Whitcomb and Otto's *English-German Conversations*. Miss Norther, I ought to have said, is German; comes by way of California. I've not found out exactly how. But since she is the most agreeable—in fact, for me, the *only*—woman in town, Baird's attitude of intimacy toward her wounded me. It has struck home, as it were, both to my business and bosom. But why he should avoid me the more in proportion as he has become the more straitly involved in the toils of German idiom, I have been at a loss to explain. For, considering that I studied for some time in Germany, I naturally

might be of service to a tyro. To tell the truth, not long ago I was seized of the fancy that Baird was elaborating and addressing bad German verses to Miss Norther. The fancy rankled. Knowing that Baird had something like a fifth-rate facility as a versifier, I might reasonably expect the accompanying moral obliquity. His scribbling continued, and his pilgrimages to Louise Norther. She, while apparently as cordial to me as heretofore, saw fit to feign ignorance of any ulterior purpose in Baird's linguistics. He, if I entered our rooms while he happened to be versifying, would uniformly shuffle aside certain Sibylline leaves, and, with an appealing pathetic indifference, lock them up.

But if he were merely writing verses, why should he, the other day, for instance, ask me such an idiotic question as "What does *Er hatte einen Affen gekauft* mean?"

"It means that the gentleman was disguised in liquor," I replied. "Do you intend to put that into a poem?"

And then, why should he turn red, stammer something about not finding the phrase in Whitcomb and Otto, unlock and lock his desk nervously, and leave me to my surmises?

He appeared to have lost his interest in foreign languages for a week or two, then one day he borrowed my Mendelssohn and a map of Germany; and in an off-hand and apparently purposeless manner asked me no end of questions about Giessen, Coblenz, and the Rhine. I inquired, when he had finished, whether he contemplated European travel after the happy event. He looked surprised.

"What's the matter with you, George? Why this questioning? What happy event?"

The density was gracefully assumed, and I admired it.

"The fireman's ball this evening," I replied.

"Oh, are *you* going?" asked he. "I have asked Louise Norther."

I went to the ball,—“staggered it,” as the boys say. As I had no particular partner on my hands, I had hoped to have a word or two with the little governess; but through the evening the opportunity did not present itself. “She did not care to dance,” said she, with a smile that seemed to suggest as compensation the seat at her side. But I

was piqued, and since Baird at that moment came up with an ostentatious “*Gnädiges Fräulein*,” I bowed and turned on my heel. Miss Norther flushed slightly; but I noticed that if I drew near the corner in which she was ensconced, she merely leaned forward to pursue with unabated vivacity her conversation with Baird. I had never seen her so pretty. One rebellious curl on the side next Baird kept falling across her cheek—she as persistently tossing it back. A high Elizabethan ruff of soft lace, the exact like of which I have seen no other woman wear, encircled her throat like the calyx to a flower. I think she was born in it; at any rate she never appeared without it. The evening was dull for me, until Baird, about ten o'clock, was called away by a message from the engine house. Some steam-pipes leading to his laboratory had frozen. With a rueful countenance he excused himself to Miss Norther. “I’ll be back subsequently, if not sooner,” he said to me as he left the hall, but he did not request me to atone for his absence. Although the chair by the girl’s side remained enticingly vacant, I ground stolidly through the programme, turning my eyes with subtle irresolution away from the face that lay against the wreath of dark cedar in the corner.

Some accursed polka or schottische—I have forgotten which—was revolved. I had seated my partner—a pink, palpitating damsel—by the window, and was dispatched for the inevitable glass of water. I glanced at the corner as I passed. Miss Norther, half risen from her chair, was, I fancied, looking toward me. A swinging crowd by the door delayed my egress, and, pausing, I felt a light touch on my arm. Louise stood by my side,—a mingled vexation and amusement in her upturned face.

“Mr. Buchanan?” she said.

“Why, certainly!” I faltered.

“It’s so hot here,” she went on, “and tiresome, and Mr. Baird has been away so long, and my head aches, and—and would you mind my asking you to see me home, if it’s not too—too unconventional?”

“Why, of course!” I blurted out, and the vexation vanished from her face, leaving a smile.

“My wraps are in the little room to the left,” she continued, taking my arm as we moved toward the door.



LOUISE WAS EVIDENTLY DEBATING SOME MOOT POINT.

## CHAPTER X.

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

THE band burst again into a brazen blare, and the pulse of many feet falling into rhythm haunted our ears as we passed into the moonlight. The recent snow had wreathed drifts across the path, and the

feathery crystals made vari-colored scintillations on either side.

We had reached the cut of the Milwaukee and Northern Railway, where the sidewalk slopes sharply toward the track.

"Take care, Miss Norther; it's pretty slippery here, with that thin snowfall over the crust." And I passed my hand under her arm in the reasonable but barbarous



manner adopted by Philistines of all nationalities. She made no objection, but dashed without warning down the incline and across the track to the sidewalk opposite. That schismatic curl of hers slipped from under her cap; and I don't know why, but at the same moment my hand must have closed on the fingers that touched it. It was one of those coincidences that— Miss Norther paused, and ordering the curl back into ranks,—“My hair is always tumbling ridiculously down,” she observed. “Makes me look like a schoolgirl.”

“Or like Ribera's *St. Mary in Egypt*,” I suggested, and she took my arm in the usual fashion.

“Yes, I do sometimes feel like a Mary in the Desert,” she assented. “Ever since we left Germany, for instance,” and she paused.

“And your parents?”

“They are dead.” She relapsed into silence, as she always did if I presumed to broach that subject. We turned at the foot of the street toward the long walk that leads to the Location. Louise was evidently debating some moot point, but I was not admitted to the court. She gazed absently at the white smoke as it floated from the engine houses over the valley. To the right rose dark the mass of the Hewitt Bluff; a lonely pine stretched skyward from the summit. In the folds of the hill beyond sparkled the myriad lamps of the Belle Marie. We stood looking toward the hill. A light flared in the towering shafthouse. From the dark port-hole sped an automatic ore car down the long gradient, down the slope of the rails, slackened as it neared the dump, turned on one side, rattled the ore upon the frozen summit of the stock-pile beneath, paused, regarded attentively its achievement, reassured its dignity, and, with serene satisfaction, re-traveled the incline to the shafthouse. To the left the hills receded toward the lights of the Kaween, hanging like a constellation in the western horizon; and far off, on the face of the mountain, a ruddy gleam told of some chilly lander at the stock-piles of the Pennekawba. To be sure, it was hardly the setting for dreams, but no word was interchanged. My companion was probably entertaining an immaterial dialogue, and I was persuading myself that the tranquillity of the occasion must have interpreted to her something that I should have liked to tell.

There was surely something propitious in the dreamy interest with which she viewed the stately passage of the ore car. We passed the machine-shops, clinking with night-workers, and long ranks of cars empty, expectant of the switch engines that, close by, hissed and vaped upon their enforced inaction. Slowly the trim figure by my side labored through the drifts. It was from no lack of temptation that I refrained from lifting her bodily over them. The immaterial dialogue had wrought itself to a conclusion.

“I wonder what has become of Mr. Baird?” said she, as serenely as if our previous conversation had found its sequel.

“Oh, he's probably lost himself over his German prefixes or his chemicals.”

“German!” she repeated, with interest.

“Then is he so very much taken up with German?”

“Presumably,” I replied; “but I had imagined that you knew more about his researches in that line than I did.”

“Why, he has been making a kind of German dictionary out of me for the last month or so; but I think, after all, his researches are more in the line of *Z. Z.* than in the line of German, don't you?”

“*Z. Z.*!” I exclaimed. “What do you mean? What is *Z. Z.*? Who is *Z. Z.*? What's Baird been telling you about *Z. Z.*?”

“Why, nothing, or next to nothing,” she answered, “and evidently he has told you less. Pardon me; I'm afraid I've betrayed a confidence, but—” and she paused with an embarrassed inconclusion.

I was nettled. Then they had confidences, Baird and she. I turned to look at her, but her eyes were as mysteriously non-committal as might be. I confess that I harbored momentarily ungenerous impulses against this monogrammatic *Z. Z.* He was a blind, a fiction probably,—behind their interest in whom they were concealing their interest in each other. “Whose confidence, may I ask?”

“Why, Mr. Baird's,”—and she gave a little laugh; “but it serves him right; he should either have told me more or have told me nothing.”

“What do you mean?” said I, more mystified than ever; “what is this *Z. Z.*?”

“One at a time, Mr. Buchanan!”—and she threw her face back just far enough to give

warning of a mischief in her eyes. "Be thoroughly sympathetic, now, and I'll recount you my grievances. Z. Z. ? Oh, Z. Z. is a mystery, a Pennekawban mystery; and he made glassware—oh, a good deal of glassware,—and he broke it into bits,—very little bits,—and he hid the bits in Mr. Baird's pocket-handkerchief—and I object to him," pursing her lips.

"To whom?" I ventured, "to Z. Z.?"

"Yes—no, to Mr. Baird," with a resentful shrug of the shoulder; "I mean to his insatiable interrogatives!"

"About what?" I gasped, with as much of groping despair as I could put.

"Well," said she,—and she sank her voice to an enigmatic murmur,—"I'll tell you again just what the trouble is. He has a mystery. He is hunting down somebody that made broken glassware and German proverbs over at the Pennekawba. And he might just as well tell me, and not pump, pump, pump away for declensions and all sorts of chemical phrases—and slang,—and—and quite rude slang too, sometimes," and she nodded her head decisively, "and——"

"Ah," I remarked, and struck my hand that was disengaged so vigorously against the other as to shake completely her fingers from my arm. "And so he's been at you, too, has he? Then this is what this scribbling means. Eh?" I had a sense of relief.

"Yes," she said, "at least that's all the explanation I can offer." Then, suddenly changing the subject, "Do you know, Mr. Buchanan," she resumed, "I am going away from here next year."

I was deep in the Pennekawban riddle. This new bit of information upset me.

"What?" I ejaculated.

"Yes, I think I shall teach school next year," continued she. "I have word that the schoolhouse at Antoine is to be reopened in the spring."

"Might as well perform a suttee, or bury yourself alive, like a vestal virgin," I exclaimed, my emphasis getting the better of my classics. "No," I added, "you shan't do that. I've just been elected school inspector; we'll find you a place in town."

The girl stopped as I opened the gate before us. "Ah, you are so very kind,"—and she gave me a look that warmed me. "Mr. Baird said he thought you could manage it." I was suddenly cold again. "Yes, you are

both very kind; that would be much more pleasant," and we turned through the gate toward the superintendent's house.

The red-globed lamp in the hall threw a warm flush on her face as we entered. The door of the parlor, which was unoccupied, stood open. The hanging lamp was turned low, and the flame of a coal fire leaped and filled the room with abrupt pulses of light and shadow; flickered now over the olive curtains, and now warmed to life the marble *Clytie* on the table. Miss Norther had removed her hat. The strand of hair that always worked loose swept her neck as before. She stood with one foot on the fender, smoothing dreamily the fingers of her gloves upon the mantelpiece. I pushed a chair to the fire. The girl turned with a memory of the flame in her eyes, and began to unbutton her cloak.

"Let me help you off with it," said I. As I did so, my fingers lost their way in the Elizabethan calyx. Surely she did not suspect me of sacrilegious intent, but I stepped back quickly with a culpable rush of blood to the eyes. I think it was the inconsequent elevation of her shoulder,—at any rate the back of her head condemned me. I had not meant to desecrate the ruff, and the condemnation was not just; it was my fingers that had put themselves against the lace. I assiduously disposed the cloak upon a chair. "Good-night," I murmured.

"Why, yes," she said, turning with a gentle surprise as if she had been oblivious of the hour. "I suppose it must be good-night. Mr. Buchanan, I want to thank you for several things, and I will some time. Do you know, I keep on wondering if that dignified ore car has got back to the shaft-house yet." She gave a queer inconsequential laugh. "I'm always—dreaming," she said, and she put out her hand to me. I took it; it was still cold. With an inspiration I stooped toward it. The hand trembled; at least I thought so; and the bronze clock on the mantel chimed, one silvery stroke, a quarter to eleven.

"Pardon me," I stammered. "I didn't—didn't think it was so late." And I backed out of the door into the night.

I had always been a coward, and I returned now to solace myself with that reflection. But somehow two other thoughts played odd-and-even through my brain as I

trudged home. One was that I was a fool ; the other, that perhaps Baird had already succeeded where I had only intended. So I mounted the stairway past the saloon, and closed the door behind me. I had lost the best chance I had ever had in my life.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BUCHANAN'S SUDDEN INTEREST IN Z. Z.

BAIRD was grumbling to himself as I entered. He looked up morosely. "Nice sort of a man, you are," he growled, "to run off with a girl the minute a fellow's back is turned." He picked up the lamp and moved toward the bedroom.

"Oh, hold on a minute, old boy ! you're



A TRIFLE MOLLIFIED, HE TILTED HIS CHAIR BACKWARDS.

pounding both on cross-head and crank-pin ; you need babbitting. Miss Norther was attacked with a serious headache the moment you left, and it devolved on me to see her home. Sit down and have a smoke to sweeten your temper. It's only in the shank of the evening yet. Here, have a fill of *Lone Jack* ! "

A trifle mollified, he filled a pipe, sat down, tilted his chair back, scratched a match under the seat, and proceeded to cloud the room with smoke.

"Sorry to hurt your feelings, old boy," I went on. "Shouldn't have cut you out, if I could have helped it ; but, really, you were absent nearly an hour before I took Miss Norther home."

"Mighty nice girl," observed Baird.

"Yes, you evidently think so. I had never a chance to pass the time of day with her until you went. Say, Duncan, you used to think you didn't care for her—that is to say—much, if anything?"

"Why," remarked he, increasing the angle of his chair with the horizon, and giving me a quick glance, "you haven't taken a chattel-mortgage on the young lady, have you?"

"No," said I, frankly. "And I don't know whether I ever shall ; but I'd like to. There, that is honest, isn't it?" He made no reply. "Say, there, what are you doing with my writing-pad? Hang it!" I cried, "you have ruined a brief!"

I snatched the document from him—briefs were briefs in those days—and found that he had written in one corner the line, "*Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath ;*" and below, "*Gott sei mir Sünder gnädig !*" "Baird," I began. "are you writing any poetry nowadays?"

"Yes," unlocking his drawer ; "do you want to hear some?"

"Oh, no, no, no ! Not any, thank you. I merely wish to get at the *raison d'être* of this prayer for mercy." He smiled gingerly. "Did you bring back my 'Mendelssohn'?" I resumed. "What did you want of it, anyhow?"

"Miss Norther suggested that I should sing with her." I will record to Baird's credit, that in the article of this prevarication he blushed.

"Baird, are you presumptuous enough to dream that you can win any young woman's good-will by constructing verses, German verses—to her?"—I was on the brink of acrimony—"eyebrow?"

Baird laughed for the first time that evening, pulled a straw out of the little ivory-handled whisk-broom, cleaned out his pipe-stem, and remarked : "Buchanan, it's time you stopped setting springs to catch woodcock. I'm no chicken. Your flashes of sarcasm have a jaundiced ray. I'm not combating your interest in Miss Norther."

This statement was apparently frank, but it was really ambiguous. How could I believe him? "Then why this irresponsible enthusiasm for her native tongue?"

"I didn't say that I don't admire her. I do. But I'm not like one of Heine's brand of blue-stockings. I don't affect intellectu-

ality in order to strike wonder and love to the heart of the opposite sex. I study for culture, I do." On this occasion he omitted the blush. "I do wish I knew something about German," he appended.

"Why do you particularize?"

He had again appropriated my writing-pad, and was engrossed in the disqualification of a stray garnishee blank. The employment seemed to relieve his moral tension, and I suffered it. So we smoked until he reposed his chair on all-fours, remarked with interest the strip of wall-paper he had rubbed off, and knocked his pipe out against the table-leg. Then he set his shoes toeing in toward the stove, and went to bed. In about half an hour, rising to follow him, I picked up the garnishee blank, and amid a vortex of Z's, read as follows:

GARNISHEE SUMMONS, 5. 84 (1,105). Ihling Bros., Blankbook Mfrs., Kalamazoo.  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, }  
COUNTY OF MENOMINEE. } ss.

To any constable of said county, greeting. In the name of the people of the State of Michigan, you are hereby commanded to SUMMON *Zwingli Zschorer*.

"The deuce!" I said.

I went straight to where Baird lay on the far side of the bed, snoring heavily, and shook him from side to side. "Here, wake up! What do *you* know about Zwingli Zschorer?"

"Zschorer," he murmured, "Gehazi—Zschorer?" He raised himself on his elbow, and, with a dazed expression, began: "Yes, Second Kings,—fourth,—and thirty-first level. Oh, let a fellow alone," he snapped out, "I'll tell you about it to-morrow." And he rolled, with a discontented lurch, against the wall.

I laid hands upon him with some violence.

"You're sure, Duncan," I said solemnly, "that you haven't happened to see any of my letters?"

"Why, no! Course not! What's up with you, anyhow?"

"Baird, pull on your clothes and come into the other room. I've got an idea."

"Better keep it for a nest-egg," he muttered, but he pulled his garments on.

When I had got him into the next room by the stove,—“Where is Zwingli Zschorer?” I asked, and I placed in his hand the garnishee summons which he had filled out.



HE RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS ELBOW, WITH A DAZED EXPRESSION.

"Why, the last I heard of him, he was in the north cross-cut off B shaft, seventh level, Pennekawba mine."

"What was he doing there?"

"Only waiting—been waiting for the last thirteen years."

"What for?"

"For the day-shift, I suppose."

"Baird," I insisted, "I've good reason for asking about this Doctor Zschorer."

"Well," he asseverated, "that's straight: he was in that same north cross-cut when the shaft caved in, and dumped about five thousand tons of rock on top of him."

"Kill him?"

"Well, slightly!"

I reflected for a moment, then: "Take my word for it, Duncan, I have a right to anything you know about this man. I have been on the lookout for him since 1873."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE THIRTEENTH COPY OF A LETTER.

"ON the lookout for him since 1873? Nonsense! Oh, yes, of course I believe you—but it beats the Dutch! It does! Since 1873? You must be intimately acquainted with Gehazi!"

I stared.

"Oh, no secret about mine," continued



HERR DR. BUCHANAN.

he, taking some papers out of his breast-pocket. He pushed the manuscript across the table. "Been wearing it like a hair-shirt, but you're welcome to it." He kept his head in a gracious nod. "Might 'a' had it long ago, if you hadn't been surer than I was that I was making love to Louise Norther, and felt it necessary to keep an eye on my thoughts, words, and scribbles, because I chose to practice up my German with her." There was some quizzicality about his tone, but his purpose was evidently magnanimous.

"Yes," he explained, "I found the notebook, all decayed, down in the cross-cut where he worked last. This is as good as a Bohn's translation, though. Read it!"

"Forgive me, old boy," I managed to mutter, and without further apology I began the reading.

A periodic interjectional grunt from Baird, as I turned page after page, was the only interruption. I drew closer to the fire. The twelve o'clock whistle blew, the monotone of the hoisting engines ceased, the electric lights leaped and died. The narrative grew deeper. I turned the lamp higher, and read on. The quarter-whistle boomed. The lights throbbed and flashed up again. Oil-lamps flared past my window. I could hear the

miners tramping briskly back to work. One o'clock shrilled suddenly, and fell two octaves through the night. I read the last words, and laid the papers on the table with a sigh.

"Well, George," broke in my chum, appearing hazily over his pipe. "Well, what d'ye think?"

I shivered involuntarily at the transition from fact to speculation. "In the hand of Gehazi," I said, laying my fingers on the papers; "he struck it off well there! And the dead child! I don't wonder the poor fanatic hid himself, like a leper, in the underground."

My chum looked at me, and kicked open the draught of the stove. "Yes," said I responsively, "it's my turn now," and I moved toward my desk. "Peculiar as it may sound, Baird, I have no right, in strict legal etiquette, to disclose what I *don't* know about Zschorer."

"Don't know?"

"Yes, don't know," I repeated, "but might. For it's a letter that I have been carrying around for him."

"For silence I'm a sarcophagus," suggested Baird.

"Yes," said I, and I leaned against the desk. "Well, this is the way it happened: In '73, when I was on my way home from Leipsic, I passed through Giessen. I thought I'd drop a train or two, and stroll out to one of the neighboring villages, where lived a fellow of my *corps*, who had taken a fancy to me, and had been cramming me with 'Weber-Rumpe's Memory-System,' and all sorts of *fads*, during our last *semester* at the university. David—Edouard David—was his name; but that doesn't matter. I found him. We planned several walking-tours together: Wetzlar, Marburg, etc.; and I put up at the Einhorn Hotel, the best in Giessen, by the way—"

"Oh, go on!" said Baird. Baird's always in a hurry.

"Well," I proceeded, "it's just beside that *Evangelische Kirche* that Zschorer writes about, and near the parson's house. One morning I was leaving the *Speise-Saal*, where I'd been having some of the *Elephant* brew, when I was accosted by a portly, legal-looking old customer, who conducted me, with an unctuous mystery, into a private room. Said he, after he had, to my anxiety,



locked the door, and looked through the keyhole:

"Herr Dr. Buchanan?"

"I bowed. He returned the salutation, turning out the palms of his hands.

"I find," he panted, "from your registration on the hotel book, that you have the degree of *Juris-Doctor*, and that your *Geburts-ort* is Marquette, in the State of Michigan, America. May I inquire, Herr Doctor, whether you intend soon to return to America?"

"I do," said I.

"Then," pursued he, "should you be willing to look up the whereabouts of a former professor"—he had a great spell of breathing hard and turning out his palms here—of this university, with whom I wish to communicate, and whom we suspect to be now in the United States?"

"I demurred. America was quite a country, and I wretchedly undetective.

"I suppose so," he urged, paring an importunate hang-nail; "but, Herr Doctor, the service I ask of you is not arduous, nor shall I expect you to perform it—gratuitously."

"You remember I was on the verge of returning to America. My spirits were low, and my pocket still lower; my interest was aroused.

"We can not undertake to pay you—any large sum," whispered the *Rechtsanwalt*, cautiously; he probably had caught the avidity of my glance, "since this"—he drew an envelope from his wallet—"is the thirteenth copy of this letter that we have sent out. We will advance you fifty marks for your trouble in undertaking the commission, and we promise you one thousand marks, upon your informing us either of the delivery of the letter, or of the whereabouts of the man addressed."

"Well, you're sure of your two hundred and fifty dollars," put in Baird. "Don't you think you'd better go shares on the whereabouts? Guess so. But fire away!"

"I put out my hand," said I, resuming the narrative, "to take the letter which the *Rechtsanwalt* held toward me, but he promptly withdrew it.

"Wait a moment," he added, with a circumspect wheeze; "you engage, of course, to reveal to no one, either before or after your commission has been fulfilled, your motive

in this search, or the manner in which you were induced to attempt it?"

"I promised. He gave me my fifty marks and the letter. It was addressed to this Zwingli Zschorer of yours. And that's what I know about him. As to what I don't know, Baird, you've given me sufficient proof of his death. I think we may as well find out what dodge they had for catching him."

Baird repeated his asseveration about the sarcophagus. I drew from the upper drawer of my desk a yellowed envelope, and with a hazy acquiescence in my own perfidy to my employer, said:

"Here's the letter!"

Baird looked over my shoulder as I opened it. "By Jove!" he cried, his eyes straining at the signature, "*Ludwig Wilhelm Gersdorf!*"—for heaven's sake read the thing!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHO IS LOUISE NORTHER?

I DID SO. We did not take the pains to sit down until I was through. There was no address; nothing but the date, July 23d, 1873.

"GEEHRTER HERR DOCTOR:

"May Heaven grant that this reach you. Your fame is for all time assured. Your child lives; saved and saved by—you! When on that eventful day you fled, we remained. Often since then must that dread scene have haunted your thoughts, as it haunted mine, and to recall it once more, Herr Doctor, is necessary, though, thank God, no longer dreadful; for it wakens now memories not of the pause of death, but of the pulse of life.

"When we had for some time awaited your return we followed you to the cellar, but you had fled, and we with you were guilty of murder. And we, too, thought to save ourselves by flight. But the child! Might not yet something be done? We returned to the room; there lay the child, pale and lifeless, to reproach us. I—from myself—I essayed transfusion; hopelessly, with vain endeavor to do somewhat, till my hands refused to guide the apparatus—I strove. Then, in turn, yielded Von Norden his blood till Nature could no longer give. In vain. The child breathed not; the color of life was there; alas, too, the stillness of death. Galvanic excitation we attempted; respiration, also, without effect. Von Norden sank upon the bench.

"Gott in Himmel!" he cried, "and is this the end—the end! Can you not think—" he slipped

to the floor; 'think'—I was chafing the child's hands as he muttered, 'think! he said it was a stimulus. Perhaps,'—and then Von Norden fainted.

"Strength anew seized me. Stimulants eagerly I tried. What stimulant could bring again the departed breath! I turned away in despair. Your ichorine met my eyes. 'Stimulant,' I thought unsteadily, 'this might serve; at any rate nothing else can.'

"What was left in your vial I drew into a syringe and injected hypodermically. Was it a quiver, or of my own quivering brain? I pressed down the piston to the last drop. A sudden flush spread to the child's temples! *Gott sei Dank*, a flush of life! She shivered, moved aimlessly her hands, opened her eyes sightlessly. I bent over her; she murmured something.

"To-morrow, Onkel Zwingli, I am so tired to-night."

"I fell upon the floor beside Von Norden, and emoraced him.

"Worthy Herr Doctor, for my skepticism I do not apologize, but for my unmanly scorn. Forgive! Return to the Fatherland; give to the world the fruits of a discovery that exalts you high above Lotter and Denis, above Harvey and Cardanus, above all scientists of all centuries. You shall be named with those who have brought life into the world, for you have slain death. You owe the revelation to that world which as yet knows naught of you or of your discovery; for we have given out that you fled the country to avoid the crucial test. Your child is with Von Norden. By the events of that day his health is shattered. He is first removed to Mentone; thence, I have news, to Los Angeles, with the child—by the advice of physicians—but I hear from him nothing. Unhappy! Is it possible that he is dead? Return, worthy sir, to the distinction that awaits you; or communicate at once with me through my lawyer, your *quondam* *thou-brother* of the *Marburger Strasse*. May these words bring solace to your soul, and *Glück auf!*

"Yours, with the deepest contrition and respect,

"Prof. Dr. LUDWIG WILHELM GERSDORF."

Baird was swallowing the yarn with an acquiescence that struck me as altogether out of proportion.

"By George!" said I, "it was a shameful trick to try to get the poor fellow back by such a scheme as that! A lie on the face of it; from beginning to end, a lie!"

"A lie?" repeated Baird. "Why, what do you mean? That letter's all right, isn't it? Else, what under heaven could have been his purpose in writing it?"

"You make me weary! Nice sort of a lawyer you would make," cried I, getting to my feet impatiently. "Why, it's as plain as the acid stains on your coat-sleeve! Of course, all this is nonsense about bringing the girl to life. And what should they write the letter for? Why, I've told you once: *to trap Zschorer*. These men are accessories to the murder of the child Babette; they want to entice the chief criminal back to Germany."

My chum shook his head. "That would do them no good. If this murder was ever committed, it's perfectly plain that Gersdorf or Von Norden, or both of them, are in jail long ago; and that's the end of them."

"Hold on," said I, "how do you know that Gersdorf is in jail? I tell you, whatever has become of Von Norden, that man Gersdorf was in hiding when he suggested this scheme to his greasy solicitor—a scheme to secure his own immunity by hooking and exposing Zschorer."

"Well now—sit down again, Buchanan. Quiet now! Let's consider the case calmly. Suppose—just suppose—the statement is true; suppose Babette was brought back to life—"

"Suppose!" said I. "You chemists suppose you can take a human body to bits, let it lie dead half an hour, and put it together again like a clothes-wringer! Well, fire away! That's what it means to credit this felon, Gersdorf. But suppose anything you like."

"Suppose," resumed Baird, quietly, "that it's true; and that the girl recovered, and went to America with Von Norden, and that Gersdorf has had no word of them since. Why should he write that letter?"

"Well," said I, "he must naturally have had some reason—but it was an underhand, sneaking reason, I warrant you. Think such a man as Gersdorf would write a dozen letters to beg Zschorer's pardon? Not much!"

"No, not to beg his pardon," replied Baird, "but you grant for the moment that the letter is truthful; now I grant that there was some dishonest reason for writing it, and I have the reason. If the writer can find out that both Zschorer and Von Norden are dead, his fame and fortune are made."

"How 'made'?" I asked in amazement.

"Why, don't you see, George, that if Gersdorf can prove both Zschorer and Von

Norden dead, *he* is the only one left that knows of this great discovery? And he'll publish it as his own."

"You'd make more money, and be less likely to be dubbed a fool, if you simply published Zschorer's diary—eh?"

"Not a bad idea," said he, with perfect soberness; then, "let me see that letter again."

I did so. He leaned forward, reading it carefully. His cheek gave a little twitch. He read more closely. Suddenly a light in his eyes,—"*Buchanan, heaven and earth, Buchanan!*" and he brought his hand with a sounding slap against his thigh.

"What's up—why—what's up, old boy? You haven't found another reason?"

"No," said he, quickly. "No, but—ah, that's it. Say, George, do you remember—now don't think I'm insane—do you remember a German down there by Mud Lake of the name of Klein, who had two brothers by the names of Little and Small?"

"Yes."

"And old what's-his-name, who got himself translated into *Nicholas Shewouldnot*?"

"Yes," said I, "but come back to the business. What's Nicholas got to do with this investigation?"

"Oh, nothing," answered he, and was still. Then he rubbed his chin, and looked embarrassed. "But excuse me now," said he. "You won't mind, will you, George? But look here, you hope to—a—to be lucky enough to be engaged to Miss Norther some day, don't you?"

"Why—yes, I should like to hope so."

"Well, when you are," he continued, "or when you're married—and I hope you shall be, some day—just lift that curl on her neck, and see whether you have married Louise Norther or—"

"What?" I shouted.

"Or Babette!"

"Great God!" I exclaimed, jumping to my feet, "you don't think—"

"I do," said Baird, quietly.

I put my hand out for my overcoat.

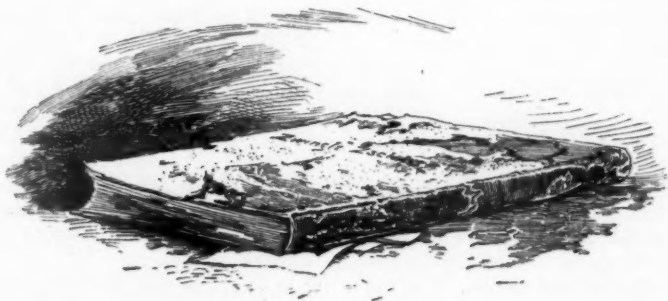
"It's two o'clock," said Baird.

*Here breaks off Buchanan's narrative.*

And, as he himself might phrase it, "this deponent further sayeth not." My chum, Buchanan, undertook to write his side of Zwingli Zschorer's story, at my request; but, unfortunately, he has never consented to finish what he had attempted. About a fortnight after the evening, the events of which are recorded above, he informed me, with exasperating serenity, that his engagement with Miss Norther was ready for announcement. But whether he was engaged to Louise Norther or Babette, he omitted to tell me. He has persistently ignored the subject; I have, therefore, *justly* taken it upon myself, without his will or knowledge, to prepare, for the press, papers that appear to me of the utmost scientific importance.

If Gersdorf is a swindler as well as an accomplice in murder, then the world should know the fact; if Zschorer's discovery in the refusal of blood, is what Zschorer claimed that it was, then to Zwingli Zschorer, not to Gersdorf, is honor due. In any case, I am convinced that the public, considering the vital character of the interests involved, will not only sustain me in the course that I have adopted, but will, sooner or later, compel my friend Buchanan to throw such light as may be in his power upon the statements of the memoranda which I found on the seventh level.—*D. M. B.*

(THE END.)



THE GREAT AGITATION. IV.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ANTISLAVERY STRUGGLE.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

MY own first recollections of the anti-slavery agitation date from my early school-days in New York, when "wicked" Mr. Garrison and his "crazy" associates were much talked about in the circle to which my elders belonged. I remember, even in those times, a division of opinion among the people I knew. Rev. Samuel Coxe, father of the present bishop of that name, took up the cudgels stoutly for the African race.

I heard vague rumors of mob violence threatening the lives of individuals in Boston and New York, and can recall the names of Arthur and Lewis Tappan as among those who had been thus pursued in my own city. These gentlemen were spoken of as men of fortune and position, but were generally qualified as "hopeless fanatics." I was myself at the age at which young persons almost inevitably adopt the opinions of their elders.

My people—who for me were the people—thought very ill of the antislavery agitation, and sympathized in the Southern view, viz., that the result of any pronounced opposition to slavery would be the signal for a general uprising of the slaves, and for a wide-spread massacre of their former owners. The course

of events in Hayti had probably given rise to this idea, just as the French Revolution lent its terror to subsequent efforts for the emancipation of society from political and ecclesiastical thralldom.

Soon after this time I was present at an entertainment given by an uncle of mine to Miss Martineau. The great lady noticed me very kindly, and I can still recall something of her vivacious conversation. Mr. Charles King, of New York, for many years editor of a daily paper, *The American*, had been especially invited as one worthy to meet the distinguished guest. Fanny Kemble's book of travels in America had appeared not long before this time. Mr. King's opinion of it was not favorable. Miss Martineau defended her countrywoman, and Mr. King said, "I think that the book shows the education of the green-room to be a bad education." Mr. King, son of Rufus King of Revolutionary memory, had been at Harrow School with Lord Byron. His views on the slavery question, as expressed in his paper, were not those of the stereotyped New Yorker of that time. The topic, however, was not mentioned on that occasion, and was, indeed, almost tabooed in what was looked upon as polite society.

Miss Martineau's book on America appeared in 1837, and gave rise, as I well remember, to great differences of opinion. Her comments upon slavery in the United States were indignantly denounced by Southerners, who, in those days, were constantly met with in Northern society. The few who defended them were liable to be bitterly dealt with.

Mr. Longfellow was an occasional guest at my father's house, having been introduced there by my brother, Samuel Ward, with whom he had become well acquainted in Europe. In 1840 I made the acquaintance of Charles Sumner, who then appeared as a tall and rather awkward young man, somewhat dictatorial in his manner of conversation. No one then guessed what he would become—he himself, I suppose, as little as any one.

In 1843 I became the wife of a man, who,

Norden dead, *he* is the only one left that knows of this great discovery? And he'll publish it as his own."

"You'd make more money, and be less likely to be dubbed a fool, if you simply published Zschorer's diary—eh?"

"Not a bad idea," said he, with perfect soberness; then, "let me see that letter again."

I did so. He leaned forward, reading it carefully. His cheek gave a little twitch. He read more closely. Suddenly a light in his eyes—"Buchanan, heaven and earth, Buchanan!" and he brought his hand with a sounding slap against his thigh.

"What's up—why—what's up, old boy? You haven't found another reason?"

"No," said he, quickly. "No, but—ah, that's it. Say, George, do you remember—now don't think I'm insane—do you remember a German down there by Mud Lake of the name of Klein, who had two brothers by the names of Little and Small?"

"Yes."

"And old what's-his-name, who got himself translated into *Nicholas Shewouldnot*?"

"Yes," said I, "but come back to the business. What's Nicholas got to do with this investigation?"

"Oh, nothing," answered he, and was still. Then he rubbed his chin, and looked embarrassed. "But excuse me now," said he. "You won't mind, will you, George? But look here, you hope to—a—to be lucky enough to be engaged to Miss Norther some day, don't you?"

"Why—yes, I should like to hope so."

"Well, when you are," he continued, "or when you're married—and I hope you shall be, some day—just lift that curl on her neck, and see whether you have married Louise Norther or—"

"What?" I shouted.

"Or Babette!"

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## THE GREAT AGITATION. IV.

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ARD HOWE.

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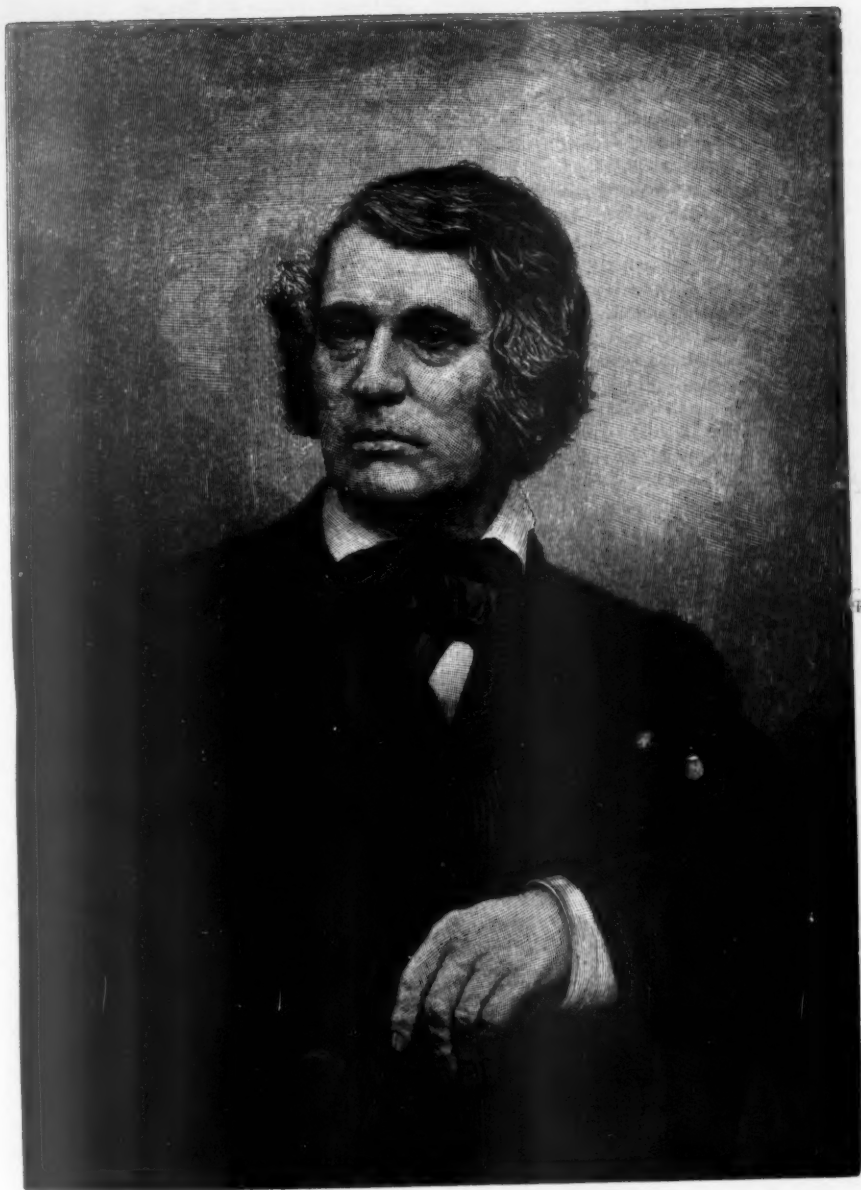
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*From copy of crayon portrait by W. W. Story, 1857.*

*Engraved by H. Vollen.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

noble champion as he was of all human rights, had felt himself unable to adopt entirely the principles of the Garrisonian Abolitionists. The political horizon soon began to show important changes. The war with Mexico was opposed by the "Young Whigs," as seceders from the old Whig party were nicknamed. Various modifications followed, in which the growing opposition to slavery made itself more and more felt. Horace Mann, Dr. Howe, and Charles Sumner became prominent in these movements; and my husband accepted a candidacy for Congress from the Liberty party, at a time in which there was no possible hope of his being elected. In a published letter, he expressed his willingness to "lie down in the ditch in order that some more fortunate person might pass to victory" over his prostrate form. This statement of his called forth some banter in the public prints. The circle of my personal friends in Boston had little sympathy with these new combinations. The general dislike of the Abolitionists was extreme. Yet the topmost stratum of Boston society had supplied some of the leaders in the movement. Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, William Ellery Channing, Eliza Lee Follen, and Maria Norton Chapman were of the blue blood, whatever that may mean. Heartily in sympathy with them were some of the most noted families—the Mays, Shaws, Higginsons, Cabots, and others. The Antislavery Bazar was held annually, and, though still a little *off* from its feeling and object, I could not help recognizing the dignity and earnestness of the ladies who waited upon its tables, spread with choice fancy work, a part of which was annually contributed by friends of the cause in Great Britain.

A great help for the antislavery cause now came from one who had taken upon his strong young shoulders the burden of unpopular reform in other directions. Theodore Parker, in his sermon on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity," had broken with the traditions even of Unitarian belief. Abhorred of fashion, detested of orthodoxy, he was yet destined to supply a most important link in the chain of the public persuasion by the popularization of religious philosophy. Fearless and favorless discussion was his method. His logic was pitiless, his satire keen, his tem-

perament genial and human. I am not sure whether any one of his day had as encyclical a view as he had of the position and duty of American citizens. He knew where we stood, he knew what lay before us, and from the ground already passed over he had gathered store of good doctrine and wise experience. True high-priest of the movement, true interpreter between man and God, he drew the age to his music and the world to his vision. Standing just at right angles with the popular belief, he stood his ground till it came round to him, and his grand sentences became the expression of the very heart of the people.

It was my privilege to hear him often, and to be able to give earnest heed to his utterances. I found that it was by the spirit of the higher humanity that he brought his hearers into sympathy with all reforms, and with the better society that should ripen out of them. Freedom for black and white, opportunity for man and woman, the logic of conscience and the logic of progress—this was the discipline of his pulpit, and through it was drilled and prepared an army of influential people, who, when the war of blood and iron came, were not taken unawares nor unprepared. Before its first trumpet blast blew, his great heart had ceased to beat. But a great body of us remembered his prophecy and his strategy, and might have cried as did Walt Whitman at a later date:

"My captain, oh, my captain!"

Among the spirits of the *élite* who first brought the aid of literature to the cause of the slave, the poets Longfellow and Whittier deserve the earliest mention. The first-named of these published his poems on slavery early in the forties, to the chagrin, one must think, of his fashionable friends and of his fellow professors in Harvard College. As Mr. Longfellow was no fighter, but a man delighting in social harmony, this publication was a brave act, involving differences which may have been painful to him. Mr. Whittier was with the Abolitionists from the start, and had with him in this many of his co-religionists. I remember that he spoke to me of the mob which threatened the life of Thompson, the English Abolitionist who visited this country in 1835. We had been talking of personal courage, and Mr. Whittier described to me his feelings when,

passing unrecognized among the disorderly rabble, he heard one Irishman remark to another, "They have killed the Englishman, and now they're going for the Quaker."

The antislavery movement remained for a long time within the domain of purely ethical issues. Here and there a minister would lift up his voice in its advocacy, and would probably lose his church and congregation by so doing. The press of the country was solid against it, and against its two organs, *The Liberator* and *The Antislavery Standard*. Late in the forties, a small independent sheet was started by Elizur Wright, at first called *The Chronotype*, later on *The Commonwealth*. This paper in time played an important part in shaping the practical view of the question.

The election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate, in 1851, gave to the cause of the slave an important political support. His candidacy was much resented by the party which had until that time held the balance of power in the State of Massachusetts, following confidently the lead of Daniel Webster. The policy of the Southern leaders now began to develop itself more fully, and aroused a very suspicious feeling at the North. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and the boast of Senator Toombs of Georgia, that he would hunt his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, were signs of the times which could not be mistaken. Early in the fifties, several slaves were pursued in Boston. The indignation of the public manifested itself in mass-meetings, at which Parker, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and others spoke. At last a colored fugitive, Anthony Burns by name, was captured, and held subject to the demands of his owner. The day of his rendition was a memorable one in Boston. The court-house was surrounded by chains and guarded with cannon. The streets were thronged with angry faces. Emblems of mourning hung from several business and newspaper offices; for the press had by this time become awake to this issue, if not to all that it foreshadowed in the future. With a show of military force, the fugitive was marched through the streets. No rescue was attempted at this time, although one had been planned at an earlier date. The ordinance was executed. Burns was delivered to his master. But the act, once consummated

in broad daylight, could never be repeated. On the Sunday following Theodore Parker made his famous arraignment of Edward Greely Loring, who had allowed himself to be made the instrument of the United States Government in Burns's rendition. The Music Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the speaker's announcement of "the lesson for the day" hushed the great assemblage to breathless silence.

The part played by women in the antislavery struggle was a very important one. Already, in the early days of the Garrisonian movement, a woman's antislavery meeting had been broken up by mob violence, to which the city authorities too readily deferred. Lydia Maria Child and Maria Norton Chapman were the most prominent figures in the group—the first much esteemed for her literary performances; the second conspicuous for a power of leadership which gained for her the pseudonym of Captain Chapman.

Mrs. Child was a sister of the Rev. Converse Francis, a Unitarian divine much noted in his day for character and culture. I knew of her in my childhood as a writer of children's books, and as editor of a magazine called *The Juvenile Miscellany*.

She published, also, a novel of Indian life, and a volume of letters from New York, which, among other good results, gained for her a laudatory mention in Mr. Lowell's "Fable for Critics." Her most important contribution to literature was a "Study of the History of Religious Ideas," a work of much research and merit.

Mrs. Chapman was not, at this time, known as a writer. She was an intimate friend of Miss Martineau for many years, and after that lady's death became the editor of such of her private papers as were given to the public.

Abby Kelly, afterward known as Abby Kelly Foster, was one of the first of those who brought womanly eloquence to the aid of the antislavery cause. Young, beautiful, and with a gracious presence and utterance, she joined the little band of sufferers for conscience' sake, and was reviled and ridiculed with her sisters already mentioned, but also much appreciated. Nor must I forget to mention the Grimke ladies, natives of South Carolina, and belonging to the Society of Friends. They freed their slaves, sacri-

ficed their property, and, coming to the North, took the field with Garrison and Phillips.

Lucretia Mott was already there, beautiful in person and noble in mind and character—a Hicksite Friend, happily married to a man of excellent character, well endowed with worldly goods. I heard her speak, many years ago, from Theodore Parker's pulpit, which he now and then ceded to some woman who appeared to have especial claims to such a distinction. I remember well the dignity of her appearance, her plain but rich Quaker costume, and the simplicity and earnestness of her manner. Later in life, I came to know her well, and to understand why her presence was felt to carry so much weight with it.

The dark prognostications of the Abolitionists, which to most people had appeared to be untimely and extreme, were soon justified by the course of events. The westward emigration had begun the settlement of a vast region, which, until that time, had been given up to the Indian and the buffalo. New Territories were heard of, which were sure, before long, to become States. The slave-holding power, much disturbed by the growing antislavery sentiment at the North, determined to maintain its political predominance by the spread of its domain. Its leaders and friends were only too willing to set aside the provisions of the Missouri Compromise, and it was predetermined by them that the new States should be slave States. The fertile Territory of Kansas was the ground upon which this question was first brought to a practical issue.

I visited Washington with Dr. Howe early in the spring of 1856. At Willard's Hotel, which was then in its great popularity, I observed at a table near our own a typical Southerner of that time, handsome, but with a reckless and defiant expression of countenance which struck me unpleasantly.

This was Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, a relative of Senator Butler from the same State. Mr. Sumner called upon us at the hotel more than once, and I remember his telling me, on one of those occasions, that he was preparing to make a speech in the Senate which would probably give rise to much excitement of feeling. "It will not be wonderful," he said, "if people, on hearing it,

should rise from their seats and be stirred up to some violent demonstration." At the moment, I did not give much heed to his words, but they came back to me, not much later, with the force of prophecy. For Mr. Sumner did make this speech, and though at the moment nothing was done against him, the would-be assassin only waited for a more convenient season to spring upon his victim and to maim him for life. Choosing a moment when Mr. Sumner's immediate friends were not in the Senate Chamber, Brooks of South Carolina, armed with a cane of india-rubber, attacked him in the rear, knocking him from his seat with one blow, and beating him about the head until he lay bleeding and senseless upon the floor. Although the partisans of the South openly applauded this deed, its cowardly brutality was really repudiated by all who had any sense of honor, without geographical distinction.

The blow, fatal to Sumner's health, was still more fatal to the cause it was meant to serve, and even to the man who dealt it. Within one year his murderous hand was paralyzed in death, and Sumner, after hanging long between life and death, stood once more erect, with the aureole of martyrdom on his brow, and with the dear-bought glory of his scars, a more potent witness for the truth than ever. His place in the Senate remained for a time eloquently empty, but God gave him many years of good work there, and finally the joy of seeing slavery ended forever in these United States.

My husband had told me in 1857 of a very remarkable man, who, he said, seemed bent upon sacrificing himself for the colored race as Christ sacrificed himself for the human race. "You will hear of him one day," said Dr. Howe; "meantime, you are not to mention what I have told you." He had not told me the name of this person. In the summer of 1857, he one day asked me whether I remembered his mention of this man. I replied that I did. "He will come to this house this afternoon," said my husband. "You will see him. His name is John Brown." He did come, and I remember him as a man of middle height, thick-set, his hair and beard of an amber color, a little touched with gray. His face was grave, resolute, but kindly. I had the pleasure of taking him by the hand, but our conversation was brief and unimportant. Yet even



this meeting with him had in my eyes a certain solemnity.

It must have been about two years after this that my husband, coming into our sitting-room, found me with the Boston *Transcript* in my hand. "There has been a strange attack on Harper's Ferry," I said, handing him the paper. "Brown has got to work," was his answer.

The day of John Brown's execution, December 2, 1859, was a very sad one to many of us in Boston. In the Church of the Disciples, whose pastor was James Freeman Clarke, the day was observed by a solemn religious service, at which not the pastor only, but others of those present, spoke as they were moved by strong feeling and sympathy for his heroic effort. I had already seen and spoken with John Brown's wife, when she passed through Boston on her way to Virginia, where she was to see her husband for the last time.

I remember that Mr. Clarke, in his remarks on the occasion above alluded to, dwelt upon the text: "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his lord." Victor Hugo had said that Brown's fate would make the gallows as holy as Christ had made the cross. We comforted ourselves with these thoughts, and yet found little comfort in them, so horrible did it seem to us that a man of so noble a type should suffer like a felon. It may be remembered, that, on his way to the scaffold, a negro baby was somehow brought in John's way, and that he took it in his arms and blessed it.

A commemorative meeting was appointed to be held in Boston, on the anniversary of this tragical event. The company assembled in Tremont Temple, when, lo! a descent was made upon them by hired roughs and young men of fashion. The attack was unforeseen, and, no means of peaceable resistance being at hand, the meeting was adjourned.

The spirit of rowdyism in the community looked, indeed, for support toward those conservative gentlemen who were known to be least in sympathy with the opposition to slavery, which had now become a national question.

In judging this matter, it must be remembered that desperate occasions suggest desperate measures. The political situation at the time seemed so hopeless, that help could only be looked for from some source inde-

pendent of the legal and governing powers. The Southern leaders were pledged to accomplish the introduction of slavery into the free Territories. This meant the murder and spoliation of the free-soil settlers, the indefinite extension and the indefinite maintenance of the slave system. It was of these days that the elder Josiah Quincy wrote to a friend: "I can think and speak of nothing but the outrages of slave-holders in Kansas, and the outrages of slave-holders in Washington—outrages which, if not met in the spirit of our fathers of the Revolution (and I see no sign that they will be), our liberties are but a name, and our union proves a curse. But alas! sir, I see no principle of vitality in what is called freedom in these times. The palsy of death rests on the spirit of freedom in the so-called free States."

Having heard much of the intolerance which was thought by many a leading characteristic both of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison, I was very much surprised, on making their acquaintance, to find them delightful persons, each in his own way. Mr. Phillips had the advantage of uncommon grace and elegance of person and of manner. The plain, almost homely English which he used in many of his addresses showed that he chose to speak the language of the people, in order to win for his thought the most entire understanding and the broadest acceptance. He was, however, a man familiar with all that is polite in literature and out of it. His fine culture and wide reading were made subservient to the special pleading to which a great part of his life was devoted. His elegance of feeling served to poise his weapon carefully, and to direct it with unerring aim.

Mr. Garrison, of a simpler nature, had in his bearing and in his intercourse a nobility of worth which was surely the ideal which aristocracies vainly strive to represent. He was high-toned, but never stilted, very simple and natural in manner, and of a genial and social disposition. I came in time to know him well, and to be associated with him in the woman-suffrage movement, to whose aid he brought the same strong sense and spirit which had availed so much to the antislavery cause. I have heard him say very severe things without the smallest tinge of unkindness or ill-temper. Indeed,



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

(From the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," by his Children.)

[By courtesy of the Century Co.]

it was the weight of his benevolence which made his blows fall so heavily upon arguments that appeared to him unjust and inhuman. He wielded the hammer of Vulcan, while Phillips sped the shafts of Apollo. In the immortal victory both were crowned.

Among the agencies which helped to make the issue of slavery prominent in the public mind, before the war was thought of, at the North, were some lectures, devised to that end by moral, public-spirited men, of whom my husband was one. These lectures

were given in Tremont Temple, and in order that both sides should have a fair representation, some of the most prominent advocates of slavery at the South were invited to come to Boston and appear on the platform, in alternation with its most strenuous opponents. Among those who availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered, I can only recall the names of Senator Toombs of Georgia, and General Houston of Texas. Mr. Toombs became the guest of a noted Boston conservative, and surprised his host greatly

by expressing a great desire to see Theodore Parker, and by calling in person at Mr. Parker's house. I did not hear Mr. Toombs's address, but I did hear that of General Houston, which I remember as of very little interest. He had much to say about "Nebrasky," as he called it. The General's prestige in his own State must have been that of the typical Westerner of the old time, who used to be glorified as "an antiquarian and a tavern-keeper, above all a good judge of whisky." By his colleagues at the Capitol he was little considered. These lectures were important also in bringing to the anti-slavery cause the aid of prominent lecturers and writers. Edwin P. Whipple, then in the zenith of his reputation, was one of the speakers. Moncure D. Conway did much of his best work in those days and in this direction. But when Mr. Emerson wheeled into line, and gave his invaluable eloquence to this great issue, we all felt that our despised question had been lifted to the top-most arch of literary glory.

The election of John Albion Andrew as governor of Massachusetts was an event too important to be overlooked in the present connection. Mr. Andrew, a native of Maine, had been long established as a lawyer in Boston, where his integrity and geniality of character had made for him many friends. He was gifted with that political sagacity which results from a knowledge of principles, and a corresponding faith in them. Although closely occupied with his profession, the dangers that threatened the Commonwealth at once appealed to his patriotic spirit, and led him to take a prominent part in the politics of his adopted State. As its governor, he became one of the most efficient sustainers of a war before whose vexed issues many were at fault. He was, in the first place, a man of heart, and this quality made itself felt in the community; while his flat-footed honesty defeated many of the cunning combinations of the political wire-pullers by whom he was surrounded. Truly, not technically, a liberal in politics and religion, studious in his profession and beyond it, a man of the people and for the people, he was better than fashionable, and, indeed, succeeded in introducing new fashions, and very useful ones. His temperament, though not destitute of ardor, was moderate; and while he appreciated the

great services rendered to the cause of freedom by Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, he was not drawn to them by personal sympathy. Blameless in his private life, his public life became illustrious through the timely wisdom of his acts and utterances, and through the purity and heroism of his character. He survived the settlement of the war but a short time, and is still remembered as one of the most notable governors of the State whose record he helped to make illustrious.

Governor Andrew had been a personal friend of my husband and myself long before his election to office. Those relations with him continued to the end of his life. It was one of my pleasures to accompany the governor sometimes in his official excursions, the amusement and fatigue of which were always shared by his wife. He was a man of much tact, which sprang, not out of an exaggerated formality, but out of his native goodness of heart and sense of propriety. I have been with him in prisons and in reform schools, and remember how little the attention paid by him to their inmates resembled the usual perfunctory performances of this kind. His respect for human nature, even in its disgraces, made itself felt; and the unfortunates who spoke with him spoke as to a friend.

Very impressive was the celebration of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, held in Boston, on the 1st of January, 1863. The programme of this solemnity was in great part devised by Mr. John S. Dwight, a man admirable in literary and in musical taste. A choice symphony of Beethoven was performed by the orchestra of the Harvard Musical Association. Dr. Holmes's "Army Hymn" was read by him, and was sung in chorus. Wendell Phillips gave us his golden words, and Ralph Waldo Emerson read his "Boston Hymn."

On the evening of the same day a number of friends were invited to meet at the house of George T. Stearns, of Medford, Mass. There, Wendell Phillips, with appropriate remarks, unveiled Brackett's marble bust of John Brown. Various antislavery worthies were present, and Mr. Emerson repeated the hymn which he had read at the public meeting of the afternoon.

In those days there was an attempt to rekindle the mob excitement which, years

before, had threatened the destruction of lives valuable to the community. For some reason, which I do not now recall, Mr. Phillips was made the principal object of these attacks, and his life was more than once threatened by them.

My husband came home one evening (this must have been in 1859), and said to me: "I have just seen something very remarkable. I attended an antislavery meeting to-night, and when it broke up, we found outside the door a mob of furious people howling and shrieking for Wendell Phillips. Phillips presently appeared, walking between Mrs. Chapman and Lydia Maria Child. Not a finger was raised to harm any of them, and the three walked to Phillips's house in Essex Street, the mob following and howling, but not venturing to touch them."

This narrative so fired my imagination as to cause me to send word to Mr. Phillips that I should esteem it an honor to become one of his body-guard if there should be any further occasion for such service.

I remember a day on which a mass-meeting had been announced to be held in Tremont Temple. On the platform sat Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and others of the prominent antislavery advocates. I had found a seat in the body of the house, which was well filled by an expectant company. Mr. Phillips came forward to address the meeting, but his appearance was the signal for a warfare of shrieking and hooting which allowed nothing else to be heard. The disturbance proceeded from a number of boys and young men who had posted themselves in the gallery with the purpose, apparently, of breaking up the meeting. Mr. Phillips attempted to speak several times, and finally succeeded; but not until his audience had endured more than an hour of this detestable interruption. Few of us, I think, were driven from the hall by this maneuver, and the foolish rioters were at last fairly tired out. On this occasion, and on another somewhat similar to it, Mr. Phillips appealed to the governor for help in preserving order. Some technical difficulty appeared to the governor to stand in the way of his giving this assistance, and I remember that Mr. Phillips took his refusal to do so somewhat hardly.

A day of joy came, bringing with it the news of Lee's surrender and the termination

of the war. It was rainy April weather, but such as were able to be abroad stood in groups in the thoroughfares of the city, patient of the rain, anxious only to see and share the popular joy. The occasion was one of those on which patriotic men and women find their breasts too small to contain, their lips too dumb to utter, the vast thanksgiving. Hastily-improvised processions swept through the streets. The huge engines of the fire department were dragged along and made to utter uncouth cries of rejoicing. Foes became reconciled; indifferent acquaintances became for the moment friends. Boston was glad with all its heart. It had poured out its best blood, lavished its treasure. Now, its redeemed of the land would come back, bringing the olive branch of Truth.

Brief rejoicing. Its echoes were still ringing in our ears when our President, happy in the success of his armies, and crowned with the love and esteem of the people, fell by the hand of a fanatic. Then came days of grievous mourning, the city draped with funereal emblems, sad honors paid to the dead, heart-break, heart-break everywhere!

As the character of my life until the time of the war was principally social and literary, I may say that occasional poems of mine, composed at long intervals, remain to vouch for my individual interest in the slavery question, which was strong even while I held aloof from its agitators. As early as in 1848 I contributed a poem to *The Liberty Bell*, the annual which was edited by Mrs. Chapman, and always sold at the antislavery bazars. In my first published volume, "Passion Flowers," appeared some lines, "On the Death of the Slave Lewis," which were wrung from my indignant heart by a story—alas! too common in those days—of murderous outrage committed by a master against his human chattel. In a second volume I endeavored to illustrate various aspects of the great injustice. When the war broke out, the passion of patriotism lent its color to the religion of humanity in my own mind, as in many others, and a moment came in which I could say:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!"

—and the echo which my words awoke in many hearts made me sure that many other people had seen it also.

## OUTSIDE THE INTRENCHMENT.

A STORY OF THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR.

BY DAVID KER.

### I.

"WELL, if *he* gets a bullet in him to-morrow, nobody will be sorry but himself, that's sartain," growled a soldier, scowling after the passing figure of Captain Churchill of the —th Foot, a noted bully, whose harsh words and tyrannical ways made him hated by every man who came near him.

The British troops were already face to face with the enemy, and the next morning a battle was to be fought which would decide the fate of the campaign. In the previous winter the Afghans, aided by such a frost as had not been known for years, had driven the English out of Afghanistan, capturing a number of officers with their wives and children; and now the English, in their turn, were fighting their way back through the country to rescue those prisoners, led by brave Sir Robert Sale, whose defense of Jellahabad against tenfold odds is still one of the brightest pages in the history of England's Eastern wars.

"*He* get a bullet in him!" cried a tall, handsome young fellow, who had just borne in dogged silence a storm of unjust and insulting reproaches from the merciless Captain; "no such luck, Tom! Such fellows always escape where better men get killed. No Afghan will ever hit *him*, you'll see!"

"Jim Latham's right," muttered a scarred old grenadier, shaking his gray head; "but there's *others* can shoot besides Afghans, and a bullet may hit from behind as well as in front."

"Aye, so it may," growled his comrades with a gloomy smile, which showed that the grim suggestion was no new idea to them.

"None of that, boys," broke in Jim Latham; "English soldiers are not murderers, whatever else they may be."

"What! do *you* speak for him, Jim?" cried several voices. "Why, he's been harder upon you than upon any of us."

"I *don't* speak for him," answered Latham; "only I say that if he were to die *that* way, it would be a disgrace to us all forever and

ever. But if I ever see him in peril of his life, he needn't ask *me* to help him."

### II.

FOR more than two hours the great battle had raged, and its hottest fury was now gathered around a ruined fort on a hill-top in the center of the enemy's line, which the English had taken and held. Twice had the Afghans come swarming up against it with savage yells, and twice were they beaten back by the handful of brave fellows who manned the crumbling wall. But the assailants, though repulsed, drew back only just far enough to shelter themselves behind trees and rocks, whence they poured an incessant storm of bullets upon the intrenchment, while preparing for a third and final attack.

Although they knew it not, the defenders of the fort were doing good service to their General. The Afghans, while trying in vain to crush them, had gradually weakened their right wing, upon which Sir Robert Sale was just about to hurl an overwhelming force. One half-hour more, and the day would be gained for England. But all this was unknown to the besieged men; *they* knew only that they had to die at their post, and they meant to do it.

In truth, it seemed as if all that was left for them to do was to fight till they were all killed. The enemy outnumbered them as ten to one. Half of the little band were already lying dead, and of those who remained, scarcely one man was unwounded. Their ammunition was fast running out, and of their four officers only one was left alive, viz., Captain Churchill.

With all his tyranny and harshness, the Captain was brave as a lion, and he seemed to be everywhere at once, now snatching a musket and bringing down some prominent Afghan chief, now cheering on his exhausted soldiers with stirring words, now ranging them afresh in order to make their fire more effective, and now scrambling up the wall to see what the enemy were about. So strong



was the power of his energy and the instinct of military discipline, that these very men who hated him, and who would gladly have seen him lying dead at their feet, obeyed him like children.

For the tenth time he was bending over the wall to watch the enemy's movements, when there came a flash and a crack from the nearest thicket, and the Captain fell headlong down *outside* the intrenchment.

"Gone at last!" muttered a soldier. "He's died better than he lived, anyhow."

"He's not dead yet," said another, peering through a loophole; "I saw him move his hand."

Then all the soldiers looked at each other in silence, and there came flashing back upon Jim Latham's memory, as if written in fire, the bitter words that he had so lately spoken: "If I ever see him in peril of his life, he need not ask *me* to help him."

The chance was now in his hands, for if the Afghan bullets did not rid him of his enemy, the merciless noon-day sun would be enough to do it, while any attempt to save him was apparently certain death; but yet——!

For a moment the young soldier stood silent and motionless, biting his lips till they bled. Then he sprang with one bound to the top of the wall, dropped down outside, and, exerting all his strength, lifted the Captain's powerless body within reach of the half-dozen strong hands outstretched from above to clutch it.

But before the rescuer could follow, another volley flamed and crackled from the thicket, and poor Jim staggered and fell, while the Afghans, with a wild yell of savage triumph, came rushing out to the last assault.

But just then the din of the firing, and the shouts of the assailants and the assailed, were alike out-thundered by a mightier burst of sound, which the hard-pressed English answered with a joyful cheer. General Sale had at last got his artillery into position on the right flank of the Afghan host, and the fortune of the battle was no longer doubtful.

The charging Afghans heard the sound, and knew its meaning only too well. They halted irresolutely in the midst of their rush—then their ranks were seen to waver—and in another moment the mass broke up and melted away, just as half-a-dozen English grenadiers rushed out of the well-defended

intrenchment, and dragged in the seemingly lifeless body of poor Jim Latham.

### III.

A MONTH later the British army lay encamped on the heights around Kabul, the Afghan capital, which it had entered the night before. In front of the far-extending line of bayonets Sir Robert Sale sat erect in his saddle, surrounded by his staff officers. Facing him stood Captain Churchill, still pale and weak from his wounds, and by the Captain's side, with his arm in a sling and a bandage around his forehead, was Jim Latham.

Amid a dead silence, the General thanked Captain Churchill for his share in the defense of the ruin, announced Private Latham's promotion to the rank of sergeant, and added that the new medal struck in honor of the Afghan campaign was given to Captain Churchill "for bravery in action," and to James Latham "for his gallantry in rescuing the Captain under a heavy fire."

"With the General's permission," cried Churchill, with a flush of excitement on his wan face, "I have something to add to what he has just said. This man who has saved my life had much more reason to wish me dead. I have made *his* life a burden to him with harsh treatment and undeserved insults; and if he had left me to die like a dog, it would only have served me right. I am sorry from my heart that I should ever have behaved so shamefully to a better man than myself, and here before you all I ask him to forgive me."

He held out his wasted hand, as he spoke, to the young soldier whom he had wronged; and the shout that went up as the two brave men grasped each other's hands like brothers startled the prowling Afghans far away amid the shadows of the distant mountains.

"Well said!" exclaimed the old General, heartily. "Any one who is man enough to own himself in the wrong before a whole army, is all the less likely to go wrong again. Captain Churchill, I shall mention Sergeant Latham's name along with yours in the dispatch that I am sending off this morning; and I'll be bound it will not be long before I have to mention you both again in the same way."

And in this case, as in every other, Sir Robert Sale spoke the truth.

## WU CHIH TIEN, THE CELESTIAL EMPRESS.

A CHINESE HISTORICAL NOVEL. (PART VI.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY WONG CHIN FOO.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### SHO KAI'S DREAM.



FROM the first, Sho Kai was sure in her heart that Li Tan was the son of some great man, perhaps of one of the foes of the hated Wu Chih Tien ; but her mother would say :

"Not all are beautiful who have greatness and riches. Your cousin Wu Ling Kean is ugly as a slave, though she toils not ; and men who have seen the empress at Chung Ang say that she is not so pleasant to the sight as my Sho Kai. But those whose hands are hardened by labor have no time to think of beauty. Let us be working, my daughter."

But the faster Sho Kai's hands worked, the busier were her thoughts, and the more she became convinced that Li Tan was all he looked, but not all he seemed.

One night Sho Kai awoke with a cry of fear.

and her mother, who lay beside her, soothed her with her hand, and asked :

"What frightened you, my child?"

"Oh, mother!" said Sho Kai, "I have had a wonderful dream. I dreamed that the sun and the stars were blotted out, and that a great darkness covered the land and made heavy the hearts of the people."

"Of the poor people who could not buy light?"

"No, of all the people who had hearts."

"Well, that is not many," said Sho Kai's mother.

But, as if she had not heard her, the girl spoke on :

"Suddenly the heavens were all aglow with a great light that came from the earth."

"The people were setting the houses on fire."

"No, the light came from a wonderful bird. And as this mighty bird rose into the air, so that all the land was lit up, and it could be seen of all the world, a great cry rose from all the people ; and whatever men loved best, that they seized and tried to hide from the all-searching eyes of that bird : wise men hid their books ; rich men hid their wealth ; and mothers ran off with their children held close to their hearts. And I—I looked about for Li Tan, but he was not there."

"Of course not ; but tell me all the dream," said Sho Kai's mother.

"And when the mighty bird rose into mid-heaven, it was seen that the face was that of a most beautiful woman, and the eyes of all men were turned to her. Then she shook her wings, and sent up a cry that rang from the mountains to the sea ; and at once her feathers began to fall, and each feather, as it came down, was turned into a fiery arrow that fell upon houses and destroyed them, or upon the people and they died."

"To dream of death, I remember me now, is a sign of a wedding," said Sho Kai's mother.

"But do not stop till you have told me the rest."

"Then, mother, when all the land was wet with grief, and the bravest lay with his face in the dust, there rose up from the throng, where the poorest were, a youth of rare grace and beauty ; and he was clad in armor of gold, and in his right hand he held a sword of great brightness. Without wings he rose straight to the bird, who rushed at him with a cry of fury, and an awful light in her eyes. And the youth seized her by the throat, and the bright sword flashed ; then the head and the body of the bird fell, and when they

crashed upon the earth, the clouds rolled away and the sun shone out. Then the youth stood in the midst of the rejoicing people, and, mother, who do you think he was?"

"Wu Deah?"

"No! Li Tan!"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

LI TAN IS SET TO WORK IN THE PALACE.

THE great Con Fu Chee has wisely said: "The wealth of the rich is reaped when the sweat of the poor is sown;" and this was true of Wu Deah, for the people under him labored early and late, for the big man with one eye was always ready with his whip.

One day when Li Tan was strong enough to stand in the dungeon door when the sun shone there, the servant who had been kind to him when he first came appeared and said:

"It is the pleasure of our master, Wu Deah, that you leave the dungeon and go to work. I have nice new clothes for you, and a chamber has been set apart for you near to the palace, so that you may be within call."

Then Li Tan followed the man to the chamber, and here he was clad in rich robes of silk; but on the collar of his tunic there was embroidered a chain, to show to all who might see him that he was Wu Deah's slave.

"Now what am I to do?" asked Li Tan.

"You must come with me to the palace."

"And what is to be my work?"

"That I can not tell," said the man, "but if you are very fond of work, Wu Deah will see that you do not want for it."

In these new clothes, although they were made for a page, Li Tan looked like a prince; and when Sho Kai, standing at her window, saw him going into the palace, her heart beat very fast, and she prayed the gods to bless him.

The youth was led into a room covered with rare mats and the walls of which were hung with cloth of gold, and here they found Wu Deah seated with his wife and daughter.

At sight of the women Li Tan kow-towed, whereat Wu Deah laughed aloud, and said:

"The whip and the dungeon can teach even a swineherd manners. You kow-tow as well as if you had been brought up in the palace of our exalted empress at Chung Ang. Now, what else can you do?"

"I do not know," said Li Tan.

"Have you ever seen great people before?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"In the San Soo mountains, where General Mah and Lay Vin fought the soldiers of Wu Chih Tien."

"And where they captured the false prince, eh? Well, for a swineherd you have seen great people. Now, you must wait on my wife and daughter, and on me when I eat; and if you do well, why then there will be no need of the whip." And having said this Wu Deah went out, and was soon followed by his wife.

During all this time Wu Ling Kean feasted her little eyes on Li Tan, and when she was alone with him she asked:

"Would you like to be my slave and no one's else?"

And he said:

"I am ordered to obey my young mistress, and what she wishes that will I gladly do."

Wu Ling Kean was much pleased with the youth, and she kept him near her all day.

And when the family sat down to eat, and Li Tan passed the dishes containing food to Wu Deah's daughter, she pinched his fingers when she took the plates, and made eyes at him when her father and mother could not see.

And she was always losing her fan, or wanting a drink, so that the handsome youth might wait on her; and she much delighted to have him row her on the lake; and when others could not hear she would speak to him of love, and she would wonder and wonder if such a thing ever was or ever could be.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

WU CHIH TIEN PAYS A VISIT TO SU CHOW.

WHEN a year had passed after the great battle in the San Soo Mountains, and neither General Mah, the old Tedo of Paou Ting Fu, nor Ta Teen was heard of again, Wu Chih Tien caused heralds to go throughout the empire, telling the people that all the foes of her throne were destroyed, and that the same fate awaited all those who attempted to oppose her.

Now, the empress had often heard of the glories of Su Chow, and of the great wealth

of her kinsman Wu Deah, whom she much envied; so she said to those near the throne:

"I have lived long in the city of Beauty and Pleasure; now it is my wish to see Su Chow, the city of great merchants: so get all ready, that I may travel with the pomp and comfort that befit my rank and my tastes."

So the men heard, and hastened to prepare for the journey of Wu Chih Tien.

Now, from Chung Ang to Su Chow was four days' travel for a young man on foot, but a straight, broad road ran between the two cities.

At once a hundred thousand workmen were gathered from all parts of the empire, and they covered with costly tiles all the great road from Chung Ang to Su Chow.

When this was done, pillars of wood and of stone were built on either side of the way; and these pillars supported a canopy of rich silks of many colors, that extended its brilliant length between the cities.

Then they built on great wheels a beautiful house, in which the empress and her attendants could live and feast with as much delight as if they were in the palace at Chung Ang.

To this house long ropes of silk were fastened, and fifteen hundred beautiful maidens and fifteen hundred beautiful youths were summoned to draw it.

Wu San Quay, the brother of the empress, was again restored to royal favor, and now commanded the armies.

He ordered five thousand horsemen to escort the empress to Su Chow; and in the fields bordering the road on either side he caused five hundred thousand soldiers to be placed, that they might guard and do honor to her as she passed.

And when the Tedo of Su Chow learned that Wu Chih Tien was coming to his city, he called together all the great merchants, and he commanded them to make fitting preparation for her reception.

The cannon on the walls were charged for the salute; from the towers and pagodas, and from the countless masts of the junks, transports, and shin-dans on the Yang Tze Kiang, and from every high point, the banners of the golden dragon were thrown out.

And every house was hung with gay silks and bright lanterns, and every street was bordered with growing plants and blooming

flowers; and all was so bright and beautiful that even the poor forgot their poverty for the time.

But all the preparations were dwarfed before those of Wu Deah; for was he not the richest man in all the land, and was he not the cousin of the empress?

It was to honor her that, among other things, he dressed all his servants and slaves in new robes.

The sun was sinking when the thunder of the cannon, the beating of cymbals, the clanging of bells, and the far-away shouting of many people told that Wu Chih Tien had come within sight of Su Chow.

As the streets were too narrow for the passage of the car, and the people were not ordered to pull their houses down or to move them back, a sedan-chair of great beauty was prepared, and ten of the first mandarins in the province paid the Tedo for the privilege of bearing it.

And when the empress entered the city the people fell on their faces, and only the boldest dared to look up to see the sedan-chair when she passed.

It was night when Wu Chih Tien was carried through the great bronzed gates leading into the grounds that surrounded Wu Deah's palace.

Up to this moment all had been as dark within the walls as the sky above them; but if Wu Deah had held in his hand the wonderful lamp of Ah Lah Dean, and rubbed it with a wish, the change could not have been more sudden.

Quickly as the lightning darts down from the sky, colored fires in a mighty circle of vermilion and gold leaped up from the walls.

Through the black arch of the night, fiery serpents and flying dragons and great balls of fire went hissing.

Every tree flashed with fiery fruit.

The waters of the lakes were changed into mirrors of silver and of gold and of diamonds.

Like a mighty fire opal, the palace rose up above the trees, its pillars extending like welcoming arms.

From concealed temples and summer-houses great bands of musicians made the air to tremble with sweet sounds.

And the servants and the slaves fell on their faces when the sedan of the empress

came near, and so they remained till it had passed.

And in the great hall of the fountain, Wu Deah and his family awaited Wu Chih Tien; and when they had kow-towed, he rose and said with much trembling:

"Oh, Daughter of Light! thou hast heaped much honor on thy poor slave: his humble abode is unworthy the touch of thy feet, but he bids thee welcome to all that is his."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE MEETING OF LI TAN AND THE EMPRESS.

WHEN Li Tan learned that the empress was coming, the memory of his dead father and of his murdered mother stirred his heart into rebellion, and he watched for a chance to escape that he might not see her, but it did not come.

The presence of Sho Kai, though he could meet with her no more, made him patient in his servitude; but now he blamed himself for staying as he was, while all the people believed him to be dead.

But he was as wise as he was good and beautiful, and he said to himself:

"If I must remain to greet this bad woman, then must I act like the slave I seem."

So Li Tan prostrated himself with the others; but as the empress passed he looked up at her, and their eyes met, his full of hate and hers of admiration.

At the great banquet given in the palace that night, the slaves whom Wu Chih Tien brought with her from Chung Ang served her at table; and this they did during all her stay, for she had great fear of being poisoned.

The next day, when Li Tan was passing that part of the palace in which the empress dwelt, a man came to him and said:

"You must come with me."

"Where would you take me?" asked Li Tan.

"To the empress," said the man.

"And what would the Daughter of Light wish me?"

"It is for slaves to obey, and not to ask questions. Come," said the man, and he would have taken Li Tan by the shoulder had he not avoided him.

Li Tan was led into the presence of the empress, and crushing down the rage and pride in his heart, he prostrated himself at her feet and waited till she bade him rise.

Then she asked his name, and learning that his parents were dead she spoke with a voice like deep music in the moonlight:

"Would you like to live in my palace at Chung Ang?"

"Yes, oh Daughter of Light, but not till I am a free man," said Li Tan proudly; but she could not see what he meant.

Then she took a ring from her finger, and placing it on his finger, as he knelt before her, she said:

"Whenever or wherever you wear this ring, you are free; and he to whom you show it must let you pass at once, though it were into the secret hall of the empress. Keep the ring, my beautiful youth, and come to your empress when you will."

Then Li Tan withdrew, hating her all the more for the sweet voice and the cruel beauty that had lured his father to death and brought the empire to ruin.

And Li Tan kept planning within his heart how he should use the ring for his rescue from captivity; but for the empress his thought was continually brewing shrewd devices which should overturn her power and restore the sacred reign of his own dynasty.

The brooding habits of Li Tan troubled the tender soul of Sho Kai, and she feared his meditations meant fondness for the empress and departure from the roof of Wu Deah.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### THE YON KIN AND THE FLUTE.

SIX moons had grown full and died since the visit of Wu Chih Tien to Su Chow, but still the people talked of it as if it were yesterday, and all who had seen her thought themselves very great people, and those to whom she had spoken felt that they had had the greatest honor in all the world.

Wu Deah and his wife and his daughter carried their chins higher than ever, and even his old friends grew afraid of him, he had become so very great.

As Sho Kai and her mother had to work very hard in the kitchen, they saw the empress but once, and, as neither cared to see her at all, they suffered no loss.

When it became noised among the servants that the empress had given Li Tan a



ring, and that now Wu Deah must treat him like a man, Sho Kai moved about without saying much, for she feared that he would leave her, and that she should see him no more.

Now Sho Kai could sing, and she could play with skill the yon kin, which Con Fu Chee calls "The Queen of Reeds." So one night, to ease her heart, she took the instrument, and stealing into a grove, which was close to the chamber in which Li Tan slept, she began to play low and tender, that only he might hear.

Li Tan was himself as fond of music as the birds, and his heart was always moved by rippling waters and the sighing of the night winds through the balmy trees; so when he heard the yon kin near by, playing an air called "The Parted Lovers," he knew that it must be Sho Kai, for youth ever associates sweet sounds with the object it loves.

He had a flute on which he had often played to Wu Deah's daughter when they were together on the lake, and, taking this down, he crept softly out in the direction of the yon kin player.

And trembling to come nearer, yet not daring to approach, they answered each other back and forth till the lateness of the hour warned them away.

The next day Sho Kai was very happy and sang at her work, and her mother wondered at the change.

And, for the first time in months, Wu Ling Kean saw a smile on Li Tan's face, and she told him he must smile very often, for she liked to see his fine, white teeth.

And the second night the yon kin and the flute were again in the grove, both playing "The Parted Lovers," and talking back and forth in music, excepting that this time the instruments came a little nearer together.

And so it went on night after night for a month, when the music became so passionately sweet that the birds in the branches overhead stayed awake to hear it.

Then there came a night when the players were so close together that their extended hands might have met.

And now, sweeter than the tones of the yon kin, the youth heard a low voice asking:

"Is that Li Tan?"

And he said:

"Is that Sho Kai?"

And the words drew them nearer and nearer, till their arms met, intermingled, and were about each other.

Then the birds in the boughs began to twitter with delight, and overhead the branches moved and interlocked, and a great musical sigh swept through the groves, and the flowers exhaled their sweetest odors.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE LOVE PLEDGE.

FROM this night on the lovers met in a little hidden bower within call, but they no longer needed the yon kin or the flute, for to each the voice of the other was the sweetest music in all the world.

And, in this blissful dreaming, Li Tan forgot the past, and no longer recalled that he was heir to the throne of the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom.

And the people who saw Sho Kai wondered at the increased brightness of her eyes, the rare radiance of her face, and the thrilling music of her laughter.

And love transformed the youth Li Tan into a man, to whom the world and all life's objects were changed.

Wu Deah's wife noticed the growing beauty of Sho Kai, as well as the fact that her own daughter was never so happy as in the presence of the young slave; so she said one day to her husband:

"Have you not done enough for Sho Kai and her mother? If you care for all your poor relations you will live in a hut before you die."

"They work for what they get," said Wu Deah, "and were I to send them away it would be to my loss."

"But there is another thing," said Wu Deah's wife. "Sho Kai is far more beautiful than our child, Ling Kean, and this is known to the rich young men of Su Chow."

"Never mind that," said Wu Deah. "I have a husband selected for my daughter."

"Then I hope he will come to take her soon."

"Why do you hope that?" asked Wu Deah.

"Because," said his wife, "my eyes are open where yours are shut, and I see that she likes more and more the handsome young slave, Li Tan."

Then Wu Deah laughed and said :

"The first woman was a fool, and all her daughters follow her example."

Every time Sho Kai and Li Tan met, she would beg him to prove his love by telling her what great man was his father, and vainly he tried to kiss away her purpose.

At length he said :

"Sho Kai, if I were to give you a proof of my love, could you keep it and guard it?"

"As I would keep and guard my life," she said.

"What I would give you," he said, "tells what I am. If you should lose it, then the poorest slave might envy me my lot. Now, if I give it to you for safe keeping, and as a proof of my love, will you guard it from all eyes—even your own—until the day comes for our marriage, and then will you hand it to me?"

"Yes; I will give it with myself," she said.

Then Li Tan took from his breast the silken wallet in which was the little casket of purple jade that held the private seal of his dead father; and he said, as he placed the cord about her neck and kissed her :

"Love bids me consign to your keeping that which is more to me than is the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom to Wu Chih Tien."

Sho Kai hid the casket above her heart and said :

"Here it will remain till you call me to your side for ever."

Then they sat in a blissful silence, and the birds ceased their twittering, and the night winds were still.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### GENERAL MAH AND TA TEEN HOLD A COUNCIL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE great Con Fu Chee has wisely said : "He who loses heart in defeat has doubt of the righteousness of his cause."

General Mah, Ta Teen, and the old Tede of Paou Ting Fu, with the remnant of the army that fought in the great battle against Wu

Chih Tien, felt sorely their defeat, and this because it was feared that the swineherd, who had died at Chung Ang, was in truth the young prince.

Beyond the great wall and in the fastnesses of the mighty mountains that stretch away to the land of Buddah, General Mah and his soldiers found refuge.

Now, Ta Teen never despaired, and when others said, "We fight a hopeless battle without our prince, and he is dead," the eunuch would reply :

"Nay, the son of Wong Tai Ho lives! When I carried the child that night from the Lun Goon prison, I read in the stars the promise that I should live to see the little one grow to manhood, and seated on the throne of his fathers. The stars cannot lie, nor can my heart harbor doubt."

So, by the earnestness of his words, Ta Teen brought all to believe that the prince lived, and that in due time they would find him again.

And after many days this hope came to the hearts of the people throughout the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom; and spies told it to Wu Chih Tien, but she laughed and continued her life of pleasure.

And now the discontent that had been hushed by the great victory in the San Soo mountains, began again to stir the unhappy people; but, for fear of their neighbors, they spoke only to kinsmen in the dark, and with closed doors.

The young men who could get away, and the most daring soldiers who could desert the army, made their way to the camp of General Mah.

Sing Kwai, the Tede of Hanau and Ho Pay, boldly revolted against the empress; and when he found he could not withstand her armies, he retreated beyond the Great Wall, taking with him one hundred thousand of the best fighting men of the plains.

And from the northland of Manchuria there came fresh swarms of horsemen, with shields of bronze and polished spears; and they burned to avenge the death of their brothers whom the empress had slain.

When General Mah's army was twice as strong as it had ever been before, he felt that he could leave his stronghold. But first he called a council of all his captains.

And at this council the Tede of Hanau said :



THE WORDS DREW THEM NEARER AND NEARER TILL THEIR ARMS MET.

"We waste time and strength in idleness. Let us pray for the prince if he be alive, but it is folly to wait for him to come to us. Once we win a victory within

the empire, then the millions who secretly burn against Wu Chih Tien will throw off her yoke and flock to our standard."

All but General Mah and Ta Teen said that this was a wise course.

"If the prince were with us," said Ta Teen, "then every Teto in the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom, who is not a kinsman

of Wu Chih Tien, would come to our side. If we have not the prince, what have we to fight for? 'We can destroy the tyrant,' you will say. But whom have we to place on the throne? Another tyrant, and one who may take from our impoverished people the little that has been left by Wu Chih Tien? Let us forthwith send out spies to search for our prince; and to show you that I do not fear the danger, nor doubt the task, I am ready to be one of two."

"And I will be the other," said General Mah. "And if we do not return before ten moons, then lead the army against Chung Ang; but know that Mah and Ta Teen

will have followed their prince to the grave."

A great cheer greeted this brave speech, and hope again stirred the hearts of all the captains.

General Mah and Ta Teen, having wandered much since the death of the emperor T'ung Ko Zoon, could speak many languages, so they disguised themselves as merchants from Ti Bet, and with a stock of wares from that land they made their way into the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom.

And wherever they went they put up notices that they wanted a youth of eighteen, and without parents, to help them and to travel with them; but in a hundred cities, and among the thousands who came, they saw not the right face.

At length their travels brought them to the great city of Su Chow.

Here they went to look at the famed palace of Wu Deah, and while they were gazing through the colored glasses set in the wall, Ta Teen called out:

"I see him!"

"Where?" asked General Mah.

"He stands under a blue tree, watering blue flowers, from a blue pot; and, as I breathe, he has turned blue himself!" said Ta Teen.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### THE MEETING.

GENERAL MAH also saw the youth, and he knew why he seemed blue to Ta Teen, but he was too much stirred to laugh at the mistake of his friend, as Wu Deah would have done, had he been there.

But General Mah was very wise and skilled in reaching the hearts of men, so he took a gold coin from his wallet, and he showed it to the guard on the wall, and asked him if he would like to have it.

"Does a man love his heart's blood?" said the guard.

"Men get gold by work," said General Mah.

"If they do not steal it or have it left to them," said the guard, who proved to be a man of much cunning.

"That is true; but if you will tell that youth with the watering-pot in his hand, to meet us at the gate, and then promise to

keep your lips closed, I will give you the gold," said the general.

"I promise all that, and am ready to promise more, too, if you desire it; but first give me the gold," said the guard.

And General Mah tossed up the gold to him, and when he had caught it, the two walked away to the gate.

As they looked through the grating, their hearts beat very fast, for they saw Li Tan hurrying toward them.

And when he had come up, they reached out their hands to him, but at first he did not know who they were.

When he was sure that they were his beloved friends, he shook the gate in his impatience to reach them.

"We have been searching for you," said General Mah, "for these many moons. And just when despair was coming to our hearts, behold we have found you!"

Then the prince told them of a private entrance, known only to the servants, and said he would meet them there at night, when the lights were put out in the palace.

"We shall be there," said Ta Teen, "and you, O son of Wong Tai Ho, must be ready to depart with us."

When it was dark and they could no longer see the palace, they went softly to the place where the prince said he would meet them. And scarcely had they arrived when they heard his whisper:

"Are you there, O Ta Teen, friend of my soul?"

"I am, my prince."

"And Mah of the lion heart?"

"I, too, await my prince," said the general.

Then the prince directed them to creep through a hole under the wall. And when they had joined him he caught them to his heart, and his tears mingled with theirs.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### THE PARTING.

EVER since Wu Chih Tien had given the ring to Li Tan, Sho Kai's mother thought more of him, and she, too, began to dream dreams about him, and would say to her daughter:

"He is a noble youth, and, though he may not know it himself, he is surely the



THEY FELL AT HER FEET.

son of a great man ; still my daughter is very poor, and the daughter of a poor mother should look for a rich husband."

Now, when the prince learned of the arrival of his friends, he decided to prepare Sho Kai and her mother for their coming, for he wanted the general and Ta Teen to see the beautiful maiden he had chosen for his bride.

"These men are good friends of mine," said Li Tan to Sho Kai and her mother, "and to-night I go away with them ; but I shall leave the ring of Wu Chih Tien here, so that you may show to Wu Deah, that I had the right to leave."

Then Sho Kai, unheeding her mother's presence, clung to the prince, and cried out in great agony :

"If you leave me, O Li Tan, all the light will go out of my life !"

He held her to his heart, and said, as he stroked her brow :

"I shall return for you to Wu Deah's palace in good time. Meanwhile, keep the pledge you have made me."

Li Tan returned with the two men ; and although they were still dressed like men of

trade, Sho Kai's mother was sure, from the first instant she set eyes on them, that they were very great people.

And when she heard the men calling Li Tan master, then she shook herself, to make sure that she was not dreaming again.

Then Li Tan took Sho Kai's hand, and leading her to General Mah and Ta Teen, he said :

"O friends of my heart, this is Sho Kai, the daughter of Sho Yi, who is to be my wife when the better days come."

And when General Mah and Ta Teen saw the beautiful girl and heard what the prince said, they fell at her feet and cried out :

"O queen of our master's heart, we pledge to thee our lives."

Sho Kai's mother could not speak at all when she saw this ; and Sho Kai herself was much puzzled at being addressed as if she were an empress, or the wife of a Tedo at least. Yet she was as wise as she was beautiful, for she stooped, and taking their hands, she held them till they had risen and stood before her. Then she said :

"Whence Li Tan came I know not, and



who you his friends are I care not, so that you love him. But whithersoever he goes, even unto the grave, my heart, and all that is in my life, go with him."

And these stern soldiers, who had often said, when speaking of Wu Chih Tien, that "beauty and goodness could not unite in the same woman," were quick to change their minds when they heard Sho Kai, and considered her youth.

Then the prince embraced Sho Kai and her mother, and went out of the house; and General Mah and Ta Teen followed him, after they had left a purse of gold beside the lamp.

And all Li Tan carried away from Wu Deah's house were the clothes which he wore, and the flute.

And when they were gone and the sound of their feet could be heard no more, the mother took up the gold and weighed it in her hand.

But Sho Kai fell on her face, with her right hand clasped over her heart, on which the casket lay.

And had she known that she carried the seal of an empire, over which she might yet rule, she would have scorned the grandeur, if it was to come without his love: while with that love, the hut of a slave would be to her more welcome than the royal palace at Chung Ang.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### WU DEAH'S ANGER.

SHO KAI would have given Wu Deah the ring of Wu Chih Tien, which Li Tan had left with them, and she would have told Wu Deah of the flight of the youth, but her mother restrained her, saying:

"It is better that Wu Deah should find out for himself. If we tell him that Li Tan is gone, he will ask us how we know, and he will learn all. So, as we love him not, let us be silent, and rejoice in quiet over his loss."

Now, Wu Deah knew about the ring of Wu Chih Tien, and that he could not restrain Li Tan if the youth chose to leave. Yet, when he heard that he was gone, his wrath was very great, and he caused it to be told in the palace that Li Tan had robbed him, and had fled to the outlaws in the mountains.

After this, Wu Deah became more cruel to Sho Kai and to her mother. But this was because of the prompting of his wife.

One day Wu Deah called Sho Kai and her mother, and said to them:

"Ye are ingrates, who value not all the kind things I have done for you during these many years. So now you must leave my palace, and become wanderers in the world."

Then, with many tears, for they knew only the place that had been their prison, Sho Kai and her mother gathered their few things together, and left the palace through the dragon gate.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

##### THE WANDERINGS OF SHO KAI AND HER MOTHER.

SHO KAI was now eighteen years of age. When she was two years old her father died, and her mother took her to live at Wu Deah's. Since that time she had never been outside the wall that encircled the park, and so her only knowledge of Su Chow and of the great world about it came from the stories of others.

She had often longed to leave her beautiful prison, as a bird yearns to break the gilded bars of its cage. But as the long-confined bird is too weak to use the freedom it gains at last, so Sho Kai found herself helpless in the surging crowds that swept through the streets of the city, or swarmed along the busy shores of the Yang Tze Kiang.

Yet her only sorrow at leaving the place, where she had been so wretched till Li Tan came, was that he might not be able to find her when he returned.

"My child," said Sho Kai's mother, as they sat on their bundles beside the river and looked at the shining pagodas in the distance, and watched the great ships sweeping up before the wind or drifting heavily down with the current, "the world seems to have grown larger since I left it, and I seem to have grown smaller and more helpless; but there dwells at Don Ton one who is a widow and a cousin of your father. If we could reach that city we might live with her, and pay her for our care until we learned to move for ourselves."

As Sho Kai could think of nothing better

than this, could think of nothing at all, indeed, but of Li Tan and her own helplessness, she was willing to abide by her mother's wish.

So they found two men making ready a barge that was going to Don Ton, and with one of the men Sho Kai's mother bargained to take them to that city.

They carried their bags into the little cabin of the barge, and soon after the ropes that held the craft to the shore were loosed, and they were floating down with the yellow current of the mighty Yang Tze Kiang.

It was the hope that they were going in the direction Li Tan and his friends had taken that kept Sho Kai from breaking down; and it was the fear that she was leaving him further away at each bend of the great river that prevented her enjoying the ever-changing glories of its shores.

They sailed past stately cities; past fleets of junks; past the swarming sam-pans of the fishermen; through the bamboo rafts of the duck raisers; down by the swampy rice fields; under the shadow of green hills with snowy temples on their heights; and then on the fourth evening, as the sun was setting behind storm clouds, the barge came to rest under the moss-grown walls of Don Ton.

Learning that in all the city of Don Ton there was no inn at which women would be permitted to stop, and being told that the barge would leave again that night, Sho Kai and her mother landed and paid a man to find the house of the widow, Chow Tze Tin, while they waited.

It was raining, and very dark when the man came back, and he said:

"I could not find the woman, so you must wait till the morrow."

"But we cannot stay out in the darkness and storm," said the mother.

Then, far away, like a star, Sho Kai saw a light, across which the rain threw its lances. And when the man said it was a temple in which the priests of Gautama Buddha worshipped, she said:

"If the priests worship the true God, as they claim, they will not cast his helpless children back into the storm; so we shall go to them."

And the man who had failed in the search helped Sho Kai and her mother to carry their bundles to the entrance of the temple, and there he left them, and ran away as if he were very much afraid.

Then the two women, with their burdens on their backs, went down a long, gloomy aisle to an altar on which a dim lamp burned, and here they had just laid down their loads, when two men, with heads and faces shaven, and wearing long, black robes, appeared from either side of the altar.

Sho Kai did not fear the men, though her mother trembled. So she said:

"My mother and I have come from Su Chow to Don Ton to find a cousin, one Chow Tze Tin. As we are strangers and know not the way to her house, we beg that you let us stay in the temple till the storm and the night be passed."

Then the priests whispered together, and one of them said:

"It is against our laws to entertain women in the temple, unless it might be by order of the empress."

At once Sho Kai bethought her of the ring of Wu Chih Tien, which Li Tan had left with her, and, holding this in the light of the lamp where the priests could see it, she said:

"In the name of Wu Chih Tien, whose signet ring I bear, I command that ye care for my mother and myself during the night."

(To be continued.)



## THE SIX SENSES.

BY EDWIN ROYLE.

I SEE the wave break on the beach,  
I see the mist melt into air,  
I see the air fade into space,  
I see that Death is everywhere.

I hear the feet of hurrying griefs,  
I hear men's laughter turn to tears,  
I hear the break of beating hearts,  
I hear Death mocking life with sneers.

I eat the bread of torture's sweat,  
I drink the bitterness of gall;  
I eat and starve, and drink and thirst,  
I taste the mold of Death in all.

I feel the day chill into night,  
I feel the sunshine turn to shade,  
I feel the ice-wind in the air,  
I feel for me the grave is made.

I smell the dust of withered joys,  
I scent the musk of sure decay,  
I catch the taint of coming Death—  
Death now, to be, and Death away.

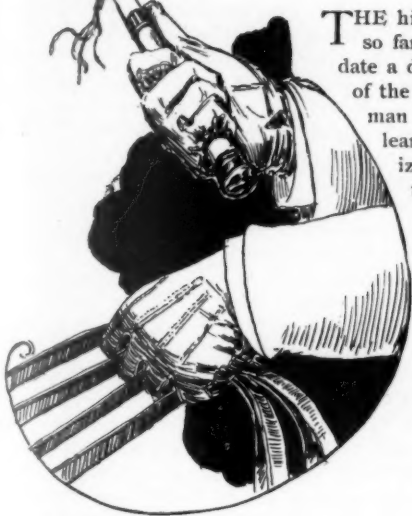
But far above earth's sickening strife,  
And out beyond the realms of space,  
And hidden from the senses' reach,  
Deep in the conscience of the race,  
There lives a sense, there speaks a voice,  
That faints and fades, but never dies,  
That brings alike to serf and lord,  
And high, and poor, and low, and wise,  
The only everlasting hope.

There is no grave, I hear it sing;  
There is no death, its tones declare;  
Lo! Life's in life and Life's in death,  
Life now, to be, Life everywhere.

# IN THE FIELD PAPERS. III. TANDEM-DRIVING IN AMERICA.

BY R. N. DICKERSON, JR.

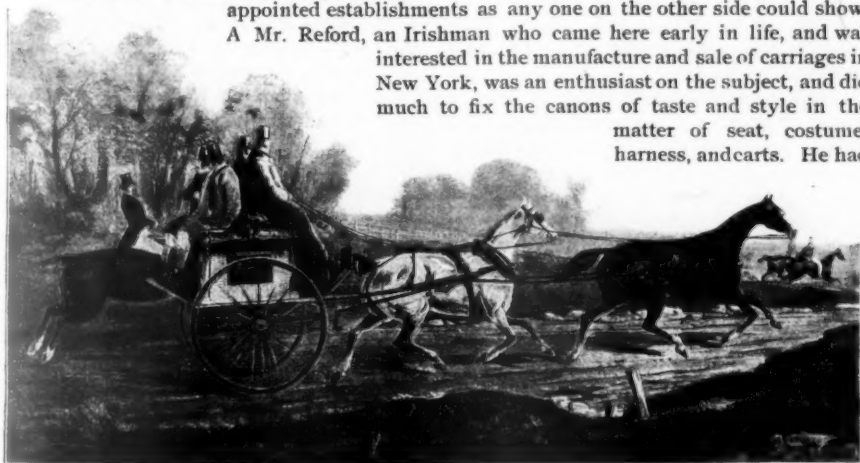
President of the New York Tandem Club.



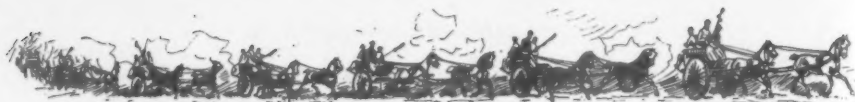
THE history of tandem-driving in this country began, so far as I can ascertain, in 1849 or '50. Up to that date a double harness had satisfied the largest cravings of the native whips, and my father, a taciturn young man with an ardent and deep-seated curiosity to learn by experiment just how far he could jeopardize his neck without actually breaking it, was the first, or among the first, to make a change in the position of his horses. There were no dog-carts or whitechapels in America at that time, so that he was enabled to carry on his enthusiastic investigations into the resisting power of his vertebrae much more thoroughly by means of two untrained horses hitched, single file, to the ordinary light four-wheeled buggy of that day. The experiment proved most satisfactory and consoling, and his lead was followed here and there by other purely investigative minds until Mr. Burton Mansfield, a wealthy New-Yorker with a clever pair of hands, a love of horseflesh, and desire to do all things in the best possible style,

had built for him in London by Peters—the best manufacturer of vehicles of that day, and carriage-maker in ordinary to royalty and every owner of swagger rigs in the United Kingdom—the first whitechapel cart ever brought to America. To this he drove a tandem, and so good was the model that the very best carts in New York to-day have been copied from it with few or no modifications. Later he purchased a dog-cart from the same source, and was able on half an hour's notice to turn out two as well appointed establishments as any one on the other side could show.

A Mr. Reford, an Irishman who came here early in life, and was interested in the manufacture and sale of carriages in New York, was an enthusiast on the subject, and did much to fix the canons of taste and style in the matter of seat, costume, harness, and carts. He had



AN OLD ENGLISH TANDEM.



remarkably graceful hands, and neglected no point which could tend to improve his own appearance upon the box-seat ; and it was he who first impressed upon American tandem-drivers the importance—if they wished to make a good figure—of sitting with knees and feet close together ; of wearing a high hat and coaching coat ; of having an apron of the same cloth as the coat, with a flap on the outer side and two chamois pockets beneath it ; and of correct livery for the groom. From that time on, the driving of tandems became pretty general, and ceased to rival the circus caravan in its power to fire the vociferous affections of the small boy.

It has long been to its drivers a cause of grieved astonishment that there should be a general impression in this country as to a certain "fastness" about the tandem, which it deserves only in the exact sense of the word. Even in England, where their use is much more common than with us, a certain bishop, in deference to the wounded sensibilities of the puritanically inclined, summoned a jovial young curate to receive a reprimand on the charge of habitually driving a tandem, to the great outraging of tender consciences in his parish.

"But, my lord!" expostulated the young priest, in awe of his spiritual head, but loath to yield his favorite amusement, "Consider, what harm can there be in driving two horses in front of each other instead of abreast?"

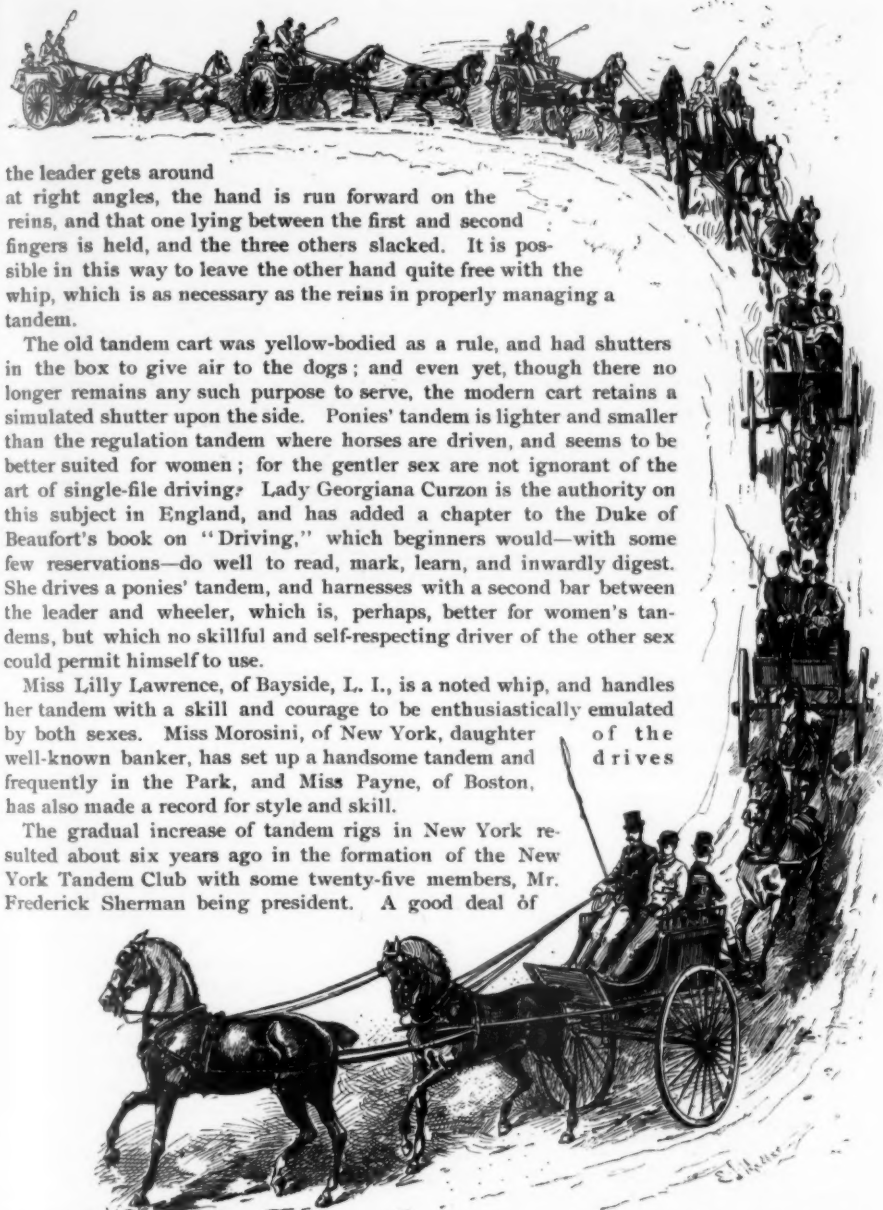
"My young friend," replied the discreet prelate, "you enter the sanctuary and pass to the chancel with your hands raised in front of you, with finger-tips joined. Would it not cause scandal did you enter instead with one hand before the other, and the thumb of your right joined to the little finger of the left?"—thus speciously confounding the helpless young curate, and leaving a witty story as a weapon in the hands of the enemies of an admirable form of amusement.

The dog-cart came by its name legitimately, being invented for the purpose of carrying dogs to the bird covers ; and as these, with the sportsman and his groom,

made too heavy a load for one horse, and the narrow lanes through which they must often pass precluded a double team, the practice of hitching one horse in front of the other came into vogue, and proved so satisfactory that the tandem became the favorite vehicle for all similar work, such as going to the meet, and the like. It was entirely a practical matter with the English until about the period when we began tandem-driving in this country, when a lot of larkly young officers collected in garrison at Woolwich formed a tandem club, of which the members drove two horses in single file for pleasure, taking for their motto the opening words of Cicero's famous speech, "*Quousque tandem*."

For pleasure there is, to my mind, nothing equal to the tandem. It requires even more skill than the handling of four horses ; the two-wheeled cart can go where no four-wheeled vehicle could travel comfortably ; and nothing equals it for long distances, since the skilled driver can divide the work between his horses in such fashion that they can do nearly double the work of horses harnessed to a pole, and with less fatigue. It is the very handiest form of rig, too, and so completely is it under the control of the driver that I find no difficulty—driving with one hand, too—in turning the figure eight with my tandem on an ordinary park road. This driving with one hand is, by the way, an American innovation, the method in England being invariably to hold the reins with one hand and draw them through the fingers with the other ; but for my part I find it much more satisfactory to drive entirely with one hand. This necessarily requires considerable practice and skill, but is worth learning. My leader's reins lie between my thumb and forefinger, and between the third and fourth fingers ; the wheeler's reins finding their places between first and second, and second and third, as shown in the initial illustration. The muscles of the fingers must be well under control ; so that to make a turn, for example, when the rein between the thumb and first finger is drawn, the other three are allowed to slip, and when





the leader gets around at right angles, the hand is run forward on the reins, and that one lying between the first and second fingers is held, and the three others slacked. It is possible in this way to leave the other hand quite free with the whip, which is as necessary as the reins in properly managing a tandem.

The old tandem cart was yellow-bodied as a rule, and had shutters in the box to give air to the dogs; and even yet, though there no longer remains any such purpose to serve, the modern cart retains a simulated shutter upon the side. Ponies' tandem is lighter and smaller than the regulation tandem where horses are driven, and seems to be better suited for women; for the gentler sex are not ignorant of the art of single-file driving? Lady Georgiana Curzon is the authority on this subject in England, and has added a chapter to the Duke of Beaufort's book on "Driving," which beginners would—with some few reservations—do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. She drives a ponies' tandem, and harnesses with a second bar between the leader and wheeler, which is, perhaps, better for women's tandems, but which no skillful and self-respecting driver of the other sex could permit himself to use.

Miss Lilly Lawrence, of Bayside, L. I., is a noted whip, and handles her tandem with a skill and courage to be enthusiastically emulated by both sexes. Miss Morosini, of New York, daughter of the well-known banker, has set up a handsome tandem and frequently in the Park, and Miss Payne, of Boston, has also made a record for style and skill.

The gradual increase of tandem rigs in New York resulted about six years ago in the formation of the New York Tandem Club with some twenty-five members, Mr. Frederick Sherman being president. A good deal of

interest was manifested by members, and the results were quickly evident in the multiplication of rigs which were not intended merely for park work, but were of practical service in the country in summer.

Mr. Sherman died, and was succeeded first by Mr. Frederick Nielson—now also dead, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and Mr. McCandless. The last, going abroad, left the club pretty much to its own devices, and while he acquired



LADY GEORGIANA CURZON'S TANDEM.

much renown at Homburg as a notable whip, and filled the Germans with consuming envy of the perfection of his rig, the tandem organization here was threatened with an aggravated case of innocuous desuetude. This spring an effort was made to revive it, and met with gratifying results. The club did me the honor to choose me as its president; and Mr. Mansfield, that tandem veteran, was made treasurer and secretary. New rules were made, modeled pretty closely on those of the English Tandem Club—which read something like this:

*Finance.*—The entrance fee is to be *nil*, and the annual subscription is on no account to exceed the entrance fee.

Any member falling into arrears is to cease, *ipso facto*, to be a member of the club.

*Discipline.*—The President is at liberty to issue such orders as he thinks fit for the guidance of the club.

The members are at liberty to obey such orders if they please.

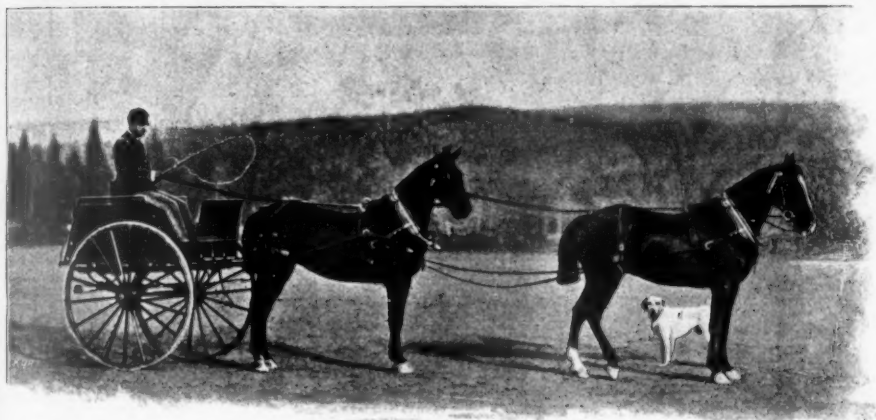
There are other laws equally stringent, but that upon finance is somewhat less mandatory in the New York organization, since, beside the rule that there shall be two yearly parades, on the third Saturdays in May and

October, there is an annual dinner in January, and a prize is offered for the best rig and driving. The spring parade started from the Casino in the Park, with twelve tandems in line, and drove to Jerome Park, where the members breakfasted, and the prize of a whip was awarded to Mr. Pfizer.

The only other tandem club of America is in Montreal, a large and mature organization, which makes an admirable show every year at the winter carnival, the time of their semi-annual parade, when the tandems are driven to sleighs built for the purpose, with high seats, and the grooms perched pretty low behind.

Lieutenant Michler drove a tandem for some years at West Point, and there are few country resorts near New York, if they are neighborhoods boasting of any wealth, in which a tandem in summer is not a sight too common to cause any remark.

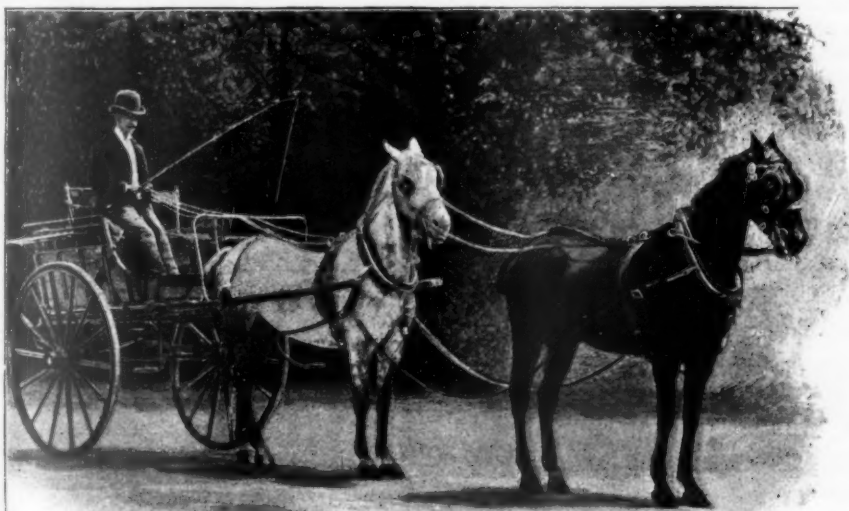
The whitechapel cart is, in my opinion, the best form of vehicle to which to drive tandem, though, as seen in one of the illustrations of this article, other sorts of traps are used, much lower and lighter. I think however, the light cart is a mistake. Six hundredweight or over is best; the wheels should be five feet four inches in diameter,



LIEUTENANT MICHLER'S TANDEM.

which will bring the driving-seat about five feet ten inches from the ground. This seat should have a forward slant of not more than four inches, for while it is necessary that the driver should be slanted forward considerably, the box must be a seat, and not a merely inclined plane, if there is to be a good appearance and comfort combined. The knifeboard should slant upward somewhat sharply; and with these two points of resistance for feet and body, the driver has a tremendous leverage against

fractious horses. In England the cart is frequently six feet in width, well enough on their turnpikes, but unsuited for driving in America, where carts so wide would not track on our dirt roads. As for the balance of the cart, no question is more important; if tilted too far back, the groom's anguish preys upon the feelings of the driver, and he is more than liable to spill him off along the road somewhere, to be the jeer of the ribald bystander; and if tilted too far forward, the smallest start of the wheeler would result in



A WHITECHAPEL TANDEM.

the driver himself trying to dig holes in the mud with his head. The best rule is to see that the shafts are perfectly level, and then the position of the seats can be altered, going up or down hill, by the lever. A tandem cart should carry lamps, but in the daytime those who lay stress upon correctness in detail prefer to carry the lamps inside the box. There should be plenty of space between the shafts, and the traces should have a draw-bar instead of fixed hooks.

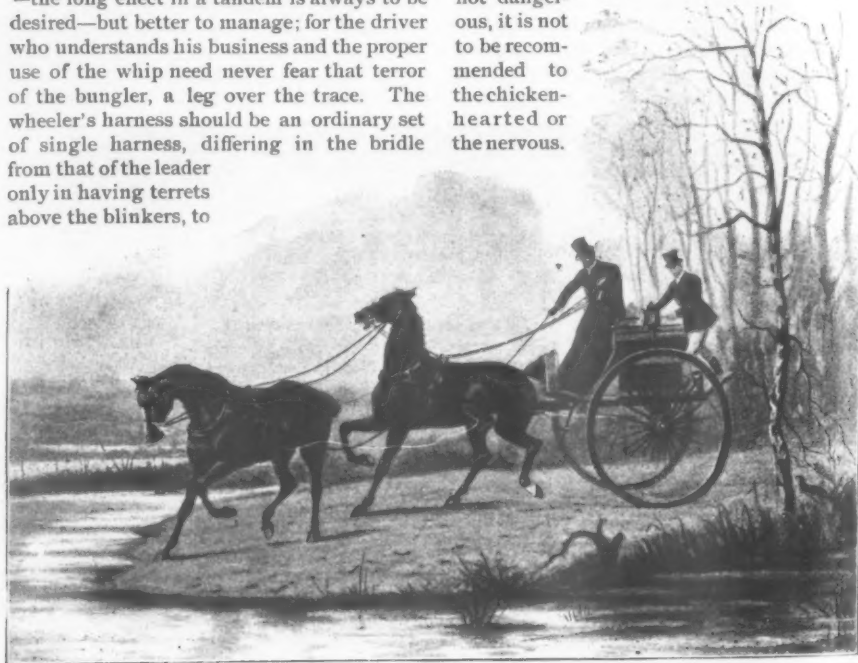
In the selection of horses, the best effect is to be had from pretty large beasts. The leader should be nearly thoroughbred in form, with active, handsome movement, and the wheeler rather heavier; and as he is required for single harness, he should be a big-strided, even-gaited, straight goer. It is a good thing to match them in color, but it is not absolutely requisite. I never go through any training process with my horses. Buying nice-tempered, sensible beasts, I harness them tandem and drive them so at once.

The harness should be stout, simple, and as little of it as possible. I prefer long traces, not only as superior in appearance—the long effect in a tandem is always to be desired—but better to manage; for the driver who understands his business and the proper use of the whip need never fear that terror of the bungler, a leg over the trace. The wheeler's harness should be an ordinary set of single harness, differing in the bridle from that of the leader only in having terrets above the blinkers, to

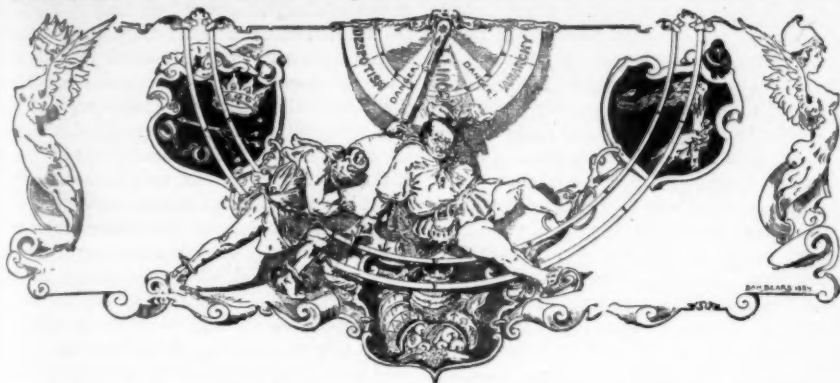
carry the leader's reins. The leader's harness matches exactly, except that the pad should be very light, as it has only to carry the traces, which, in the most modern harness, fasten into the double-tongued buckle of the wheeler's traces. The bits are curb bits, and, according to the behavior of the horses, the reins may be fastened either into the check rings or the first or second bar.

The horses should pull evenly. This should be insured by the whip, except in long drives, where the work can be shifted occasionally from one to the other. In going down hill the leader's traces must be kept slack, or he will pull the wheeler over on his nose; and the same should be remembered in turning a corner, for after the leader is completely round, the wheeler has not yet begun the turn, and if the traces are pulled he must swerve from his course and drag the cart upon the curbstone.

These are but outline hints. Every one must learn the art by experience, and it is as well that he should begin with a sincere faith in Providence and a rooted confidence in himself; for though tandem-driving is not dangerous, it is not to be recommended to the chicken-hearted or the nervous.



## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



THIS is the era of construction—not of destruction. The philosophers would call it a period of Synthesis, and not of Analysis. That is to say, its law is "Together," and not "A by himself A," or that law which Satan himself first proclaimed: "The devil take the hindmost."

I was annoyed and disgusted, therefore, when I heard, or thought I heard, a speaker in Boston say that, "before the poor people in Boston can live as they should, the palaces in Commonwealth Avenue must come down." He is all wrong in this. I have very little interest in such palaces, because I do not find that they gain the maximum of human comfort. My old-fashioned, square, wooden house—some sixty or seventy years old—has a great deal more of what a man needs for the highest life in it, than the best palace on Commonwealth Avenue. Among other comforts, for a good instance, we here give the sun a chance at windows on each of the four sides of the house. Now, there is no reason why every man in the nation should not live in such a house. And yet, if anybody wants to live in a narrow house on Commonwealth Avenue,—twenty-eight feet by one hundred, six stories high, with the sun peeping in only in front and in the rear,—why, he may. His fancy need not be disturbed because you and I like air and sunshine.

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THE particular method by which every family will live in as good a house as I describe,—with this acre of ground,—is mere matter of detail. What interests us is the question whether the thing is possible or no.

Now it is easy to see that it is perfectly possible, if you and I really wish it.

1. There is land enough in the United States for every family to occupy an acre, and there will be when the population of the United States is two thousand million. "Let it be remembered," said Governor St. John, of Kansas, once, in my hearing, "that we can place every inhabitant of the United States in Kansas, and they shall still be so far apart that no man can talk to his neighbor."

So there is room enough.

2. As for means: this four-sided house I speak of, with the sun shining in on each side, in the middle of an acre of land, can easily be built and furnished, and the garden can be planted with trees,—and every man have his vine and fig-tree,—for ten thousand dollars. Supposing that each house were occupied by an average of twelve persons, the sixty million Americans would need five million houses. These houses would cost say fifty thousand million dollars. Altogether they would cost twenty times the national debt at the end of the war.

No system could be worse, perhaps, than for the nation to build these houses for the people. The people now build them for themselves, which is much the better way, because they please themselves as a government contractor would not please them. But suppose the nation did build them, and rented them to the families which occupied them at three per cent., which is what the nation borrows money for.

They would then cost the people who live in them, for every year's rent, one thousand five hundred million dollars.



As it happens, this is just about what the same people are now paying for their whisky, rum, and other spirits; their beer and other intoxicants; their tobacco, in cigars or in pipes or in plugs. We prefer, on the whole, to spend twenty-five dollars each on these sedatives and stimulants. So we are not all living in the square houses. But we might live in them. Indeed, we need not say anything about the cigars and pipes, for a good many people live in comfortable homes now. A good many of the readers of these lines would not move if they could. Simply, we choose to spend our money on the whisky, beer, and other intoxicants. When we do not choose to spend it so, we can have the houses.

\* \* \*

BUT really, all this nonsense about pulling down the palaces is met by the Baron Rothschild story. When the delegation waited on him, to show that he ought to divide his property, he said, "All right," and took out thirty-three cents and offered it to each delegate as his share.

If a first-class millionaire, with ten millions, could be convicted of twenty damnable crimes to-morrow, and sentenced, in some gilt-edged court, of absolute autocracy, so high as to be governed by no Bill of Rights, or anything else which protects you and me when a policeman bullies us, it would be a good thing, I believe, for once, for this autocratic court to sentence him with this sentence:

"Prisoner, your property, ten million dollars, is to be divided among the American people."

It would be a good thing, I say; for then we should all see what nonsense this all is. There are sixty millions of us. Each of us would receive the principal of sixteen and two-third cents. This is the man's capital. The nation would fund it, for our capital. I should have a bond for sixteen and two-third cents for my share, with quarterly coupons for the interest at three per cent. This would give me half a cent a year, to be collected once a quarter. Once a quarter, a government officer would give me one-eighth of a cent, after he had deducted from it his salary and office rent.

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THE NATIONALIST CLUB, already noticed here, is but one of a series of similar move-

ments. The last society formed is that of the Christian Socialists; they have established a monthly journal called *The Dawn*. *Dawn* proposes to mold the social order on the basis of Christianity. Combination, and not competition, must rule. Christianity, which teaches that no man should "seek his own, but each his neighbor's good," must be applied to the social order.

In such a society as this there are many interpretations of Christianity, but the platform upon which they are fairly united advocates the nationalization of railroads, telegraphs, telephone, and all forms of interstate communication; local transit, light, and heat being provided for by a city government. Suffrage to woman, compulsory education, short working hours, equal marriage laws, the right and duty of the State to protect itself against intemperance, are named in the platform. Land is the gift of God to all men equally, and at present all taxes are to be levied on land. Eventually all business is to be nationalized. No resistance of laws is proposed, but persuasion and peaceful means are to accomplish the desired revolution.

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THE ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS of New York City has established a summer home for boys at Farmingdale, L. I., on a plan different from others in the country. In 1883 the Brothers of this order hired a rickety old farmhouse and barn, and "camped out" in them for about four weeks. In that time they received sixty-seven boys. The next year a lot of forty acres of land was lent to them and a rude building begun. Each year has seen some added advantages, and the founders desire to establish a good trade-school, where a thorough training may be given to boys in the rudiments of farming, care of cattle, use of tools, and the various departments of farm-work. The boys now assist in housework and washing, and care for the chickens, pig, and cow. They also dig, hoe, and make hay. It is hard that these boys, just as they begin to see the beauty of country life and to feel an interest in the practical education of the Home, should be obliged to return to the dirt and wretched surroundings from which they came. But up to the present date, funds enough have not been raised to enable the Brothers to keep St. Andrew's Cottage open

the year around, and to establish the industrial department which is so much needed.

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IN 1793 the city of Philadelphia was swept by a terrible pestilence. Anne Parrish was a young woman of the city, whose parents were dangerously ill. In her grief she resolved to give her life to others, should her parents be spared to her. So it was that, in 1795, the Friendly Circle was organized, and it is curious to note that the day-nursery, usually looked upon as a modern charity, was at that time instituted, and from ten to thirty mothers brought their little ones there to be cared for while they attended to their work.

In 1811 the name was changed to the Female Society of Philadelphia for the Relief and Employment of the Poor. It is, however, better known and usually spoken of as the House of Industry. It is a Friends' Charity.

In this institution women are provided with work and paid for their services. Nearly all are elderly women, or poor creatures whose lives have been hard and unlovely. A pleasant room, and a warm, comfortable dinner at noon, are provided. Each year a stout pair of boots is given to each woman, and spectacles when needed.

The work is unobtrusive, but it is a help to those who need it most. There is little said of it, but the weekly wage item of one hundred dollars, and the cost of food in proportion, give some idea of the extent of the work. In six years more this noble charity will celebrate its centennial.

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**WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.**—The association of these clubs held its fifth annual meeting at Cooper Institute, New York, April 8th. About two thousand women were present. Nearly every one of these women was what is commonly called "a working woman." Early in 1881 Miss Grace Dodge, of New York, organized the first club. It was in West Thirty-eighth street. The purpose of these clubs is to give opportunities of education and improvement to women whose lives from childhood have been spent in trying to provide the necessities of life. By co-operation the girls are enabled to provide teachers in the branches which they most need to study. The club rooms are attractive; and some of the clubs open them every night in

the week. There are classes in cooking, dress-making, plain sewing, reading, music, and physical culture. According to the desire and finances of the club, more or less studies are undertaken. In the club which Miss Dodge first organized one evening is devoted to practical talks. In these the girls with great interest and freedom discuss with keenness such subjects as health duties of women; management of money; dress, and the many subjects which equally interest their wiser and richer sisters. There are now eight or ten clubs in New York. Brooklyn has so many clubs that a central council has been organized there, and an annual meeting will be held in May.

Boston and vicinity have an association composed of eight clubs. Its annual meeting was held April 25th, at which representatives from all the clubs were present, and Miss Dodge made them an address. This movement has spread to other large cities, and clubs of working girls are now to be found in many of them. At but one of the working girls' clubs in the city of New York are young men ever admitted. With close supervision they are allowed to be present to benefit by the studies in literature only, but the directors are not as yet believers in co-education. It has been stated that the working girl has more advantages offered her for improvement than her brother. She is certainly quick to use what she has, and in intelligence is often his superior.

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THE PUNDITA RAMABAI came from India to England in June, 1883. She was totally ignorant of the English language, friendless, and had not twenty shillings in her purse. She remained in England two years and a half, studying, and teaching Sanscrit. At that time her cousin, Dr. Joshee, was studying medicine in Philadelphia, and was about to graduate. Ramabai came to America to be present on this occasion. She at once formed friendships which aided her greatly in placing before the public the thought nearest her heart,—the education of the child-widows of India.

At an early age Hindu children are married. Should the husband die, even in infancy, provided the betrothal has taken place, the baby-girl is a widow. She is looked upon as an accursed thing, paying the penalty for sin committed in another

existence. Her family treat her as a slave; she is cast out of their social life; every indignity is heaped upon her; she must fast often, and wear the dress that betrays her pitiful state to all the world. The immolation on the funeral pyre was a blessing compared to such misery.

Ramabai, contrary to custom, was well educated. Her father was a liberal man. But she knows how to sympathize with her afflicted sisters. Her proposal to establish a school for these widows, where they may be educated, and enabled to be of use in the world, has attracted the attention that it deserves.

In December, 1887, an association was formed in Boston to aid her in her plan. This society took the name of the "Ramabai Association," and has since been incorporated. Nearly one hundred circles in aid of this object have been formed in different cities and towns. In California, a branch association was formed last year, and it has contributed largely to the success of the undertaking.

The Ramabai Association has people who hold the confidence of the entire public among its officers. Ramabai herself holds the position of principal of the school. She has devoted her time, talent, and money to this object. No one who has seen and known the sturdy determination of the Pundita can doubt her success.

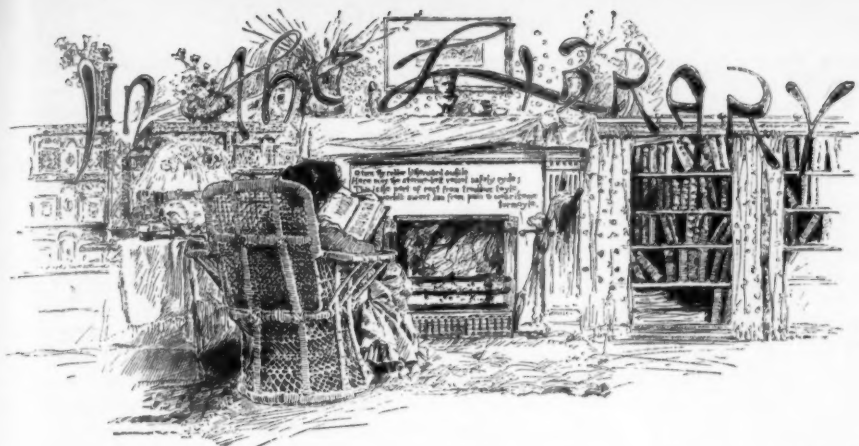
In November last she sailed from San Francisco for India. About the same time a teacher engaged by the Association sailed from New York. They have met in Bombay, and already the School for High-Caste Hindu Widows has been opened. At present there are three scholars, and a promise of more.

It is impossible in these few words to give any adequate notion of the work and the founder. Her book, called "The High-Caste Hindu Widow," is of great interest, and may be obtained from Miss Close, 25 Beacon St., Boston. Price, one dollar and thirty-five cents by mail. The author devotes the money received from its sale to the publication of school-books in the Marathi language.

The secretary of the Ramabai Association is Miss A. P. Granger, 25 Beacon St., Boston, who will gladly answer all inquiries.

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VACATION SCHOOLS.—Seven years ago the first "Vacation Schools" were opened in Boston. They have been continued each year during six or seven weeks of summer. It is a very serious question whether the long, idle, summer vacation of the public schools, as now administered, is of benefit to the children who must remain in the city during the hot weather. Certain portions of every great city are filled with children who, thus herded together, are capable of every form of mischief or of vice. The vacation school receives this class of children, and the idea of the committee is to make the school-rooms so attractive, with the kindergarten, sewing, printing, carpentering, cane-seating, singing, tissue-paper work, etc., that the children will be glad to come and sorry when the school closes. This has been accomplished to a great degree, and, though the improvement is slowly seen, yet it appears. It is acknowledged by the teachers that the "old scholars," or those who have attended the school before, are always the best, most polite, and most promising of the children. This shows that the time given in years before has not been wasted. These schools are at present supported by contributions from people who believe in the steady good they are doing. But such work should not be left to uncertain benevolence. After such satisfactory experiments have been made, it should be carried on by the city as a part of its regular system. In some of the larger schools the kindergarten departments are overcrowded, and each year the little ones have to be turned away. The mothers see the importance of this education. In one of the schools last summer fifty children, boys and girls both, learned how to reseat chairs with cane, and many of them were able to earn money for themselves by their work before the summer was over. The result of these schools is sufficiently encouraging to warrant the establishment of them in every large city.



### THE ELSMERE ANTIDOTE.\*

MANY people insist upon regarding a library as if it were a medicine-chest. Having read a book, they proceed to consider its effect upon their minds, nerves, or morals; and if they fancy the result a damaging one, they hasten to take a dose from some other volume, which they think will counteract the evil influence. They find books which may be applied as a balm, while others are made to serve as stimulants, or narcotics, alteratives and tonics, or fulfill, perchance, the function of moral "bracers." Thus it comes about that persons who label Mrs. Humphrey Ward's innocuous and greatly over-advertised "Robert Elsmere" as a poison, stretch forth their trembling hands to seize upon Georges Ohnet's "Dr. Rameau" as the needful antidote. But "Robert Elsmere" is not really a demoralizing book, because it does not undermine or even attack the deep essentials of religion; and, on the contrary, insists upon belief in God, and an actively religious relation between man and man. Neither can "Dr. Rameau" be relied upon to restore a shattered faith, and it is yet more unlikely to convince a hardened skeptic, because it does not absolutely prove anything. Both novels are vivid and true, however, in their picturing of life; and in one sense Ohnet's is antidotal to Mrs. Ward's, because the French author's book is a well-proportioned work of art, which the Englishwoman's book decidedly is not.

Rameau is a physician and surgeon of sur-

passing genius and erudition; a man of humble origin, gifted with a massive, brilliant intellect, who has renounced religious belief and obstinately denies the existence of God. Not a new character, this, but Ohnet contrives to make him interesting and attractive. "He was gentle only with the weak and humble. The proud and presumptuous he tore to pieces with a savage joy." Although commanding enormous fees from rich patients, he was always ready to neglect them in favor of poor and humble sufferers who needed his aid in extreme cases. Through attendance upon one of these, he met a beautiful Spanish girl, Conchita, many years younger than himself, and at the age of fifty married her. Conchita is cultivated and charming, and makes him a loving, devoted wife. But she is also a devout Catholic; she has carried her point of being married in church, and wishes also to overcome her husband's unbelief. They argue the matter, and he says: "Do not place that God, who you say is all goodness and love, between your heart and mine. You love him passionately, but I love you more passionately still. You pray to him, but I adore you," etc. To which his wife replies, very naturally: "Your thoughts and words are pagan. You not only do not wish to reform yourself, but *you try to ruin me.*" For, as the author says, Rameau "undertook to enlighten, as he thought, that darkened but pious mind." But that he was neither insensible to the value of religion, nor very harsh toward his wife, is

\* "Dr. Rameau." By Georges Ohnet, author of "The Ironmaster," etc. Translated from the French by J. C.

Curtin. Rand, McNally & Company: Chicago and New York.

shown by his saying, "I would give anything to have the faith you have."

Nevertheless, from the day when she was defeated in persuading him to perform an act of worship, her tender admiration for her illustrious husband grew weak, "and finally love was smothered in the horror inspired by incorrigible atheism." Notwithstanding that he had said: "I shall never try to influence you, for I would regard it as a crime to deprive you of the faith that sustains and comforts you," he was now transformed for her into "a menacing and redoubtable being;" and, as Ohnet remarks, with a fine touch of characterization, "she felt in his presence *that patient restlessness* so peculiar to women." And now we approach what appears to me a weak point in the book,—beyond doubt a weak point if we are to accept the chain of incident as forming an argument. Rameau has two friends, viz.: Talvanne, a fellow-student who has become a well-known alienist, to forward whom in his career the doctor has done a great deal; and Munzel, a dreamy, poetic, musical painter, whom Rameau, by his skill in medicine, saved from death. Talvanne is unselfishly devoted to the doctor. Munzel also loves him as his best friend. But Conchita, growing apart from her husband, and having apparently in vain sought to console herself with religion, falls in love with Munzel, who returns the passion. They try to guard against it; but Rameau insists on their being much together, and commissions the artist to paint her portrait. While Munzel is doing so, the seemingly inevitable French result ensues. Conchita is unfaithful to her husband, and confesses her sin to Talvanne, who has begun to suspect her. This is the plea she offers to the alienist: "My husband is answerable for my offense. . . . How could he deem it a crime for me to yield to an impulse of the senses—he who believes only in matter?" Doubtless a sinning woman might adopt this fallacious line of defense; but is it not a severe reflection on the value of her own religion, that it should have put no moral restraint upon her, simply because her husband did not accept it! For consistency's sake we must suppose that Conchita's beliefs had really been weakened or destroyed by her husband's skepticism; in which case the lesson that negation of faith may break down a woman's moral

character is clear and truthful, though probably not universally true.

At Talvanne's instance, Conchita banishes Munzel irrevocably, and the secret of the sin is kept from Rameau. His wife bears a daughter, who is really Munzel's child. The artist is killed in the German army, besieging Paris; and Conchita also dies, after a lingering illness. From the despairing materialism and apathy into which this loss plunges him Rameau rouses by the tender friendship of Talvanne, and by reawakening interest in the child, Adrienne, in whom the two old men become wrapped up. But on the very day of her engagement to be married, Rameau discovers proofs of his wife's illicit love and of the girl's parentage. His heart turns against her, and the two idols of his loving remembrance—Conchita and Munzel—are violently dethroned. "He had believed in humanity alone, and humanity had betrayed him." This is the great crisis; and the only thing which deters him from suicide, and calls him back to life, is the discovery that, although reason and all his outraged feelings lead him to hate Adrienne, the child of guilt who has been falsely palmed upon him, he loves her, after all. "What superior power opened that fountain" of love for her, in his heart? "Call it his intelligence or his soul, it existed, it burned impalpable and divine. . . . The certainty of a Superior Being, the source of all greatness, of all pity, of all love, now appeared clear to him. With a cry of ineffable happiness, he confessed his blindness."

This proves nothing except that, owing to a train of potent experiences, he gave himself up to emotion and to a perception apart from exact reasoning. A scientific man would explain his love for Adrienne as an example of the force of association simply. For all that, Rameau's mental and spiritual struggle is put before us with wonderful power and skill; the triumph of unselfish love—whatever its source—is brought to us, as an inspiring and reassuring fact. The story is intensely absorbing; the spirit of it should exalt and purify one's mind; and it abounds in healthful emotional truth. Let us accept it as a touching work of art; not as a logical thesis, nor a moral emulsion, nor an antidote to some other book.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.



"EVERYTHING about you is mysterious," wrote Prosper Mérimée in 1840. "Je vous embrasse" he scrawled feebly a few minutes before he died in 1870; and between those two periods—an interval of thirty years—he had continued an almost unbroken correspondence with a woman of which the world, even in this argus-eyed age, is yet forced to say, after fifteen years, "everything about her is mysterious."

"Lettres à une Inconnue" appeared in 1874, a little more than three years after Mérimée's death, and created a profound sensation in the literary world. Blanchard, the painter, who gave the manuscripts to the publisher, died almost immediately after, and never told from whom he had them, and it was only from internal evidence that the curious world gathered that this woman whom Mérimée wrote to constantly for thirty years was, presumably, an Englishwoman; became engaged not long after meeting him, broke it off, renewed it, was married; did not see or write to the Frenchman during that period of three years, but, immediately after becoming a widow, re-opened the correspondence, and never gave it up again till he died. All this was only guessed at from the vaguest hints, for most of the personalities of the early and more passionate part of their correspondence had been edited out of his letters. We gather from them, however, that the woman who held his heart for so many years had "a radiant countenance, a subtle charm, a white hand, and superb black hair." Black eyes, too, for he declares in one of his letters that though he is *blasé* in black eyes after coming from Constantinople, he has seen nothing finer than hers. He accuses her of being a coquette, finds her toilettes delicious, and writes to her about her studies in Greek and Arabic. A comprehensive person—this mysterious she.

It seems almost incredible that Mérimée could have loved one woman all these years, and his most intimate friends been unaware of her existence; so incredible, some have declared she never existed, and that Mérimée wrote the letters to himself, as a picturesque way of arranging his memoirs. Impossible! No art could make them what they are by nature, the letters of a brilliant man to the woman he loves, sure of her sympathy in everything he does, every emotion he experiences, and yet standing sufficiently in awe

of her wit and critical faculty to exert himself, whenever he took up the pen, to amuse and please her. It is, taken all in all, perhaps the most remarkable collection of letters extant, being filled with the writer's opinions of people and measures,—and Mérimée was an ardent politician, a great traveler, a senator, a member of the Academy, a friend of Napoleon III., a welcome guest in gypsy camps, in Arab tents, and in the palaces of kings. They sparkle with anecdote and witty comments upon the topics of the day, and contain much valuable criticism and philosophy—and all this extends over thirty years, during a most interesting period of European history.

Below this brilliant exoteric side, however, lies a suggested romance which has been seized and skillfully developed by another unknown, who, in an anonymous volume, has recently issued, under the title of "An Author's Love," what purport to be the answers written by the Inconnue to Mérimée's letters. And a very remarkable book it is. It is said to have been done by a woman well known in New York society, who, judging from these letters she has written, might herself be quite clever and fine enough to have been the real Inconnue and to have inspired just so delicate and lasting a passion. There has been no vulgar attempt to unveil the mystery. Taking the hints to be gathered from Mérimée's letters, such answers have been written which would seem to be an adequate reply to what he said, and likely to call forth the subsequent letters. It is anything but slavishly imitative, however. Occasionally a certain awkwardness is apparent, when the author feels an uncertainty about local and historical references, and at these points the letters grow a little vague. Indeed, at times she shirks the difficulty altogether—as when Mérimée writes asking for a detailed account of the Inconnue's visit to Africa—and marks "letter missing" at such points. But for the most part the work is done with infinite skill. They are more personal, more passionate than their answers, as the letters of women usually are. Having more to lose by damaging confessions set down in black and white, women are, by some feminine perversity, more prone to recklessness on paper than men. The strange story, but hinted at in the original letters, of this hidden life-

time love, has its outlines deepened sufficiently to make it more comprehensible, and the femininity of the writer is suggested in a thousand delicate ways, revealing much she would not consciously have told, of her love, her secret hopes, her coquetry, and her unworded longings.

The guessed-at, shadowy story seems something like this. She begins the correspondence evidently half in love—and this not to be wondered at considering Prosper Mérimée's attractions. "A tall, erect, pale man, who, save for his smile, had the coldly distant air of an Englishman. . . . The expression of his countenance was impassible. Even when recounting some droll story . . . he would relate the raciest details in the most pertinent terms, but with the tone of a man asking for a cup of tea." He was witty, ironical, mistrustful; redoubling the value of the poetical tenderness of his love by the force of contrast. He attained all the legitimate ambitions of a Frenchman, and was enthusiastically welcome in every capital of Europe, with a certain fine quality commingled which made him an equally charming and welcome guest in a smuggler's cave or a gypsy camp.

She was ready then to be in love with him. But he had been preaching his theories upon the instability of love when tied by the marriage bond, and in a moment of revulsion she becomes engaged to another, perhaps believing that he will come flying to her feet. There is a little cry of stifled wrath and pain that he should take it so composedly. He resents the engagement, but it has not shaken his theories. But he comes to London at last, some months later, and it is evident that those few days set the key to which her whole after-life is tuned. There is an interval of two years, after this, and when the silence is broken, Inconnue is a widow, and making overtures which she means shall lead to ideal friendship and intellectual intercourse. All of which she got, but mingled with a certain stormy element that continually ruffled the placid surface of the sea of mild delights she had pictured. They were neither of them under thirty, evidently, but they were quite as foolish as the ordinary young lovers. "Go!" she would say to-day, "we can never see each other again. You are cruel and unjust, and we can only be the merest friends."

"Come back!" she would cry to-morrow, "I love you." He on his side would grow enraged over some trifle, and write formally, saying, "Good-bye. I go while I still have courage to do so,"—and within twenty-four hours be scribbling a hasty note to appoint a meeting. Over and over she would write enthusiastically of friendship and its joys, and just as often would heartily repudiate it as a substitute for love.

There were many absences, and as years rolled by they grew longer and more frequent, extending over many months; but the letters did not fail, though their tone had grown calmer and less personal. They wrote of his ever-failing health, of politics, of books and art, of his visits to the Emperor, of hers to out-of-the-way places; but the old warm tone of affectionate intimacy never dies. He is old, tired, and very sick, and has but little thought of love; its memory lingers longer with her. On the anniversary of certain episodes, occasionally, when she is alone in the country and is writing at night, the past comes back to her, and its unsolved questions vex her still.

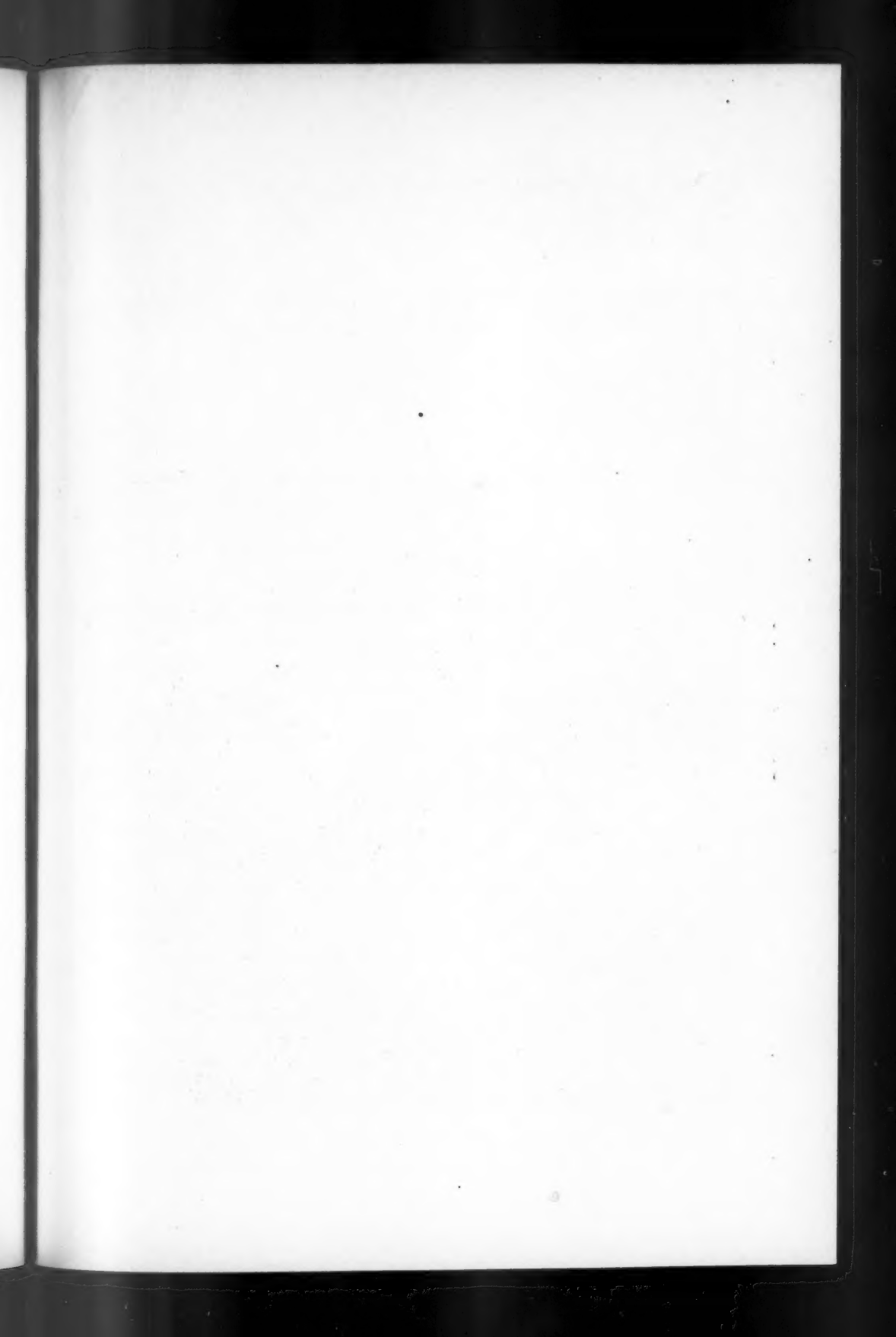
Almost at the end, the question, the feeling that she had never openly, or at least consciously, expressed, is put into words:

"Do you know I begin to think we have had too much pen, ink, and paper in our mutual lives—you and I. Once, long ago, I asked you if you did not think a friendship based upon these three things rather too much of an experiment. As an experiment I am fain to confess it has succeeded; but I have an idea which rather haunts me, that we could have been just as good and loyal friends without this triple group—with fewer letters and less absence from one another. What think you? Does your fear of too close companionship bringing weariness and satiety shrink at this idea?"

The natural woman has spoken out at last; but there is no answer to it. He was gentle, devoted, and tender, but on one point he was inflexible; and though his last thought and word on his deathbed was for her, he would never consent to give her any right to stand there.

It is a strong tribute to the book's power and skill that it creates a being so vital in essence that it is impossible to write of her as a figment of the author's imagination.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.





*Drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman.*

See "The Murder of Philip Spencer."

"THE UNSPEAKABLE CRIME WAS ACCOMPLISHED."